


Society Recollections
In Paris And Vienna:
1879-1904
(1907)



An English Officer
George Greville Moore



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An English Officer

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Society Recollections
IN
Paris and Vienna

1879-1904

By
An English Officer

WITH THIRTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS



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FIVE FAMOUS SINGERS

MADAME MARIE ROZE-MAPLESON

MADAME ADELINA PATTI

MADAME CARVALHO

MADAME NILSSON

MADAME MARIÉ GALLI

[Frontispiece]

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CHAPTER I

PARIS—ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND AMERICAN SOCIETY

WHILE serving as a lieutenant with my regiment towards the end of the seventies, I made up my mind to spend my winter leave partly in Paris, and then to proceed to Vienna, which latter capital I had never seen. My acquaintance with Paris was ever since I was a child, and it therefore did not offer me much novelty, except to go to the new plays at the different theatres, and some very smart balls and parties which were given in the Faubourg St. Germain by leading French families, and in the Champs Elysées mostly by very wealthy Americans.

I must confess that I was always more amused at the houses of the latter. Possibly it was that the suppers given by the Americans were so much better, and in-

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cluded every luxury one could think of in the way of eating and drinking.

There was always a gorgeous display of toilettes by the American ladies, whereas in French society everything was much more simple, from the suppers with lemonade, instead of champagne, to the ladies, who were mostly all married; and there was an absence of the lovely young girls who were to be met with in American society. I remember at that time a young American married couple of the name of Harriman giving a very smart ball in their magnificent hotel in the Champs Elysées, at which the celebrated band of Waldteufel performed. I was introduced by the hostess to a pretty young French girl of sixteen, the daughter of a French count, whose father and mother were surprised to find that it was a ball to which they had brought their young daughter, imagining that it was merely a *soirée dansante* to which they had been invited. The daughter, who was extremely fair for a French girl, and possessed beautiful blue eyes, told me that I must not take her (after dancing with her) away from the sight of her mother. She told me this in a naive, charming manner, though it surprised me not a little, as I was accustomed to the liberty which American girls enjoy at balls. She

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told me that it was quite unusual for young French girls of the nobility to frequent balls at all, except perhaps a *bal blanc*; and that she ought not really to have been there.

There was a very nice family of the name of Pringle, who gave a dance every week, to which I was always invited, as in Paris one invitation was meant for an invitation to every subsequent dance given throughout the winter. The first time I went there, one of the daughters of the house asked me whether she could introduce me to any one. I at once asked her to take me up to a young lady I very much admired, but by mistake she introduced me to another, who she told me was the belle of Paris, and who was Miss Fanny Parnell, a sister of the well-known Irish M.P. Later in the evening she introduced me to the lady I admired so much, Miss Minnie Warren, whose portrait painted by Chaplin was considered one of his best pictures, but her father would never allow it to be exhibited at the Salon. Some time afterwards I fancied I recognized Miss Warren in the Champs Elysées walking with a lady. As there were several other American families of that name residing in Paris, I had great difficulty in finding out where she lived, and on calling at an hôtel in the Boulevard

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Haussmann I was shown into a salon, when an old gentleman an entire stranger to me entered the room, and asked me whom I wanted to see. I told him, and he replied that if it should be his daughter I meant she would soon come in, so I waited alone in the salon, and was greatly relieved to find that it was the same young lady. I was a constant guest at their magnificent house in the Boulevard Haussmann, frequently going to afternoon tea there, when the three daughters entertained the guests, who were generally only gentlemen. Sometimes I met an American girl or two there, but the parents always kept away in their own drawing-room, as I found out was the fashion among Americans.

Miss Minnie Warren was, without exception, one of the loveliest girls I think I ever saw, possessing delicate regular features, a pink and white complexion, hair of a fair golden colour, and eyes of a violet blue ; the beautiful picture of Chaplin which hung in her drawing-room hardly rendered justice to her beauty. I heard on my return to Paris, after serving some time in India, that the family had since returned to Boston, and that she had married one of the Vanderbilts. I never met a Frenchman in their house, and, like many of the best American families, they never invited any Frenchmen

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to visit them. I remember M. Léscuyer d'Attainville, the grandson of Prince de Rivoli (Duc de Masséna), saying to me at that time that he envied me much, for I had the *entrée* to all the best American houses in Paris, which he as a Frenchman could never obtain.

Miss Fanny Parnell was then the most admired of all the American girls in Paris. One evening she invited the Prussian Military Attaché and myself to come with her to a ball given in the Champs Elysées by the Misses King. We both went, but Miss Parnell quite forgot to introduce us to the three sisters, an omission for which the eldest sister never forgave her, so Miss Parnell informed me later. Miss King afterwards married M. Waddington, who became French Ambassador at our Court of St. James'.

The salon of Miss Fanny Parnell was very much frequented of an afternoon at five o'clock, chiefly by gentlemen, for not only was she a remarkable beauty, but she excelled in *esprit* and one was never dull in her society for one moment. I met the Duc de Beaufort-Spontin there one day, who told me that often in England he was mistaken for the Duke of Beaufort, from the similarity of names. He amused us very much by saying how often he had received proposals of marriage

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from the mothers of young girls on behalf of their daughters, but he had always declined them. Once, however, he had made a mistake in refusing a young lady, for happening to travel in a railway carriage with a most delightful lady whom he fell quite in love with, he asked at the station when she got out who she was, and was informed that she was a French countess who had lately been married ; and he then discovered that she was the young lady whom he had recently refused to marry without having seen her. The Duc de Beaufort-Spontin married many years afterwards the Princess de Ligne in Brussels.

Miss Fanny Parnell lived at that time with her uncle, Colonel Stewart, in a magnificent apartment on the Champs Elysées, for which he paid a rent of nearly one thousand pounds a year. After his death Miss Parnell went to America to live with her mother, where she died at the early age of twenty-seven of typhus fever. She was greatly disappointed in her uncle's will ; and her mother died afterwards in great poverty near New York. Miss Parnell before leaving Paris incurred the anger of the Americans in Paris by writing a skit on American society there, which some of them took very much to heart. I remember her telling me that she had passed



MISS LANNY PARNELL



MRS. THOMSON

SISTERS OF THE LATE CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, M.P.

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one season in London with her cousin Lord Darnley, and she was surprised to find how few dresses she required in London compared with Paris ; moreover, that ladies in town often wore the same ball dress at different balls, which could never be done in Paris. She also found that English ladies had at that time an utter want of taste in dress. Miss Fanny Parnell was always taken for an American, she told me, when in town ; but she much preferred to be considered Irish, as her father was Irish, although her mother was an American.

At a ball I went to given by Warren Bey, I was introduced to President Grant of the United States, and to Mrs. Grant and their son. The President told me he was charmed with his visit to Paris. He did me the honour of calling upon me the next day with his son ; but as chance would have it I happened to be out, so I never had the pleasure of seeing him again, as he was merely in Paris for a few days. During that same evening I was also introduced to Gambetta, with whom I conversed for some time. On relating this some years later to the Marquise de Faucher, who was staying at Bourbon l'Archambault with her two delightful daughters, she said that I well deserved to lose the use of my right hand, as I had done through an accident, for

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having ever shaken hands with such a Republican, "Though, after all, you have only imitated what the Prince of Wales had done before you," she added. To which I said: "*Vous voulez que je sois plus royaliste que le roi !*"

In French society at that time the Marquise de Ville-neuve, *née* Princesse Jeanne Bonaparte, used to make a great display of toilette at certain balls. She was remarkable for her beauty, which was more of the Oriental style; she was very dark and had a sallow complexion, but beautiful black eyes and long eye-lashes. I remember one evening every one crowding round the staircase to see her arrive at a ball. On that occasion she wore a white dress trimmed with water-lilies, with a tremendously long train, and no jewellery whatever. She rarely, if ever, danced; her long train scarcely allowed of it.

Among the English then in Paris was an old lady, Mrs. Healey, an aunt of Theobald Viscount Dillon, who often used to come to Paris with Lady Dillon to see his aunt. I constantly met them at her house, Lord Dillon having served in the same regiment that I was in then. One evening Lord Dillon told me an anecdote about Lord Amelius Beauclerc, whose son

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was in my regiment and a great friend of mine. Lord Amelius had just saved the life of a woman from drowning by jumping overboard into a very rough sea, and when telling the story, some one said : " I am sure, Beauclerc, she must have been a very pretty woman," to which Lord Amelius answered : " I only knew that it was a woman, and that was quite enough for me ! "

Lord Dillon when in the regiment as a subaltern was told to call on a line regiment which had lately arrived in the garrison ; he was very fatigued at the time from a long ride, and though offered lunch, he could only be induced to take a glass of sherry and a biscuit. The officers of the line regiment looked upon his conduct as an insult to themselves, as they thought he considered himself too great a swell to lunch with them, and was only giving himself airs ; they therefore tried to provoke him to fight a duel. They soon, however, saw that they had a different kind of man to deal with than they at first thought was the case. The Marquis de Montclerc, whose mother was a Jerminham, was another of Mrs. Healey's nephews whom I met at dinner there. He told the story that while he was in England he ordered four turkeys at an hotel for his dinner, and when he returned at eight o'clock to dine he saw that the table

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was laid for half a dozen people. The waiters were surprised to see him sit down alone, and their astonishment was all the greater when, after cutting off the wings of the several turkeys, he ate only a small piece from under the wing of each which is called *sot qui laisse*, which means, of course, "only a fool leaves it," and is considered the best part of the turkey. Indeed, in the opinion of the Marquis, it was the one thing worth eating at all.

One day when I called upon Mrs. Healey a lady was sitting in the room talking to her, and that day Mrs. Healey was particularly deaf. When I entered the room she said to the lady, who was the Duchesse de Grammont (*née* Miss Mackinnon, daughter of the Mackinnon of Mackinnon): "I think you know this gentleman; his mother you know very well." To which the Duchesse replied: "No, I have never had the pleasure of meeting him before." But Mrs. Healey could not hear one word she said, and the Duchesse added: "I can only say he is very much like the Prince Imperial." However, I introduced myself, which was very easy, as she was an old friend of my mother's, though I had never met her till then.

Mrs. Goodenough, whose Christian name was Victoria,

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and who was a goddaughter of our late Queen Victoria, was sometimes at Mrs. Healey's, being a relation of hers, and she told an amusing story of the time when she entertained a good deal in town. One evening there was a great number of people at a ball at her house, and she had prepared a good supper for them ; but to her surprise they all went off about eleven o'clock, as there was also a party at Rothschild's the same evening. When, however, she had gone to bed, all the people, finding that there was no supper at Rothschild's, came back to her house for one ; but she wisely refused to have the door opened to them at all.

An old lady who very often came to see Mrs. Healey, and who used to boast of the excellent dinners that she had at home, was describing one day to a lady who called upon her just before dinner a most elaborate dinner which she and her husband were about to sit down to ; the lady, who must have had a great deal of curiosity in her nature, determined to stay till the dinner was served, as she knew the husband was a most punctual man, and would not have his dinner put off for even five minutes. But to the surprise of the lady who waited, instead of soup, fish, entrées, etc., the servant came in with the remainder of a cold leg of mutton,

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whereupon the lady of the house made all manner of excuses for her cook, and tried to pass the matter off in that way.

One of the most charming members of the American colony in Paris was Mrs. Joe Riggs, formerly Miss Van Zandt, who had a lovely voice, and used often to sing a solo in the church of St. Roch, and at concerts for charity ; she was very fond of going into society, especially to balls, but her husband had a great horror of them, and though enormously rich would not allow her much pocket-money for amusements ; in fact, she often used to take the omnibus when going to some of the smartest balls. Though her husband knew of it, his heart did not relent one bit. Sometimes, although he did not like it at all, he accompanied her to the balls. I met them on one occasion at a very smart ball given by an American banker, Mr. Andrews, in the Place Vendôme. They, as well as myself, were going afterwards to another in the Champs Elysées, and we all made a mistake and went first of all to the one in the Place Vendôme. Joe Riggs said to me : " We are now going to the ball in the Champs Elysées, and are coming back here afterwards, as the supper will be excellent, and the one here is a much later affair. I advise you to

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come with us, and do the same," which I did, going with them on foot there and back, as the weather was favourable. Joe Riggs was perfectly right. The supper was indeed a most excellent one, and at the other ball there was only an ordinary supper ; but champagne was never stinted by the Americans at their balls, but it was stinted by the French.

Just about the time I am alluding to there was a great deal of talk about the Marquis of Anglesey, who had had a long love affair with an American lady who had recently been divorced, and most people imagined, as well as the lady herself, that the Marquis would marry her. She used, in fact, to say what she intended doing as soon as she became the Marchioness. The Marquis had only just succeeded to his title and to an income of about eighty thousand a year. My father was a great friend of the Marquis, and we dined once all together at the Hôtel d'Albe with two other gentlemen and this American lady. I remember how attentive the Marquis seemed to be towards her all the evening, but a few days afterwards an invitation came to both my father and myself to attend the Marquis's wedding to a different lady, but she too was a widow and an American. I shall never forget when I was introduced to the future

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Marchioness in the salon in which they were married, as I had not seen the Marquis since our dinner at the Hôtel d'Albe.

It was when the Marquis's engagement to his future wife became known that I met Mrs. Riggs at this ball in the Place Vendôme, and she said : " How glad I am the Marquis is not going to marry that other lady, but the one he has chosen, for now he will get into the very best American society in Paris ! " However, the day after the wedding all Paris was horrified to learn that the rejected American lady had committed suicide by poisoning herself. The marriage with the American widow was by no means a happy one.

The Marquis has been dead some years now, and the Marchioness too. Poor Joe Riggs is also gone, and his wife is now the Princess Ruspoli.

Speaking of the Marquis makes me remember that during the " Grand Prix " he happened to be away in England, but the English Ambassador, Lord Lyons, not knowing of his absence, sent his carriage for him, which was then placed at my disposal for the races. A very smart turn-out it was, with the finest horses in Paris, which was saying a good deal then. The " Grand Prix " in Paris is a sight well worth seeing, not only for the

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races, but for the number of ladies in all their new toilettes for the summer, and the fine turn-outs—in fact, it is the next best meeting after Ascot, I think. The Derby in Vienna cannot at all compare with it in any way.

One day I went to Longchamps to the races and met M. de Meistner, an attaché of the Russian Embassy and a friend of Miss Fanny Parnell's, who took me home in his brougham from the races and told me he had been with Baby Thornhill all the day, but had lost sight of her on the racecourse. He seemed most enthusiastic about her, saying she was perfectly lovely. M. de Meistner was a very handsome young man, who always wore an eyeglass. He could not speak Russian, though he was at the Russian Embassy, but he spoke French and English perfectly. He had been some years *attaché d'ambassade* at Washington, and was then a secretary at the Embassy in Paris. Baby Thornhill had had a strange career altogether, and when but a child she had married Sheridan, a lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, from whom she became divorced. Captain Buchanan, also of the Rifle Brigade, told me that he saw her once in bed when she was quite young, and that she looked really quite like an angel. At the time I am writing of she had magnificent horses in Paris, and was extremely fast ;

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but all men spoke well of her, and said that she had been badly treated by her husband.

One day when I was dining with the Marquis of Anglesey and some other friends, the Marquis observed that the pattern of the wine glasses in the restaurant was very pretty, and that he would get some wine glasses exactly like them, and that he would have his monogram engraved in the same way. Some one knowing his weakness for coronets, said, "And be sure and don't forget the coronet, Marquis"; but he did not appear to see the sarcasm, and merely said, "Yes, to be sure." Although the Marquis had lived some twenty years in Paris he could not speak two words of French. It seems strange that most English cannot learn a foreign language, or perhaps it is that they don't give themselves the trouble to learn it, I cannot say. The Americans in Paris, however, spoke French, most of them, very well indeed, and both Miss Fanny Parnell and Miss Minnie Warren conversed in French quite as well as in English, although they had a slight American accent, which, if it is not too pronounced (as in their case it was not), sounds rather pleasant.

Among the English residing in Paris there was a family named Shard, consisting of the father and mother,

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two daughters, and two sons, who went out in English society chiefly, but were also very intimate with a French lady and her daughter, Mme. de Passy, who lived in the same house with them, and occupied a very fine apartment at the Arc de l'Étoile. I constantly visited both these families, and one day, on calling on Mme. de Passy, I found the girls of both families busily cutting out dresses for a ball, which much surprised me ; but they told me that they always made their own ball dresses, and were very proud of doing so. Mme. de Passy was very well off, so her daughter did not require to practise this out of economy ; she did it more for amusement. I happened to go to an American ball soon afterwards, and a young American girl asked me what I thought of her toilette. I said I thought it very pretty, and asked her if she had made it herself, whereupon she answered most indignantly : " No ! did you make your own coat and trousers ? " I tried to improve matters, but could never regain her good graces after this.

Among my acquaintances was a very pretty girl of about fifteen or sixteen, the daughter of the Marquise de Sampieri, a friend of Mlle. de Passy, who turned the head of a great many men, and was always flirting with different ones. Her mother used to say

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that she would give her no dowry at all, and that her great beauty was quite sufficient to find her a rich husband. She was very *espiègle*, and I was always very pleased to meet her in the Champs Elysées, for she loved a flirtation; her sister had made a splendid marriage. They said in Paris that she had received rather a large dowry.

There were two American beauties, half-sisters, who were always beautifully dressed at balls and parties, Miss Hewett and Miss Zobrowski; the former made a very good marriage to a French count, because her father gave her twenty thousand pounds as a *dot*, but to the half-sister he said he would give nothing at all, and told her that she must marry an old Englishman then living in Paris who was very rich, a man whom Miss Fanny Parnell perfectly detested, as he tried to make up to her at first. Miss Zobrowski was desperately in love at the time with a French marquis, but he was not well enough off, he said, to marry her without a *dot*, so she married the old Englishman; and the day after the wedding her stepfather gave her the same *dot* as he had given to his own daughter. This, the poor girl thought, was adding insult to injury, and her marriage with the Englishman was far from being a

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happy one. I used constantly to see them driving out in a mail phaeton together, but they never spoke to each other unless they were actually obliged to do so. Once I saw these two girls at Ascot races before they were married, and their costumes were so elegant and so conspicuous that the English ladies did not know what to make of them at all. At that time English women dressed plainly and not at all well. Only fast women were then decently dressed in town, or perhaps only those ladies belonging to the *crème de la crème* of society.

The South American colony was rather a large one then in Paris. A friend of ours, M. de Francisco Martin, who was a secretary of the legation of Guatemala, married a lady from the United States, a widow with a large fortune. We were invited to the wedding and to the dinner in the evening, as is the fashion in Paris after the marriage. The dinner took place in M. de Francisco Martin's hotel in the Rue Fortin, and was provided by Chevet from the Palais Royal at fifty francs a *couvert*, without wine. It is needless to say that it was most excellent, everything in the way of poultry and game being truffled, wines of every sort served—Bordeaux of the finest quality, Château Laffitte, Château Margaux, of the best vintages, ending with Château Yquem and champagne.

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The sister of the ex-Queen of Spain was there at dinner, the Marquise de Campo Sagrado, and royal servants were in attendance upon her; she was most amiable and pretty. I talked to her a good deal; her stout husband was there too. An Irish cardinal was also among the guests, and he took precedence of everybody, even went in to dinner before the sister of the ex-Queen; he was very amusing, smoked Havannah cigars, and told some very good stories, and was by no means prudish, I found. M. de Francisco Martin liked to be taken for an Englishman, and was constantly going to town, which he liked better than Paris, he said, being fond of racing; he kept some race-horses, and won several races at Baden-Baden and other places abroad.

A very grand fancy ball was given at the Spanish Embassy, at which there were some very striking costumes, but the one which put all others into the shade was the one worn by Mme. de Gambanos, the wife of a Spanish secretary of the Embassy, representing Night and Morning. Half her dress consisted of black pearls, all sewn over the half of the dress, and the other half brilliants; she wore eighty thousand pounds' worth of jewels that evening, and had all her jewellery unset for that particular ball; several policemen guarded her

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carriage when she got in and out of it. Mme. Gambanos was the daughter of a Chili merchant, who left her two millions sterling when he died, and the same to her sister, who married an Englishman.

I was very well acquainted with M. Piétri, who was a brother to the one who accompanied the ex-Empress Eugénie to England, and one of his daughters, Mlle. Julie Piétri, was a very lovely girl, a good musician, and a very great friend of mine. I constantly accompanied them to Musard's Promenade Concerts in the charming gardens where they were then held. One day I met Miss Theodosia Parnell there, who was quite as pretty as her sister Fanny, and who married a relation of the Marquis of Anglesey, one of the Pagets, some years later; the same evening I met Lord Ronald Grahame, with whom I had been at Eton, and who was *en route* to Rome with his brother the Marquis. A few weeks afterwards his brother died in Rome, and he succeeded to his brother's title, and later on became the Duke of Montrose. He told me that he had been serving in the Hanoverian army, but that he found it was very hard work. This was previous to his joining the 5th Lancers, and later on he served in the Scots Guards. Through Mlle. Piétri I got to know the

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Marquise Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whom afterwards we saw a great deal of, as she was constantly dining with us, and who had a most magnificent voice, which reminded those who had heard Malibran of that great singer. She sang the most difficult music, and had learnt from Duprez, to whose celebrated concerts she often took us. I never heard an amateur sing so well in my life ; even Mrs. Riggs, who was a great singer, was perfectly astounded at some of her *roulades* ; people who listened to her singing went into raptures. She had been a most beautiful woman, and though only thirty-five looked a little *passée* ; she made up a great deal and was very fond of wearing very *décolletée* dresses, so much so that Mlle. Waterlot, a young fair French girl, with whom she went once to confession, told me that the priest said to her, on seeing her in a rather *décolletée* dress, "*Savez vous, madame, que c'est un grand péché, ce que vous faites là.*"

The Marquise was a most intimate friend of the Duchesse d'Abrantès, and often used to stay with her on a visit, and she was received in the best Faubourg St. Germain society in Paris. The Marquise was strict about etiquette, rather absurdly so, I thought. She always insisted on a gentleman offering her his arm

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when walking out in the streets of Paris, and never would walk anywhere alone. But when she was ill in bed she used to receive visitors to see her in her bedroom, which is the fashion in France. Dr. Bishop, who married Lord Iddesleigh's sister, was perfectly enchanted with her singing and with her appearance altogether, and so were most people. Mlle. Waterlot was a very wealthy heiress whom I once called upon, and being at home without her brother, she told me that strictly speaking she ought not to receive me, as it was against French customs, but she made an exception in my favour, and then asked me all manner of questions about Miss Fanny Parnell, whom she considered perfectly lovely, and wondered why she did not marry, for she must have received hundreds of offers. I told her I did not in the least know the reason why, nor did I, but it was whispered afterwards that she had fallen in love with some one in Ireland, and that was the reason her uncle had taken her to Paris. Miss Parnell used often to tell me that I reminded her of Werther, and told me she considered Lotte very inferior to Werther; she was very fond of reading Ruskin, and some of George Sands' books; otherwise she read only very serious works.

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I went to a *soirée dansante* given by some French people at which Mlle. Waterlot was present, and sat down beside her after a dance. She asked me not to be offended, but said it was not customary for a gentleman to sit on the same sofa with a young girl in France—that the people might be shocked—otherwise she would not mind it in the least. Going so often as I did to American balls, I got used to being with American girls and I felt quite strange when I was with French ones, and at times forgot where I was. I was therefore sometimes reprimanded by the latter.

I knew Mrs. Hungerford very well, the mother of the wealthy Mrs. Mackay and Miss Hungerford; the latter was rather a nice girl who met with a fearful accident as a child, becoming paralysed for a time, but she recovered entirely. She married afterwards the Count Telfner. Mrs. Mackay gave the most costly balls in Paris, to which I often went. Once she wanted to illuminate the Arc de Triomphe, and being told that she was not allowed to do it, they say she offered to buy the Arc de Triomphe, but I cannot help thinking that this is an exaggeration; a story never loses by telling. In any case everything was done quite royally by her, even to the manservant's livery, which was scarlet and gold; and to describe

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the suppers would be almost an impossibility; they cost thousands and thousands of francs. The society one met there one saw nowhere else; none of the Faubourg St. Germain people except some few gentlemen, and none of the best Americans, and a few of the English. I once said to Miss Minnie Warren, "I have just come from a countrywoman of yours." She asked from whom, and when I told her she exclaimed, "She is not an American, but an Irishwoman!"

Isabella, the ex-Queen of Spain, used to go to Mrs. Mackay at times, and so did some other grandees of other nations staying in Paris, but very few French. Mrs. Mackay's ball-dress was generally a dream. I remember one in light blue satin, with the sleeves all studded with mother-of-pearl which threw reflections of light of all possible colours. I danced the cotillon at one ball with an American girl, but found I knew hardly any one there, so left very early indeed. Generally speaking, the cotillon was better danced at French balls than any other. Frenchmen are more imaginative in combining pretty fanciful figures than men of other nationalities, and even at American balls, if they ever had a Frenchman there it was he who was invariably selected to lead the cotillon. I have never seen a cotillon

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danced so charmingly as in Paris in any capital that I have been to in Europe.

The English living in Paris did not entertain very much, and there was only one English lady who gave dances of an evening, Mrs. Willington, where only English were to be seen ; she told me that the Comte de Coëtlegon, a French count, had asked her if any very rich girls attended her dances, to which she answered in the negative, and so he said he was very sorry but he could not come to them, as he wanted to marry a rich heiress. There was a General and his daughter who were English, who once or twice a month gave concerts which ended up by a dance. They made the acquaintance of a German lady of rank and asked her to their house. Some one hinted that she was fast, so the General hastened off one day to her house, and said that he hoped that she would not come any more of an evening to see them ; the lady was most indignant and said that he need not have come and told her this, that it was not at all necessary to come and insult her in her own house. Everybody heard about it in Paris and it caused a great deal of laughter at the time, particularly so as it was known that the lady was a great friend of Lady Holland, and stayed oftentimes with her at Holland House. I met

THE COUNTESS OF PERKINS



MISS CAMPBELL BOND



THE COUNTESS OF PERKINS, THE COUNTESS OF PERKINS, THE COUNTESS OF PERKINS

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her years afterwards, and she read me some of Lady Holland's letters to her, which were all written in French, and she answered them in French, though she spoke English fluently. This lady was the guest of Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria and his wife, Princess de la Paz, Infanta of Spain, at Nymphenburg. I met her in Vienna, when she had come from them, where she was given a stall at the Opera and Burg Theatre during her stay there by the Hof Intendant, at the request of the Prince of Bavaria.

Captain Lennox Berkeley, afterwards Lord Berkeley, was one of the nicest Englishmen in Paris at that time ; his wife was a daughter of Count de Melfort, a brother of Lord Perth in England. Berkeley was a great musician, a good linguist, and a most entertaining man. He was very fond of gambling, and in his younger days, having lost all his money at Homburg, he asked a banker to lend him two thousand florins. The banker refused, but gave him a ticket in the Frankfurt lottery, which he took, as he did not like to offend the banker. A fortnight afterwards the lottery was drawn, and he had won the *gros lot* of seventy-two thousand florins, or six thousand pounds. Next day he gave a supper to all the English he knew at the Hotel de Russie, at Frankfurt,

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which cost him two thousand florins, and lost the rest at the tables of Homburg six months later. Captain Berkeley and his wife used to give musical soirées at which the greatest performers from the opera took part, for example, Taffanel the great flute-player, and Sighicelli the violinist, and many others. Berkeley was passionately devoted to music, playing several instruments himself. I never heard an Englishman speak French so beautifully as he did, without any accent at all. One day he related to me that he had seen something on the boulevards in a kind of small theatre, which he could not make out at all, and advised my going to see it too. I went, and saw a man who held on a plate the head of a woman, and underneath on the ground was the body of the woman lying flat on her back without a head. The man who held the plate in his hand, though it was at the same time suspended from above by two strings, for what reason I know not, kept passing his hand underneath the plate to show one that there was no possible connection between the head and the body on the ground. At times he swung the plate to and fro, and the head looked very ghastly indeed. When I saw Berkeley afterwards I asked him how he thought it was done, and he said that he thought the head belonged to a

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different person than the body, but he could not quite make it out, although he fancied it was done by means of looking-glasses ; and I have since heard from a man on the stage, who had much to do with those sort of things, that it was entirely arranged by means of looking-glasses.

Berkeley's mother-in-law, the Comtesse de Melfort, was very much interested in hypnotism and similar things ; she told a story of how once Erichsen called on Lady Lovelace at her country place, and the girl who opened the door to Erichsen and a gentleman who accompanied him said that her ladyship was not at home, but asked them to go into the drawing-room and wait till she came in, which they did. When Erichsen looked at the girl he saw that she was an easy subject for hypnotism, and he hypnotized her immediately. She seemed to faint away, and Lady Lovelace, coming in suddenly, was quite alarmed, but Erichsen explained what he had done and asked Lady Lovelace to put her any questions she wished to know. Lady Lovelace at once asked where her husband was, and the girl stated somewhere in India, which was quite correct, and what he was then thinking of, and she answered that Lord Lovelace was then thinking of building a conservatory to his house when he came home. Lady Lovelace was so much struck with

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these answers that she immediately wrote them down, and asked Erichsen to put his signature and also that of his friend to the paper, and had it framed, and when Lord Lovelace returned home from India she showed it to him ; he could scarcely believe his eyes, for it was precisely what he thought of doing at that particular time, he remembered quite well.

Another son-in-law of the Comtesse de Melfort was the Baron van Havre, and he too was very much interested in these sciences ; but he told me that he had never believed in them until once in Paris he went to see a somnambulist, who when she was sent off to sleep went into a trance, and the man who was there asked the Baron if he had anything with him belonging to anybody he cared to know something about. He answered that he had a locket containing some hair of a relative (it was his mother's hair), and the man then told the Baron to put the locket in the girl's hand and to ask her any questions. Then the Baron inquired whose hair it was, when the girl said, " I now can see the lady whose hair is contained in the locket ; she is lying ill in bed, and has a *garde malade* with her ; she is evidently very seriously ill ; she has also a doctor attending upon her, but he is prescribing a wrong medicine entirely

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for her ; she ought to take quite a different medicine." Then the girl repeated the formula of the medicine she thought the lady ought to have taken, which the Baron wrote down according to her dictation in Latin. When the Baron returned to Brussels he found his mother ill in bed, and the King's doctor who attended her had prescribed the medicine which the girl had mentioned, and the Baron showed the other prescription dictated by the girl, whereupon the doctor imagined evidently that the Baron had consulted some doctor in Paris, who had written him the prescription. When the Baron, however, stated the facts, the King's doctor said it was so marvellous that he would go on purpose to Paris to see the girl. Unfortunately when he did so he found that the girl had disappeared, and they told him that they thought she had since died.

Of the Polish society, I knew the Comtesse Dzialynska, sister of the Prince Czartoryski, and went to her soirées every Wednesday, where I met the best Polish society in Paris assembled. An Englishman, Mr. Scott, used always to be invited too, who played the piano delightfully. He always played Offenbach's "*Hoffmann's Erzählungen*" at the express wish of the Countess, who delighted in hearing it, as well as the "*Belle Hélène*."

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Countess Dzialynska gave me a letter of introduction to Alphonso XII, King of Spain, when I went, as I did later, to Spain, as she was on very intimate terms with him. He used always to come to her house before he became King of Spain, and when he resided in Paris. I also knew the Comtesse Czerwinska, whom her friends called *la petite comtesse*. She was separated from her husband, and I met the Prince Jean Radziwill at her apartment, as well as M. Léscuyer d'Attainville, the grandson of the Prince de Rivoli. Some people used to think she was secretly employed by the Russian Government to find things out ; she was certainly interested a great deal in politics. I went with her once to the Concours Hippique, and she asked me to procure her a ticket for a very smart French *bal costumé* in a private house, which I did, but I did not go to it myself. I met two lovely Russian girls at a ball which was given on purpose for them by a French legitimist family ; they were goddaughters of the late Czar, Alexander III, and I danced with one of them, and she asked me if I did not think she had a beautiful complexion, which I admitted was the case ; she then asked me if I knew to what it was due, and I said I did not, whereupon to my surprise she said that she and her sister had always kept a *nour-*

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rice since they were children, which reflection would have very much shocked an English lady, and even I was rather startled at the remark, but *honi soit qui mal y pense* is our motto, and it is strange we English so rarely act up to it.

Among the English who were not always in Paris, but resided there for some months at a time, was Lord George Loftus, whose nephew was the Marquis of Ely. He was a most amusing fellow and always lamented that he had a nephew, for if it had not been for the nephew he would have been the Marquis of Ely. One day, on his calling upon a lady who lived rather high up *au quatrième*, he said, "My dear lady, your apartment is very nice indeed, but, good Lord! I have never been so near heaven in my life." And the serious way in which he said it, without any sign of a smile on his face, made those who heard him say it laugh immensely. I remember meeting him once at Boulogne-sur-Mer, when he pointed out to me a monument very high up, seen from the Casino, and he said that he had fought two duels there, one with the Duke of Wellington, and one with Lord Winchilsea, but with no important issue in either case.

General Herbert Slade and his brother, General William

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Slade, resided for some months in the year in Paris then. The former had commanded the King's Dragoon Guard's, and the latter the 5th Lancers. Herbert Slade was a great epicure, and had a horror of meeting English people abroad, always preferring the French society to the English in Paris. He used to ride a good deal in the Bois de Boulogne. Once meeting him at the "Rag" I told him that I had just come from Vienna; he inquired whether there were many English there. I told him scarcely any, whereupon he said that it would be just the place to suit him, "As I do not care for the English one meets abroad." General William Slade was married to the daughter of Sir Henry des Vœux, and had two very charming children, a son and a daughter, who were particular friends of mine. General William Slade told me that when he commanded the 5th Lancers there was a captain in his regiment who always bought old screws to ride, so the General told him unless he got a decent horse he should have to march on foot on parade, which he really did for a time, so the General told me. Captain the Honourable Denis Bingham, who was married to a French lady and had a very nice daughter, lived in Paris, but did not go much into society there; he acted as correspondent to the "Daily News." I saw more of

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his brother Albert Bingham, who was quite a society man. He accompanied Lord and Lady Brassey on their tour round the world, and drew all the illustrations in Lady Brassey's book. Captain Howard Vyse, nicknamed "Punch," formerly of the "Blues," was a great deal in Paris, but he never quite mastered the French language, though he lived for years in Paris, and died there.

There were many other English whom I rarely met : Tom Hohler, who married the Duchess of Newcastle ; Fred Milbanke, late of the "Blues," who married a Belgian actress, Mme. Douglass ; and several others. I have forgotten to mention Captain Mackenzie Grieves, formerly of the 2nd Life Guards, who did a great deal to encourage racing in Paris, and whom I never saw excepting on horseback ; he seemed to ride all day long.

CHAPTER II

PARIS—THE OPERA AND THE THEATRES

AT the Grand Opéra in Paris at that time Nilsson was the principal singer. I heard her in "Faust," by Gounod, and was delighted with her voice. She personated Gretchen or Marguerite in a charming manner. Her blonde hair suited the rôle she played well, though her acting was not quite up to that of Adelina Patti in the part, according to my taste. She also sang the rôle of Ophelia in "Hamlet," by Thomas, which suited her even better, and this opera was given night after night for months at the Grand Opéra. "La Favorita," by Donizetti, used also often to be given with Faure, who had a world-renowned reputation at that time. The opera I preferred seeing at the Grand Opéra was "L'Africaine," by Meyerbeer, for it was so marvellously well mounted. Krauss, an Austrian, sang the rôle of Selika; the *divertissement* was beautifully danced to the delightful ballet music, and it pleased one so much for the *mise en scène* was so fine. I have seen

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"L'Africaine" at Covent Garden miserably mounted and with no *corps de ballet* at all, and also in Vienna at the K. K. Hofoper, where it is far finer than in London. There was no comparison whatever, but still, it pleased me best in Paris, as far as the *mise en scène* and *divertissement* were concerned.

A ballet was rarely given at the Grand Opéra in Paris, and then it was either "Sylvia" or "Coppelia," by Délibes, of which the music is a dream. The principal danseuse was Sangalli, an Italian, who was one of the finest dancers in Europe, exceedingly strong on her points, and her pirouettes were astounding. People who never went to the Opéra on other occasions used to go merely to see her dance. Sometimes she would dance in "La Source," also by Délibes, which is a very pretty little ballet. There was a great run on Meyerbeer's operas then, "Robert le Diable," "Le Prophète," and "L'Africaine" being given very constantly, and they were wonderfully well put on the stage (though the singers perhaps could not compare with Covent Garden), yet the *mise en scène* and *divertissement* made up for what was missing in other respects.

Mrs. Mackay endeavoured to obtain a box at the Grand Opéra, and offered one million francs for one, but

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she failed in her endeavours. Mrs. Riggs was more fortunate, for she had a box with some friends, to which she went three times a week always. Most of the people I knew did not care much for the Opéra in Paris on account of the singers, apart from Nilsson and Faure ; on the other hand, they were enchanted with the Opéra-Comique, as there were better singers engaged there. Miss Warren and her sisters used always to go in a box to the Opéra on Friday, the fashionable night. They were the only constant attenders of the Opéra I met at balls and parties in Paris. When Adelina Patti sang *aux Italiens*, which she did for a time, boxes and stalls were at a premium. I was exceedingly fortunate at that time, for Mrs. Staniforth, a daughter of Sir Frederick Slade, happened to be away in London, and she very kindly placed her box at my disposal. I went every night, and heard Adelina Patti at her very best, for she was then about eight-and-twenty, and used to sing in "La Figlia del Regimento," by Donizetti, and "Lucia di Lammermoor," by Donizetti, and "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," by Rossini. I shall never forget the extreme beauty of her voice, so rich and pure, and her *roulades* were like a string of beautiful pearls. Her upper notes were as clear as crystal, and her lower notes

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had a richness of sound like velvet in its softness. I have never heard such a voice before, and do not suppose I shall ever hear the like again, though I have heard Sembrich, Albani, Lucca, Melba, Calvé, and many others; but what are they to compare with Adelina Patti? It is like comparing the light of the moon to that of the sun. I am not speaking of the Adelina Patti of the present day, for after having heard her in her youth, I have no wish to hear her in her age; it would seem sacrilege to do so. I can still remember her in "La Figlia del Regimento," with what *entrain* she sang the song "*Il est là, il est là, il est là, morbleu!*" It made one's heart jump up to one's throat, and she played the drum with such spirit that you could see she had Spanish blood in her veins. Altogether I was charmed with her, not only with her exquisite voice, but also with her lovely little face with black eyes which were remarkably beautiful.

I knew a lady in Vienna, whom I first made the acquaintance of in London, Mme. Oppenheim, who was a great beauty in Vienna, and who had a striking resemblance to Patti. When she was in London she called on Patti, who was then married to the Marquis de Caux, and Patti was also struck with the likeness of

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the lady to herself. They afterwards became friends, dining often together in town. Strange to say, I have often remarked that people who resemble each other in face have mostly the same character. As Patti left the Marquis de Caux for Nicolini, so Mme. Oppenheim left her husband for Lord Alexander Kennedy years ago, when he was Ambassador in Vienna, but they are now both dead and gone.

The Opéra-Comique was the old house, very small indeed, but having exceedingly good singers. Telazac, the tenor, was admirable, and so was Mme. Carvalho. It was quite a treat to hear them sing with Mlle. Bilbaut-Vauchalet in "La Flute Enchantée," by Mozart. The Opéra-Comique was then, I think, almost better frequented by ladies than the Opéra. Men, of course, went to the Opéra for the ballet, or rather to talk to the *danseuses*, as every owner of a fauteuil at the Opéra has the permission to go behind the scenes during the intervals, and have a talk to the *danseuses*, which is considered a great privilege, as only the *crème de la crème* of men's society is to be seen there.

The *danseuses* have generally the pick of the men in Paris; even the *rats*, as they call them, have generally a rich marquis or count for a lover, and some of

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them make very good marriages indeed. A great friend of mine, James Doyne, who was with me at Eton, came over to see me with a friend of his, Richards of Ona Vara, in Ireland. We tried to get places for the Opéra, but did not succeed. We could only get up among the "gods," from where you could not even see the house, so Doyne held Richards literally by his feet, with his head hanging downwards, to catch a glimpse of the house, which he was so desirous of seeing before he left Paris. Poor Richards, who was quite a boy, died in Ireland a few weeks afterwards. I was very sorry to hear of his death of typhus fever. Jim Doyne died many years afterwards, also in Ireland. Doyne and myself were once the guests of Lord Fitzwilliam in Dublin for three weeks. When we went with Lord Fitzwilliam's sons to the Punchestown races we were all very unfortunate—Thomas Fitzwilliam losing his watch and chain, and William Fitzwilliam being paid a bet with half a five-pound note and half a ten-pound note stuck together. I had a five-pound note stolen from me, but I recovered it the next day from the man who stole it, and the thief got three months for it. The trial took place at Naas before Baron de Robeck, whom we knew personally. I was lucky enough to be able to recognize

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the man on the racecourse the next day, and to have him arrested. When Doyne was in Paris, the theatre which pleased him and Richards the most was the Théâtre des Variétés, where the "Grande Duchesse de Geroldstein" was played every night, with Mlle. Schneider as the Grande Duchesse, and the actor Dupuis taking the principal man's part.

Hortense Schneider was quite famous in the rôle she created; she sang and acted that style better than any one else then living. My friends both thought it was better given than in London, but not nearly so well mounted, and the costumes of the other actresses were not so nice as in town. "La Belle Hélène" used also to be given with Hortense Schneider in the chief rôle, which, if I mistake not, she created, as well as "L'Œil Crevé," of Hervé, in which she played, and "Les Voyages de Gulliver." The only time I met Hervé, the composer of "L'Œil Crevé," was when he was the conductor at the Empire in London, and I had written a "variation" of a ballet to be danced by the famous dancer Maria Giuri, who had rehearsed it several times; but on the evening of the performance Hervé positively refused to conduct it, alleging as an excuse that people would say he had not been able to write the "varia-

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tion " himself, and had got me to compose it. Moreover, he said it was written with trumpets in the orchestra, and he did not possess any trumpets, but only horns—in short, he would not give it at the last moment.

Maria Giuri was the *première danseuse* at the Scala, Milan, and the finest and most graceful dancer in every respect that I have ever seen. She was exceedingly pretty too, and danced at Covent Garden during the opera season for many years. She was more highly paid than any other dancers who danced at Covent Garden. Maria Giuri danced before the three Emperors of Austria, Russia, and Germany, in Poland, and received a decoration in brilliants from each of them. What enraged Hervé so much against me was that on one occasion I wanted to pass Maria Giuri a diamond bracelet on to the stage, and Hervé said it could not be done, when the manager of the Empire, Mr. Hitchins, wrapped it up among some flowers, and told me to throw it thus on to the stage, which I did over the head of Hervé, who was very angry indeed.

The Théâtre Français was in those days at its very perfection, having the finest actors in the whole world. No one could compare with Delaunay in certain rôles.

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He always took the part of a young lover ; generally speaking, he preferred to play in pieces by Alfred de Musset, such as : “ On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour,” “ Il faut qu'une Porte soit Ouverte ou Fermée,” or “ Il ne faut Jurer de Rien.” To see him take the part of a *jeune amoureux* in one of these plays was really a treat indeed to any one who understood French and cared at all about acting. I remember seeing Delaunay in “ Paul Forestier,” in which he played the part of a young painter who had a liaison with a married woman (acted by Mlle. Favart), which his father disapproved of, and he came to tell her that he was obliged to break it off. The manner in which they both acted their parts I shall never forget. Mlle. Favart was as great an actress as Sarah Bernhardt in modern comedy ; and she had an intrigue with Delaunay in reality up to her death ; she was quite as good as Aimée Desclée, who used constantly to act in England, and was perfectly marvellous in “ Diane de Lys,” by Alexandre Dumas fils, though Aimée Desclée never performed at the Théâtre Français. There are very few actresses in modern comedy who ever came up to her.

Another play in which Delaunay was so good was “ La Cigale chez les Fourmis,” and also in “ Le Demi-

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monde," by Alexandre Dumas fils. Delaunay has never been replaced, especially in Alfred de Musset's plays, which now can never be given at the Français since he retired from the stage. He continued to play the part of *jeune premier* up to the age of sixty, and died two or three years ago near Paris. Le Bargy is the only actor at the Français who has adopted his style. I have seen him quite recently act in "*L'École des Femmes*," in which he was certainly excellent. Got was another fine actor in those days, but of a different style, generally taking the parts of a father of a family, or an old bachelor, and his acting was irreproachable. Mlle. Reichemberg was a charming *ingénue*. It is of her that Théophile Gautier says: "*C'est un rêve, c'est le printemps que Mlle. Reichemberg.*" She was perfectly delightful in "*La Joie fait Peur*"; her voice was so soft, so melodious, and she was always so naive, quite like a child on the stage. For young girls' parts I have never heard any one to equal her. Of actresses at the Français in those days the best were Mlle. Baretta, Mlle. Broisat, Mlle. Arnould Plessy, Mlle. Bartet, and the bright, lively Mlle. Samary, who died when she was but a girl; she played in "*La Souris*," in which she made a very great success. Of the actors, after those

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I have mentioned, the best were Worms, Mounet Sully, Coquelin and his brother, Bressant. I cannot say I much cared for Coquelin's style of acting; it was always rather exaggerated, but in England and in Austria he has met with very great success lately, I know.

Every Tuesday the *monde élégant* goes always to the Français; it is the fashionable night. What strikes a foreigner so much is the total absence of any orchestra, which is rather a relief, because one goes there to see acting, and not to listen to bad music.

One evening I went to the Français when Sarah Bernhardt played in "Phèdre," and Mounet Sully acted with her. She was not at all celebrated in those days, but I could not help being struck with her wonderful power of acting and her sweet voice. Some weeks after I travelled from Paris to Vienna with an Austrian, who told me I ought to see Wolter at the Burg Theatre act, whom he thought superior to any French actress. I went with him and heard Wolter act, and he then asked me my opinion. I told him that Wolter could not hold a candle to the actress Sarah Bernhardt, whom he did not know even by name, though he had lived many years in Paris, and always went to the Français when there. Of the



MARGUERITE DE LA PLANTE



ED. PONSARD

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smaller theatres, I was very fond of the Palais Royal, where I saw a piece called "La Boule," which is about a man and his wife, who quarrel about *la boule* which they eventually go to law about, and the judge asks what *la boule* means. A barrister explains to him it is a hot-water bottle, which the wife always insists upon having in the bed to warm her feet, whereas the husband objects to it, saying it is unhealthy. The play is immensely amusing, and sparkles with jokes. The judge finally tried to settle the delicate question, and to make them live peaceably together again—not like our judges, who either decide for one party or the other.

Another very amusing play which was given here, and had a great run, was called "La Cagnotte," meaning the money-box, which is the story of a party of country people, who put their winnings at cards into a money-box and decide that with this sum they will spend their holiday in Paris. They first of all go to an expensive restaurant there, and when the bill is sent in they are quite horrified at it, but pay it all in sous, to the indignation of the waiter. They get into no end of scrapes, and are arrested by mistake, being taken for a band of thieves, and they pass the night in prison, but they are

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liberated afterwards, so all's well that ends well. I had the pleasure of seeing Salvini act in Paris in "La Morte Civile," a wonderfully depressing play, in which he represents a man who has come out of prison to find his wife married and his daughter grown up. He enters the salon, being unknown to his daughter, and she kneels down and offers up a prayer for him, and then finally he dies in the presence of his wife and daughter. Salvini's acting was grand, and the actress who played the young girl acted her part so pathetically, that there was hardly a person in the house who did not shed tears. I sat next to a very pretty French girl of sixteen, who asked me if I knew Alphonse Daudet, and I said "No," and she then pointed him out to me in the stalls, and hurried off at the end of the play to meet him, and go away with him from the theatre. There was a play at the Théâtre du Gymnase which all the world went to see, in which Worms played the principal actor's part. Mme. Pasca, a great celebrity as an actress, played the part of the heroine. It was called "Comtesse de Romani," and the subject of it is this: A Russian count marries an actress, but on condition that she entirely gives up the stage for ever. However, there are some private theatricals given in St. Petersburg for charity,

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and the Countess takes part in them with great success, when suddenly her old passion for the stage comes back to her again, and she breaks loose from her husband and goes back to the stage, leaving him for ever. Mme. Pasca's acting was wonderful in this play, and Worms played so well that he was engaged afterwards for the Théâtre Français. This was one of the best plays I ever saw in Paris at the time I am speaking of. There are numbers of little theatres, such as the Vaudeville; the Folies Dramatiques; the Ambigu; the Renaissance; the Porte St. Martin, at which latter theatre historical plays are chiefly produced; the Châtelet, at which there are usually fairy-tales represented with a ballet; the Odéon, which ranks next to the Théâtre Français. At that time Porel was the leading actor there; the actresses usually pass on to the Théâtre Français afterwards, if they are worth anything at all.

At the Théâtre Lyrique I remember going to see Victor Massé's "Paul et Virginie," which did not have quite the success that people awaited of it. Capoul, who was a renowned tenor, took the part of Paul, and Virginie was sung by a young singer, Mlle. Bilbaut Vauchelet, but somehow it did not take the fancy of the public. There was one very pretty air in the opera, which was

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an old English melody, and this air repeated itself constantly throughout the opera; but beyond this there was nothing remarkable in the music, and from so well-known a composer one expected greater things. I knew an actress at the Porte St. Martin, Gabrielle Terçin, who was a bright, lively girl of about eighteen. She came to me once at two o'clock in the morning, as her friend had been suddenly taken ill with diphtheria. She told me she was very hungry after the theatre, so I had to send for a supper, and after having had a very good supper, she told me she would not return home as the doctor had forbidden her to occupy the same room as her friend, but would look out for an apartment when the day was more advanced. I sat up with her, and felt considerably tired all the next day.

At the Châtelet Hortense Schneider played for a time in the "Voyages de Gulliver," in which she was very good indeed; it was in this play that she met with her first success. The Folies Bergères was generally frequented by foreigners. I went there once with Gerald Slade, son of General Herbert Slade, who had come to Paris for a few days only.

The Cirque d'Été and the Cirque d'Hiver were both very well patronized, especially the former in summer,

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when it was considered the thing to go to the Cirque d'Été on a Saturday night, at which all the very smart people appeared. At that time there were some very good lady riders. Loisset, who afterwards married the Prince Reuss—the other sister was killed in the circus by a fall from her horse. Eliza Baroness Rhaden, a friend of the Empress of Austria, was a famous rider, too, of the *haute école*, but she afterwards, poor woman, went totally blind, and a collection had to be made for her quite recently. At the Cirque d'Hiver on a Sunday afternoon there were some excellent classical concerts under Padeloup, who endeavoured to make the French like Wagner's music, but they would not then even listen to it. The place became noisy, and every one hissed, so that he had to make his orchestra leave off playing altogether.

The concerts at the Conservatoire take place also every Sunday afternoon, but it is extremely difficult to secure places, if not at times quite impossible. Colonne at that time used to give concerts on Sunday too at the Théâtre du Châtelet, which were very fine indeed. Oftentimes he played "La Damnation de Faust," by Berlioz, which was a great favourite with the public. It is now more so I think in Germany than in France.

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At Padeloup's concerts, in the Cirque d'Hiver, I heard the celebrated Miss Thursby, an American, who only sang in concerts, but who had an admirable voice. I also heard Rubinstein play the piano there, and conduct the orchestra to his own music. He was a better pianist than a composer. Paul Viardot played a solo there on the violin by Benjamin Godard, which was delightfully executed; he played at the Philharmonic oftentimes in town; he was the son of the celebrated Mme. Viardot, and died quite young. There were some very charming evening concerts given out of doors in the summer months at Musard's, where the smart people generally went, when the weather permitted, but the place has now quite disappeared.

Another favourite place for men, and the *demi-monde*, was Mabilie, also out of doors, but that has likewise been done away with too. Another place of amusement was the Moulin Rouge, which was of more recent date, but which has also ceased for a time to exist. In those days there were some excellent restaurants, such as the Maison Dorée, where I sometimes dined; but it was very expensive indeed, and Bignon was still more so, I found. Brébant was equally good, but not nearly so dear, as it was not in such a fashionable quarter. The



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"Trois Frères," in the Palais Royal, was a favourite supper place with *cabinets particuliers*, and the waiter always ushered one in, ordering a bottle of champagne at the same time. Magny was a good dining place, near the Odéon. My father gave a very excellent dinner there once to the Marquis of Anglesey, to whom I have before alluded, and to Lord Conyers and Miss Smith, daughter of General Smith, and one or two other people; but the dinner came to as much as if it had been given at the Maison Dorée or at Véfour, though it took place in such an out-of-the-way quarter.

My friend Jim Doyne once sat down at a restaurant near the Madeleine, in the winter, and seeing some strawberries placed before him, ate them, and then ordered his *déjeuner*. Great was his surprise when, on presenting him with the bill, the waiter called his attention to fifty francs put down on it for the strawberries. Doyne remonstrated, and said he thought they were given in with the *déjeuner*, but it was all in vain, and he had to pay for his caprice of eating such a luxury at that season of the year. Chevet's was a great place from which to order dinners and suppers to be sent out, but it was ruinously expensive. Madame Chevet had the restaurant at Homburg in Germany during the gambling days, in

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which she made her fortune out of Englishmen principally. There were of course cheaper restaurants than those I have mentioned, and very good ones too, but I have named the most celebrated at that time, I think. Of the cafés, where you only obtain coffee, tea, and liqueurs, the principal ones were the Café du Grand Hotel, the Café du Louvre, the Café de la Paix, where men play billiards all day and night too, and read papers. You don't often see ladies in them, except the *demi-monde* occasionally. I have forgotten to mention a very famous restaurant in those days, but fabulously expensive, the Café Anglais, where all people dining there usually dressed for dinner, which is rather unusual in a restaurant in Paris. The thing to do in Paris is to go in the afternoon in a carriage to the Bois de Boulogne, where, in the Avenue des Acacias, you see all the *monde élégant*; hired victorias and ordinary cabs are allowed to drive there, not as in the Park in London, where only private carriages may be driven. Some very smart carriages with first-rate horses one saw at times, but they were not quite equal to what you see in town. The first-rate turn-outs you can count in Paris, and by no means can you do the same in town. Jim Doyne drove with me in a victoria in the Bois de Boulogne, and

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I remember his remarking at the time, "What would they say in town if one saw two men driving in the Park alone? It could not be done, it would be considered too effeminate by a long way."

The Champs Elysées are very nice in summer. To sit under the trees and see the carriages drive up and down is delightful, but the Bois de Boulogne is more agreeable if one drives. I have heard numerous comparisons made between Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne. I think I prefer the former if I have to walk, and the latter if I drive; both are very pretty indeed in themselves, *mais chacun à son goût* in that respect. For me to attempt a description of the sights to be seen in Paris would be absurd, as they are too well known by English people. But there is one thing I will say. How many English come to Paris and never go to see La Sainte Chapelle? It is one of the finest little churches in the world, and certainly repays one to go and see it, though it is only to be seen on certain days of the week, as far as I can remember. I have taken many English friends all over Paris, and they have all been thoroughly enchanted with La Sainte Chapelle, which they have told me they never thought of going to visit. The environs of Paris—St. Germain, St. Cloud, Versailles, Sèvres,

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Fontainebleau—are of course delightful in summer, but winter is not the time of the year to see them. Almost on all sides of Paris are woods, delightful hills, water flowing, and nice country houses charmingly situated.

CHAPTER III

PARIS—THE PARISIANS

PEOPLE have often asked me if Paris is expensive. My answer is "Yes" and "No." There are, for example, very expensive apartments in the Champs Elysées. The Warrens, who lived in the Boulevard Haussmann, paid as much as three thousand five hundred francs a month for their house, which they took furnished. There are, however, very nice apartments in the Champs Elysées for about three thousand francs a year, and very small ones even at a thousand francs a year; but these are generally high up on the third or fourth floor. They are not fond of giving much credit in Paris, with the exception of the large shops, like Potins, where you can buy grocery, etc.; but Miss Parnell told me that she had a difficulty in obtaining her bills from her dressmaker. I can never say I had any difficulty in obtaining any bills in Paris. On the contrary, they usually demanded payment at once for everything I bought. Living in a private house or apartment is cheaper than in

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London, and not nearly so many servants are necessary there.

The Paris clubs are very good, the Jockey Club being one of the best. It costs a member about forty pounds a year, and they expect him to gamble, otherwise they hope he will retire from the club. The Cercle de la Rue Royale is also very nice, and not so expensive. Les Mirlitons is a club where theatrical and musical performances are often given, and it is considered one of the first clubs. There are many others, but still a club is by no means a necessity in Paris to men as it is in London; it is used by a great many members mainly for playing cards and sitting up all night. Fortunes are won and lost in one evening constantly, so that for a man who is not a gambler clubs have but little attraction. I remember once hearing that a German prince had been entrusted with sixteen thousand pounds by his brother, when he stopped in Paris a few days, and in one night he lost the whole amount at baccarat, and had to telegraph to his elder brother the misfortune which had happened to him, a loss for which his brother never forgave him.

Furniture, as every one knows, is beautiful in Paris, and a French salon, which has generally its walls in white stucco with gold, adorned with a quantity of

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looking-glasses, is the loveliest salon one can imagine if it is furnished with Aubusson furniture; but it requires a small fortune to furnish it well. Mrs. Staniforth, whom I have mentioned before, furnished her house in Princess Gardens entirely with Paris furniture; the bed alone was worth a fortune, with paintings after Boucher. She let her London house to the ex-Empress Eugénie while she resided in town. There can be but little doubt that the French people are the first in the world as regards artistic beauty of furniture, which they alone know how to produce. All other nations are far away in the background. Those people who like cheap useful furniture naturally can get it in England, though in Vienna lately English furniture has become the rage, but I cannot say what for, though perhaps it is because it is cheap in comparison to the French furniture. I can give no other reason for this peculiarity of taste.

Of the regiments one sees in Paris I don't think any are so striking as the Chasseurs à Cheval, of which there are several regiments in France. They are mounted on grey half-bred arabs, with long manes and tails; the officers mostly belong to the aristocracy of France, and their uniform is light blue with silver lace, like our hussars, with scarlet overalls. The Chasseurs are by far the

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smartest regiments in the French army. The infantry always appeared to me to be very slovenly in their get-up altogether ; they seem to march anyhow. Perhaps they have hidden qualities—let us hope so. If you compare them to the Austrian infantry, not to speak of our own infantry, the difference is most striking, and to all appearance the Austrian infantry is vastly superior. The Prussian infantry is too much overrated. I have seen in small towns some very poor specimens of their infantry, almost as bad in every way to the eye as the French. During the Empire, when there were regiments of the guard in Paris, the men had a much smarter appearance than during the Republic.

Of military bands the most celebrated is the Garde Républicaine, which certainly is admirable. I remember hearing it at our Earl's Court in London. I asked a bandsman of our Grenadier Guards what he thought of their playing, and he replied that "It would take us years and years to play as well—besides, we cannot do it ; we do not remain in the regiment long enough to attempt to perform the pieces they play, and all their musicians are professors of music !" Of the other military bands in France, though perhaps a few of them are somewhat better than ours, I did not think very much, to tell the truth.

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A celebrated doctor in Paris, Dr. Simonnet, told me that the Parisians, both men and women, were a miserably small race ; that all the fine men and women one saw in Paris were from the provinces ; that the Parisians themselves were a degenerate race, and lacked stamina entirely. Frenchwomen of all classes have a very great deal of taste, and even the very poorest classes when they are young are nicely booted, which is quite the contrary with us. The Parisian modiste and dress-maker is generally very tastefully dressed, and she knows by instinct how to combine colours without offending the eye, which is rarely the case with London girls, though they have improved immensely in this respect within the last few years. Strange to say, at the time I am writing about the two most celebrated women belonging to the *demi-monde* were English, Skittles and Cora Pearl. The former, who became notorious through an English duke, used to be employed in a skittle alley near Bath, when a girl of sixteen, and in after years she came to Paris, where at the time I mention she was famous for her wonderful horses and carriages : everything was so quiet ; the harness and livery of her servants, and she herself dressed always in dark colours, so that no one, unless they knew who she was, would have suspected that

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she was of the *demi-monde*. Cora Pearl, on the contrary, had everything very showy; her carriages were mostly yellow, her servants wore powdered hair, and her own dresses were so conspicuous that no one could help noticing her at once. These women were both on the shady side of forty, I should say; but so made up, it was very difficult to guess their precise age. I never could see any remains of beauty in either of them, though I have heard say that Skittles was pretty in her extreme youth, but the other must have been always *une laideur*, I imagine, though she had a fine figure.

There was an actress named Massin who acted at different theatres, who was really a beauty. She had one of the most perfect profiles that one could possibly see; nothing could have been more regular; and in after years she created "Nana," of Zola, at the Ambigu, but she died in a lunatic asylum soon afterwards. There was a great number of very pretty actresses in Paris at that time—Mme. Judic, Jeanne Granier, Jeanne May, Mlle. Darem of the Grand Opéra, and many others. One must admit that whether a French girl be pretty or not, she always has a certain *chic*, which with another nation is rarely the case; and more particularly the Parisian woman excels in this cleverness of getting her-

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self up nicely. I have seen some very pretty women and girls in Paris of all classes, which makes me think of what the Marquise Brian de Bois Guilbert once said to me, that while she was in London she remarked that there were lovely women and girls of the aristocracy and of the lowest class, but that those of the middle class were mostly very plain indeed. There are undoubtedly far fewer really lovely women in Paris than in London, and I should say the percentage of pretty women in London is far greater than that of Paris, for oftentimes I have been to theatres in Paris without seeing one single pretty face. I cannot say that of London theatres. Certainly in London it is the fashion for young girls to go to theatres, whereas in Paris most of the theatres are totally forbidden to young girls, at some theatres even to young married women.

In Germany the people have an idea that English women are ugly, for they judge them all from those who go to Germany. I had quite a quarrel once with a German girl who maintained this idea, and she would only admit that the Americans were pretty. It does seem strange that such pretty Americans are to be met in Paris, whereas an English beauty in Paris, or more particularly in Germany, is quite a rare thing. Why

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this is I cannot say, unless the Marquise de Bois Guilbert's theory be the correct one.

The hotels in Paris are very comfortable, and nicer on the whole than those of London. I stayed at the Hôtel de Russie once on the Boulevards des Italiens ; it had every comfort ; it had telephones in the bedrooms, and every modern convenience, whereas in London, with the exception perhaps of one or two, they are terribly out of date and uncomfortable in comparison. The late Sir William Gull told me he always stopped at the Grand Hôtel on the top floor, paying five francs for his room, and with the lift it was as nice as on a lower floor, as the service was so very good. A very wealthy American, Commodore Garrison, who informed me that he had fourteen thousand francs a day to spend, said that the best hotels were in New York and in the States ; then in Switzerland ; afterwards in Germany ; then in France ; and last of all came England. It must not be imagined that he was prejudiced against English things ; on the contrary, he swore by everything that was English, except its hotels ; and really I cannot help thinking that he was not far wrong. Certainly within the last few years the Carlton Hotel has been built, which was not then in existence, nor was the Hotel Ritz constructed.

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An Austrian lady, sister of Oberforstmeister to reigning Prinz zu Thurn und Taxis, whom I knew, was staying in recent years at the G—— Hotel in London under the old management, and complained bitterly that they would not serve her her breakfast in her room, and that she was obliged to dress to go downstairs to take her breakfast, which on the Continent is not at all the fashion.

Most of the houses in the Champs Elysées are beautifully built. They are all, apart from the private hôtels (private houses), constructed in flats; there are two staircases in each house. One is for the owners of the apartment and their visitors, and is usually very elaborate, with fine broad steps and a good carpet, the walls being generally in imitation marble. In the winter it is heated by a *calorifère*. The other is the *escalier de service* for the servants and tradespeople. The concierge closes the front door at twelve o'clock at night, after which one has to ring the bell, when the front door is at once pulled open by means of a cord by the concierge, and the staircase remains lighted till the occupants of the apartment have entered. I mention this to show the difference which exists between an apartment in Paris and one in Vienna, and to show how far behind they are in Austria compared with Paris. When I come

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to describe my stay in Vienna I will endeavour to show the difference of the two systems.

The cabs in Paris at the time I am speaking of were not very good. The open victoria was not usually bad, if you managed to get a decent horse, which at times one did, but the closed cab was generally inferior to the victoria. It was, however, a great improvement on the London "growler." I have no doubt the cabs, like most things, have improved in Paris of late years. The omnibus, with three horses abreast, was certainly vastly superior to our old-fashioned omnibus, and in a Paris omnibus sometimes some very distinguished people are to be seen; moreover, in the winter in Paris the omnibus is heated with hot-water pipes, whereas in London nothing is done to keep out the cold; the windows are not made to open, and there is no door. Whoever invented the London system of omnibus is certainly not to be congratulated, and it can only be compared with the Vienna omnibus for discomfort; still I think the latter is decidedly better, for the windows can be opened and the door can be closed, and there are seats outside where the conductor stands, but not on the top in the Vienna omnibus.

The shops in the Rue de la Paix are quite celebrated,

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as everybody knows. Those on the boulevards are also very good indeed, but not nearly so dear, though far cheaper shops are to be found across the river in the Rue du Bac, where the celebrated shop the Bon Marché is situated, and here you can purchase nearly everything. There is a very large establishment of the same kind in the Petit St. Thomas, also in the Rue du Bac. I must say I always preferred the latter, though it may be a trifle more expensive. It is a very favourite shop with American ladies; they buy all their underlinen, handkerchiefs, gloves, etc., there. I remember going with the Marquis of Anglesey to buy a fur coat there, with which he was very much pleased. They also sell ladies' costumes, hats, and in fact everything, at a quarter the price charged by the fashionable shops in the Rue de la Paix, and considerably less than the prices on the boulevards. Very rich people, especially English and some Americans, buy their hats at the celebrated *modiste* in the Rue de la Paix, Reboux, who does not make a hat under one hundred francs, and also at Virot's, which is equally expensive; but residents in Paris generally, unless they be millionaires, avoid these very expensive establishments. Of the *couturières* the most famous were Worth and Laferrière at the time I

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mention. Doucet was also very famous for dresses. At Worth's a lady could not obtain the very simplest of dresses under one thousand francs, or forty pounds. A lady whom I knew, a Russian married to an Englishman in Paris, was quite in despair because she had quarrelled with him, and was obliged to get her ball-dresses at Laferrière's ; but she never rested until she had made up her quarrel with Worth in order to return to him again. There are now several others who have an equally high reputation, the most renowned of whom is Rouff, though for morning dresses Redfern is also very celebrated, and Paquin has also one of the highest reputations ; the two latter are too well known in England for me to mention more about them. We are all aware that the French bon-bons are the best in the whole world. There is a very celebrated shop near the Madeleine which is world-renowned for its bon-bons, and there are several other shops for bon-bons equally good and not nearly so expensive on the boulevards. General Herbert Slade informed me that a French silk hat was infinitely better than an English one ; it was much lighter and made of finer silk, and he always wore one in Paris. Gloves and ties are also better in town for men than in Paris, excepting perhaps white gloves and



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light summer gloves, and *gants de suède*. The English glove is a much stouter one and more adapted for the winter, or for riding or driving.

Of the sugar you get in Paris there can but be one opinion, that it is vastly superior to that one obtains in England. The only place in town at which I ever saw French sugar was at the Café Royal. I remember an Austrian lady, sister of Oberforstmeister to reigning Prinz zu Thurn und Taxis, remarking about the badness of English sugar. She said that in Vienna if they offered her such inferior sugar as the best in London she would not take any at all. They informed her at Tweening's, in the Strand, that English people will not pay the price they pay in Vienna for sugar, that is the reason it is so bad in England. French bread is nice, but it has rather a bitter taste; some people prefer it to English. No doubt it is much lighter than English bread, but undoubtedly the Vienna bread is very much better than either of the others. Coffee used to be good in Paris formerly, but of late years so much chicory is mixed with it that it is very little better than that you get in some of the best clubs and hotels in London; I will not say private houses, because English cooks do not know how to make coffee any more than the French know

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how to make tea. The chocolate of Marquis in Paris is famous, and to be bought everywhere, though Cadbury's chocolate in England is equally good, I think. Ménier is also renowned for chocolate.

Cigars are not very good, I believe, though I do not smoke them, but the best are "Londrès," as they have the *monopole* in France; cigarettes are also bad, yet you can obtain some Turkish ones. Captain Berkeley used always to smoke the French "Caporal" tobacco by preference, but most Englishmen think with me that it is villainous stuff.

The Salle Drouot is a wonderful place to go to see. It is here that the sales of most valuable pictures and jewellery and all manner of things takes place. A great many Americans and English used to attend the sales, as sometimes some very fine things are picked up there for a song. Joe Riggs almost always attended all the most important sales, and bought thousands of francs' worth of furniture, etc. I went there once or twice, but the foul atmosphere was enough to knock one down. I don't think they ever open a window there, even by chance. The French Tattersalls, where the sale of horses and carriages comes off, is also worthy of a visit to those who are interested in horses. There is a place

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in Paris to which they take all the lost dogs, called La Fourrière, where I have also been; but I did not see any dogs there worth looking at.

French perfumery, of course, is celebrated, and Guerlain's shop in the Rue de la Paix, and Houbigant in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Violet on the Boulevard des Capucines, Pinaud on the Boulevard des Italiens, are the most famous. Roger et Gallet is comparatively a new firm, as I cannot remember it in those days. There can be no doubt that French soaps, especially those of Guerlain and Lubin, whom I forgot to mention as a perfumer, are the best in the whole world. Fay is very famous for powders "La Veloutine," and quite recently he has made a name as a perfumer. The Empress of Austria always used Lubin's soaps till of late years, when she occasionally used Roger et Gallet's "Véra Violette." The Princess Elvira Wrbna (a Bavarian Royal Princess living in Vienna) always sends for Guerlain's soaps, and many other ladies in Vienna will employ no other soap but Guerlain's.

CHAPTER IV

PARIS—GRISETTES

IN the winter, when there is skating, the swell place to go to used to be Le Cercle des Patineurs, in the Bois de Boulogne, but the charges were very high indeed; there was the charge of twenty francs to go in each time, and you had to know a member to take you in besides. I went several times, and saw some very beautiful skating by Americans, who were far ahead of the French skaters then. The Princess de Metternich used often to go when she was the Austrian Ambassadress in Paris; and in the time of the Empire both the Emperor and Empress skated there.

Gambetta, when I was in Paris, was Président du Conseil, and Edward Blount, who had been at school with him, told me the following anecdote of him. It appears that Gambetta had such a dislike to going to school that he said to his father that unless he were taken away from school he would poke one of his eyes out. His father insisted on his remaining on at school, whereupon Gam-

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betta did as he had threatened to do, and on his father's remonstrating with him, he said that if his father sent him back again to school he would poke the other eye out. Such a determined character was he, that his father had finally to give way to him. It was not till later in life that he saw the folly of his action. I remember when I was introduced to Gambetta noticing that he had lost an eye, and then I recalled this anecdote to memory.

My friend Baron van Havre was suffering from a spinal complaint, and was being treated by Professor Doctor Brown-Séquard, who was Professor of the Collège de France, whom I was introduced to by the Baron. I saw a great deal of the Doctor, and was with him at the time when he treated President Garfield of the United States by telegram after the wound he had received. It was at the recommendation of the American Government that Brown-Séquard was consulted, and he managed to prolong the President's life some weeks by his treatment. Brown-Séquard was born at Jamaica, his father being English and his mother French; he took her name of Séquard, and he became quite celebrated as a physician in the United States, having lived there some years, and his first wife having been an American. In

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Paris he took Claude Bernard's place at the Collège de France, and was thought most highly of as a savant.

His last discovery was what people called the "Elixir of Life," in which he had great faith, having tried it himself. He told me that he felt quite young in body after having it applied, being an old man at the time. I wrote to him once at Brighton when he was there, to make an appointment to see him, and he told me he had received five hundred applications to see him, and that as he was only in Brighton for a few days mine was the only one he had answered in the affirmative. An American telegraphed to Brown-Séquard to come to New York to see his son, who was ill, offering him ten thousand pounds. Brown-Séquard answered by saying that he would go to Liverpool, and that the American could bring his son there, which would only cost him very little. This was actually done, as Brown-Séquard's refusal to go to New York was deliberate. The story was published in the "Lancet" after Brown-Séquard's death.

Brown-Séquard was a great friend of the celebrated engineer Déprez, and he once told me that Déprez had invented a means of making a train go ten times as fast as the fastest train; the expense would be fear-

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ful, but the actual danger would not be nearly so great as at the present time. Déprez was one of the greatest engineers living, according to Brown-Séquard. I once asked Brown-Séquard if some medicine he had prescribed for me did not contain a violent poison, because a chemist had told me so, whereupon he replied: "If you only knew it, there is more poison contained in a glass of water than in what I have prescribed for you, but the public is very ignorant as regards medicines." Dr. Brown-Séquard's rival in Paris was also a very famous man, whom I knew very well too, Professor Charcot; he was my mother's doctor in Paris. It was quite an undertaking to see Charcot; at times one had to wait from ten in the morning until five in the evening in his waiting-room. I wanted to see him once, and sent a servant at ten o'clock to keep my place, coming myself at five, when some Australians who were there were most indignant, and insisted on entering before me. Charcot asked what it meant, however, and severely rebuked the Australian old gentleman and his wife, who protested, saying that I had only just arrived, and that they had been there since ten in the morning. Charcot explained to them that my servant had kept my place, but if I liked I could give it up to them, which I did,

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and sat in the room while the consultation took place. The old Australian man thought he was going to have an apoplectic fit, which Charcot considered very probable too, and upon being asked his fee, Charcot said four napoleons. The old Australian asked him again, and Charcot repeated what he had said angrily. Then the Australian dragged out of his pocket very stingily four napoleons one by one, evidently thinking it was a high fee. Charcot was very like Napoleon I in face, and used to get himself up like the great man, and everybody was struck with the resemblance. People came from all parts of the world to see Charcot. This Australian had come, he said, purposely from Australia with no other object in view but to see the great professor of nervous diseases. The very greatest then in Europe were Charcot, Brown-Séquard, and Erb of Heidelberg. The latter I also knew very well indeed too.

Berkeley's son Ernest had met with a serious accident, losing the sight of his eye. He thought of consulting the great oculist Galezowski in Paris, but he had been to Galezowski, he told me, and the sum—ten thousand francs—that he demanded for the operation was so tremendous that Berkeley determined to take his son

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to town to Sir William Bowman, who performed the operation for one hundred pounds.

The great dentist then in Paris was Dr. Thomas Evans, an American, whom I went to; he told me I was suffering from the same complaint of the gums for which he had treated the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. I got mine after a sea voyage, and it was a kind of scurvy, which, however, completely recovered with Dr. Evans's treatment. I did not find Dr. Evans very expensive, considering his wonderful skill and reputation. In Vienna there are very inferior dentists, who charge five times as much, and what is more, manage to get paid. Dr. Bennett was also a very good American dentist in the Avenue de l'Opéra at that time. The story of how Dr. Thomas Evans was the means of the Empress Eugénie escaping from Paris during the Franco-Prussian War has too often been told for me to repeat it.

Of Roman Catholic preachers at that time the most celebrated was the Père Didon. I remember going once to hear him. He preached *ex tempore* for about a couple of hours to a most attentive audience, and the church was so crowded that I had great difficulty in getting a place. The aristocracy in France is mostly religious, and it prides itself on being so, in opposition

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to the Republicans, who for the most part are just the contrary. A very pleasing sight on Christmas Eve is to see at the Madeleine a most beautiful cross of lovely flowers resting flat on the ground; all the ladies and women and children kneel down and kiss the cross, which is called in French "L'adoration de la croix." The music at the Madeleine on Christmas Day is beautiful, and the midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, when all the finest singers from the Opera are engaged to sing, is certainly one of the things one ought to go to. Afterwards in all the great houses in Paris a supper is given, which is called "Le réveillon," and a play has been written upon it, and is given at the Palais Royal. From this play Strauss's celebrated operetta "Die Fledermaus" was written, and it is the only work of his which is given at the Opera in Vienna, even up to the present day.

Of composers in Paris I only knew my own professor, Émile Durand, who was a professor at the Conservatoire, and the well-known composer of the famous song "Comme on aime à vingt ans." He was the teacher of Goring Thomas at the time that he taught myself. I often used to meet Goring Thomas at his house. Thomas, of course, wrote charming operas and songs. He met with

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his death, being run over by a train, the evening before he was going to be married, if I mistake not ; but this is English history. Goring Thomas was one of our best composers, writing in the French style, and not at all Wagnerian, as is the fashion, unfortunately, nowadays with most modern composers.

While I was paying a visit to the Marquise de Bois Guilbert I observed a lady in the room in very deep mourning. Soon after I arrived she left, and I asked the Marquise who she was. She told me that she was the Vicomtesse de la T. ; that she had a beautiful hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain, and that she had never recovered from the sad loss of her only son and heir. His death happened under the most painful circumstances. It appears that the young Vicomte, who was a minor, had a *liaison* with a very pretty girl, whom he was very devoted to, and this had lasted for some years. His parents desired him to marry, and in France the parental will is everything ; the son is obliged to obey, under all circumstances. The young Vicomte had to break the news to this young girl, who was very much in love with him ; the day he told her she wept bitterly, and begged and implored him to come one more evening to have dinner with her before he left her for ever,

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which he consented to do. They sat down to a very good dinner with plenty of different wines, ending with champagne, and while they were drinking together she took advantage of a moment when he little suspected anything to plunge a dagger into his heart. Wounded as he was, he managed to get home, but he died on going up the staircase, after having given the name of the girl who had killed him. The young girl was tried and convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. The mother of the Vicomte shut up the principal rooms in her hôtel ever afterwards, receiving none but most intimate friends.

Since Paul de Kock wrote his very amusing novels chiefly about *grisettes*, more modern writers seem to affirm that there are no more *grisettes* in Paris. I cannot help thinking that they are wrong in what they say, only that modern times have slightly changed their disposition, and that they have become more worldly, preferring a little luxury to the poverty with which they contented themselves in Paul de Kock's days. It is true, according to him, I suppose, that then they were perfectly pleased to accept a supper or the merest trifle from their lovers, while now they soar higher and demand more elaborate things. The world has changed ;

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and as Frédéric Soulié very justly says in one of his novels, "All is egoism and vanity in the world now." I made the acquaintance when I had just passed for the army, and was awaiting my commission, of a young girl in Paris, whom I first saw with her mother and whom I took for an American girl, as I thought she was too good-looking to be French. Having nothing to do, I followed her and her mother across one of the bridges over the Seine to the Rue du Bac, and saw them enter a house there. I walked about, when suddenly the young girl appeared alone, rushing along the street. I followed her more from curiosity than from anything else, and when I overtook her, she said she could not speak to me, but, entering a side street, gave me an appointment for the next day (Sunday) to drive with her at Boulogne. She then told me she was employed by one of the fashionable *couturières* in Paris, and that if she sat up all night to do work they paid her thirty francs a day ; that I must never speak to her when she was with her mother, and never in the Rue du Bac, as she was well known by the tradespeople there. I used to meet her occasionally, generally in the Boulevard St. Germain by appointment. The first time I offered to take her to supper in the Palais Royal at the "Trois

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Frères," she told me she had never entered a restaurant in her life ; at last, however, she consented to come with me, making all sorts of difficulties notwithstanding. I often went for drives with her, but could never quite overcome her dislike for restaurants ; she was, like all French girls, very fond of dress ; and the greatest pleasure one could give her was to buy her a hat of a very stylish shape, which one could get in those days for about forty francs, whereas now they ask about one hundred francs in any fashionable shop in the Rue de la Paix. Her Christian name was Isabelle, which is not a very common name in France, and her surname that of a very celebrated poet with whom she was related ; she always told me she thought I came from the *midi*, as I was so ardent and impetuous in my likes and dislikes. I assured her that I came from the very cold, frigid England, which she had great difficulty in believing. I remember a very favourite expression of hers was "*C'est selon*," which she said repeatedly in conversation. She reminded me very much of the heroines of Paul de Kock's novels, though perhaps she may have been more luxurious in her tastes.

I made the acquaintance some years after of a French girl of the same style, who was employed by one of the

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leading *modistes*. I showed her photograph to an English lady, who said she had never seen such a beautiful mouth as the girl had. Her name was Renée Leclerc, and she was very republican in her ideas, always reading "La Lanterne," and she was a great admirer of Balzac's novels ; she said that she had no desire to live after thirty, and that she considered that a woman's life was then quite at an end. She gave me very good advice at that time, which unfortunately I did not take. A marquise wrote to me to know whether I would marry her younger daughter, to which Renée Leclerc advised me to reply at once in the affirmative, as she said they were of the highest nobility in France, and excessively wealthy ; but I hesitated and waited so long that my answer came too late, and the daughter was engaged to a French count. Years after the marquise wished me to marry her eldest daughter, but it was not the same thing for me, so I wrote and told her that my affection was for her younger daughter, and not for the elder one. Renée was very fond of a good dinner of an evening, at the Maison Dorée or at Brébant's, where I went with her sometimes. It gave her more pleasure than any *chiffons* I bought for her, which was contrary to the taste of most girls in Paris, who think mostly of their

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toilette. She told me a story of how once she had been invited to a wedding in Paris of very wealthy Jews, and that it is the custom among the Jews to give a ball on the night before the marriage. The young girl who was going to be married was dancing with her intended bridegroom, when suddenly her petticoat came down, and she went with him into a bedroom to pin it up; the next day the young man utterly refused to marry his intended bride, giving no reasons, and the marriage was broken off, to the horror of the parents of the bride.

I had heard so much of Desbarolles, the celebrated *chiromancien*, that I went one day to consult him, and he certainly told me some wonderful things about what was going to happen to me, but what he told best was the past; he made his observations from the lines of the hand almost entirely. Alexandre Dumas fils had a very high opinion of him, and pronounced a long speech at his tomb the day of his funeral. A young Englishman who was a Christchurch man at Oxford, and the private secretary of the Comte Zamoyski, once related to me how he went with the Comtesse Zamoyska, who wished to consult Desbarolles; after examining the Comtesse's hand, Desbarolles informed her that she had had three children, which she told him was not the case, as she

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only had two. Desbarolles assured her that she must have made a mistake, which rather annoyed the Comtesse, who really felt quite confused. The Comtesse Zamoyska was one of the great beauties in Paris then, and a very rich heiress before she married, the richest in Poland, they said. It was Miss Fanny Parnell who first gave me the idea of going to Desbarolles, as she had bought his celebrated book on the hand, and had lent it to me to read. I understand now that Mme. de Thèbes has taken Desbarolles' place, and all people who are anxious to know their future, and who believe in *chiromancie*, go and consult her for the sum of forty francs. Desbarolles contented himself with twenty francs, which I thought quite enough; but everything seems to get more expensive as time goes on.

One evening, after leaving the Circus, it began to pour with rain, and I took refuge with many others in a café nearly opposite. I noticed a gentleman, who gave his arm to a lady standing near me; they were both well dressed, and I knew him to be a member of the Jockey Club. The rain continued without cease, and the lady sat down and then they seemed to have a dispute, whereupon the man got up angrily and rushed off, whether in search of a carriage or not I did not know. The lady,

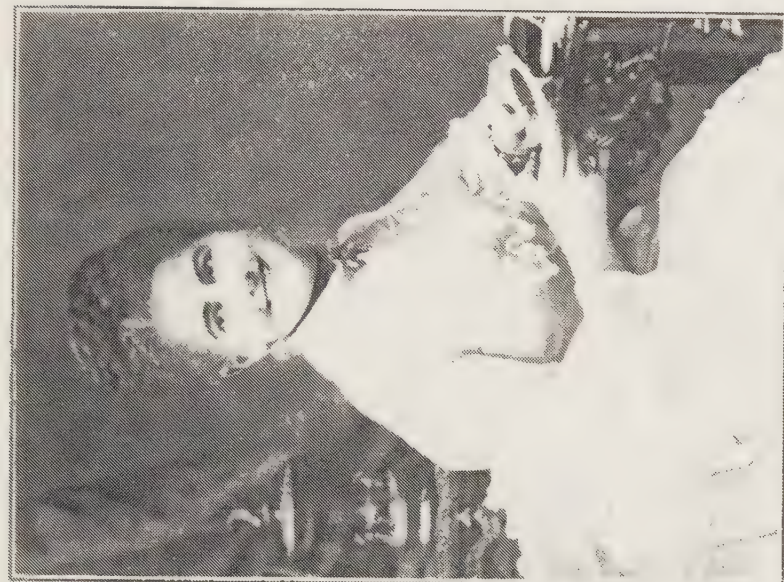
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whom I presumed was his wife, became very restless and looked rather in despair, and having secured a cab I offered it to her, which she gladly accepted, asking me to get in it too. I told the cabman to drive in the Faubourg St. Honoré, where she lived, and afterwards I drove home. The lady asked me to call upon her ; some days after I did so. I found that she had a lovely apartment, her salon having walls in red silk brocade, and the furniture being Louis XV style. She showed me her bedroom, which was furnished in the same way, excepting that the walls were in light blue silk, and the furniture was in the same shade of blue. She herself was a blonde, very pretty, about twenty-five, and with a fine figure. She informed me that the gentleman with whom I saw her upon the evening in question was a vicomte, and that he had made love to her, but that she declined to listen to him, as she herself was greatly in love with his brother the comte, who had lately presented her with a pair of very fine steppers, the finest horses in Paris without exception, she thought. She was very amusing, and had plenty of conversation ; but as I was leaving Paris, I only saw her once again to wish her good-bye.

There was a German lady, Mme. Adelsberg, living in Paris, who was considered by some people to be a



Mlle. RENÉE TECLER



CRÁTIÉN CSÉRY TERKA

TWO GRISSETTES IN CARE

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great beauty ; she had certainly very lovely blue eyes and pretty golden hair, and her age was about thirty-five. When her husband was alive she was very rich, and kept some very fine horses, but since her husband had disappeared from the scene she lived rather quietly in an hôtel of her own. Captain Hubert de Burgh, late of the 11th Hussars, a nephew of Lord Cardigan, fell in love with her at first sight, and she with him ; he was then suffering from a spinal complaint, and she was very kind to him during his illness, which ended in his very rapid death ; in gratitude he left her all his fortune. I knew them both very well indeed. De Burgh was passionately fond of going to all the race meetings, even up to the time when he had to walk with crutches, though his doctor told him not to do so. He died when he was only thirty-three years old. Madame Adelsberg used to tell a story about Lady Cardigan, who married the Comte de Lancastre because she desired him to become Portuguese Ambassador at St. James's, but objection was raised to the Comtesse his wife, so he never became ambassador. When they were married, Lady Cardigan told Mme. Adelsberg in the evening of that day she was horrified to see her husband walk into her bedroom with a nightcap on and holding two glasses in

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his hands, one containing his glass eye and the other his false teeth ; she said she should never forget that tableau in her life. He was a contrast to Lord Cardigan, who was a smart, dashing man, compared to her second husband, whom she left for ever soon afterwards. M. de Lancastre used to live in Paris, and constantly visited Mme. Adelsberg, where I met him sometimes. He became Duc de Lancastre before his death, but I don't remember whether it was before or after that of Lady Cardigan. They never saw each other when he lived in Paris ; she used then to give him an allowance, as he had no fortune of his own.

I was introduced to a very pretty Hungarian girl called Cséry Terka by an Englishman I knew, Hamilton Scrope, who made her acquaintance at Budapest ; she was then living with her sister in Paris, but she could not speak much French. I met her sister afterwards at Budapest, when I went there from Vienna ; she was almost the only person I met from Paris whom I knew there, if not the only one indeed.

CHAPTER V

MUNICH—THE DEATH OF LUDWIG II

THE day before I left Paris for Munich *en route* to Vienna was a very bright sunny day towards the end of December ; all the elegant world was to be seen in the Champs Elysées walking or driving. I shall never forget the contrast with Vienna, which on my arrival was plunged in snow several inches deep, the roofs of the houses being white with snow. It was what I imagined St. Petersburg was like. I had no idea that Vienna was such a cold place until I got there. I stayed in Munich one day and a night, and took the opportunity to see the celebrated picture gallery, with which I was, of course, delighted, though I had already seen the Louvre in Paris and the gallery in Madrid ; which are both much finer, though Munich has some splendid pictures of the old masters. What surprised me at Munich was that when I hailed a cab a policeman came up to me and said, " You are not allowed to shout in the streets of Munich." How the people call a cab in

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Munich I never got to know, because I did not stay there long enough for that.

On entering a very heavy-looking conveyance, with the cabman wearing a black shiny sailor hat with a silver band round it, and a light blue coat and trousers, I told him to drive fast, when he said to me : " I am not allowed to drive any faster than I am doing at present ; only the King is allowed to drive quickly through the streets of Munich." It annoyed me considerably, because I had very little time, and naturally wanted to see as much of Munich as I could, and I had to leave that day for Vienna. I stayed at the Baierischer Hof, which was good, but the Hôtel des Quatre Saisons is better ; you get a most excellent dinner at the latter hotel for a very moderate price, table d'hôte being at a separate table all to yourself. I have been to Munich quite recently, and liked the Hôtel des Quatre Saisons immensely ; it seems a favourite hotel with Americans—at all events, I saw plenty of them staying there. The Opera was closed, but I went to the Residenz-theater and heard "Cosi fan tutte," by Mozart, very nicely given indeed, though the house was small. The principal singer, who played the part of the soubrette, was a girl from Vienna, who had an extremely

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pleasant voice, and acted her part very well indeed. The other singers were not out of the way, and the orchestra, although small, was large enough for the house.

The last time I was in Munich we went to the *Blumensäle* of an evening, a kind of music-hall, at which it is usual to have your supper during the performance. The real Munich cuisine is served here, and it is very different from that of the *Hôtel des Quatre Saisons*, and cannot, of course, be compared to it. The place was terribly smoky, from not the best of cigars, and the performance was like that of a second-rate London music-hall. However, we amused ourselves looking at the different stage turns and the audience. I cannot say that there was a single good-looking face in the whole house, but I must remark that the class of people present was not the most distinguished; in London among such an audience many charming faces would have been seen, even among work people. We noticed during our stay recently in Munich (and it must not be thought that we were prejudiced, for an Austrian young girl was with us) that we had not seen one single pretty girl or woman in Munich. I suppose it is that there are none to be seen, because we went almost every-

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where, and used the tramway frequently, where you see plenty of people.

The confectionery shops are very good in Munich : you can take tea in them of an afternoon ; they are elegantly fitted up ; they keep the newspapers, and they seem to replace the cafés of Vienna and Paris, and most people patronize them. The town itself always gave me the impression of being too large for the inhabitants ; there are such very broad streets and immensely large houses, while the former at times are almost deserted, which is totally different from Paris or Vienna, where the streets, and boulevards particularly, are usually thronged with people. We noticed that the people of Munich, more especially the women, had an absolute lack of taste in dress ; even at the Residenz-theater the ladies were dressed like cooks and house-keepers out for a holiday. The men of all classes do not give one the idea of being gentlemen, excepting some of those in uniform, especially in cavalry regiments, and perhaps a few civilians here and there. We drove to Nymphenburg to see the Palace, which we were shown over. It is very fine, and Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria, who lives in the Palace, happened to be there while we walked through one of the rooms. We after-

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wards visited the small palace of the "hermitage," which lies quite close to the larger palace, and used to be inhabited in summer by the royal family. Some of the rooms are very original, with a great deal of Venetian glass, all the lustres, mirrors, and walls being decorated and adorned with it. The park was very charming too, arranged somewhat in imitation of Versailles on a smaller scale, but without the numerous fountains, though there is rather a large artificial lake, and the gardens are tastefully laid out.

On my first visit to Munich I saw the gallery of beautiful women in the Palace, which is a collection made by one of the Kings of Bavaria of the portraits of some of the most beautiful women in Europe; it is one of the principal things worth seeing in Munich. I happened to be in Bavaria, at Nürnberg, when the late King Ludwig II met with his sad end. I remember how excited the people were at the time; they said that his death was caused by Bismarck, that he was not mad, and that it was merely a scheme of Prussia to get rid of him, as he was spending too much money and would possibly ruin the country. There is a very interesting pamphlet just issued on the King of Bavaria's last days, in which it is clearly proved that he was not mad; the

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pamphlet is written in German by a physician who saw the King at that time. There can be but little doubt that he was highly eccentric and that he never knew the value of money ; but how many are like him, in England especially, and yet they are not put in an asylum because they ruin their families. The beautiful palaces which the King of Bavaria built made some of his country-people rich, and they are now a source of revenue to the state ; in fact, all the debts that he contracted have been paid. It is certainly a great stain upon Germany, more especially upon Prussia, to have acted towards King Ludwig II of Bavaria as Bismarck acted. Germany is too anxious to find fault with England with regard to the war with the Boers, which she always maintains is a stain upon England, but her own far greater stain she seems to ignore entirely. I went over this summer the magnificent Palace of the Herrenchiemsee built by King Ludwig II ; the splendour of it is quite marvellous ; it is like a palace described in the "Arabian Nights" ; the curtains in one room are studded with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, all of enormous size. The bed is one mass of gold ; the curtains of the bed cost thousands of pounds ; the washing-stand basin and jug are all of gold ; in fact, there is

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if anything too much gold. It fatigues the eye to see nothing but gold around one. A music-case for manuscript music cost alone eighty thousand marks; vases from Sèvres, with delightful pictures after Fragonard and St. Aubin, are in another room, and there is a clock having the days of the week and months written in French; and superb busts of Louis XIV and Louis XV, evidently showing that the King had a great love for France, and, what is more, he designed everything he wanted himself. The Palace is in imitation of Versailles. The Galerie des Glaces, which extends to the whole length of the Palace, contains, on either side, looking-glasses heavily laden with gold decorations; and the gallery is lighted by means of two thousand five hundred candles. The King had this Galerie des Glaces lighted only three times in his life, and then only for himself to see the effect it produced. The state bedroom contains a bed which cost half a million of marks, in which the King had never slept, preferring the smaller bedroom, which itself is very magnificent.

There is a very fine picture after Vanloo of Louis XV in his youth in the Galerie des Glaces, and there is only one picture of the King when very young in the palace. The building is not finished; some statues, which were

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intended to be constructed in marble, are merely in plaster, and one of the staircases is only just commenced. It was the King's intention to build a theatre on to the Palace, an idea, however, which he never lived to carry out. Strange to say, the Palace is built in such a manner that the view looks out from the front window upon the gardens and park, which are imitated from Versailles ; it does not look out upon the very charming Lake of Chiemsee ; in fact, I do not know of any rooms in the Palace from whence you can see the lake—it seems to turn away from the lake entirely. The dining-room in the Palace contains a trap-door in the centre of the room, by means of which the table can descend and mount with the dinner laid upon it ready served for the King.

Everything in the Palace reminds one of France—the pictures, and even the chairs, which are covered with the fleur-de-lis in gold over scarlet or light blue satin ; there is nothing whatever to remind one of Germany. I have been told that imitation bronzes and things have been substituted since the King's death for the very valuable bronzes and other articles which were there, but that this is not known to the public. The King owed for these bronze lustres, etc., such an enormous

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sum of money that they were restored to the makers, and were copied exactly in a cheaper metal. I have this information direct from the firm who supplied them from Vienna at the time the King lived.

There is a prophecy of Nostradamus which, curiously enough, seemed to apply to the year 1886, in which the King met with his death, and the Bavarians, who are very superstitious, wondered what would happen in that year. The prophecy is as follows : " When Good Friday falls on St. George's Day, Easter on St. Mark's Day, Corpus Christi on St. John's Day, then there are dreadful things to be expected." And in the year 1886 this happened precisely. *Tout le monde pleurera* was the end of this gloomy prophecy. It cannot therefore be wondered at that the Bavarians were afraid of what would happen, and that they expected something dreadful. King Ludwig II was very devoted to art, but other gifts he had not. His letters which have been published do not show that he was very intellectual, and no sayings or *bons mots* have been handed down to posterity which would be remembered by the people as coming from him. He had a marvellous memory, which through his promptitude often put other people into difficulty. Every one gave him the credit for having this. His

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fondness for being alone, which many people attributed to deceptions in life, came chiefly from a distaste to put himself out in the slightest measure. The greatest misfortune which happened to him was his coming to the throne too soon. His strong self-will met then with no opposition. Notwithstanding this self-will, or perhaps precisely on this account, he was not a man of quick decisions. To decide anything cost him great battles with himself. He was so undecided, particularly in the last years, that he wavered to and fro, till at last he allowed things to decide themselves. The King was very unfortunate in the choice of his friends ; many men and women of the highest rank were devoted to him, but he did not care for them, and he preferred to show his favour to others who knew how to flatter him cunningly, and at the same time to rob him adroitly.

The influence which the Empress of Austria had upon him was not at all favourable, for she had not any idea of obligation, nor had he. She did precisely what she wished to do. The Empress always told him "that one can do everything that one likes." The King was only too ready to follow her advice on this subject. "'Tis a great pity that one cannot always do what one wants," said the King one day to the chief of his Cabinet. "That

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is not so difficult, Majesty," replied he ; " one must only want to do what one can do ! " " Oh, if you take it in that way," was the answer of the King. The King evidently preferred the advice given to him by his cousin the Empress of Austria. His chief of the Cabinet was very soon dismissed. His successors in office had not much more luck than he had. In the year 1886 state affairs were conducted in writing, and the officials were not allowed to come before the King. All important addresses were delivered to him by his confidant and servant Karl Hesselschwert. The King oftentimes took likes and dislikes to people from their outward appearance. When he was to have a new chief of the Cabinet, whom he had never seen before, he asked Hesselschwert what he was like in appearance, and the latter described Dr. Müller to the King just as he knew the King would like him to be in appearance : " A profile like Schiller, a forehead like Wagner," etc. When the King saw Dr. Müller afterwards he found him not at all like the description given by his servant, and he was greatly deceived. " What have you told me ? Dr. Müller is neither like Schiller nor Wagner." Hesselschwert was not to be disconcerted in the least. " Yes, Majesty," said he quickly, " I myself am quite sur-

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prised too, how the man has changed." This action, which was really a great impertinence on his part, did not make the King at all angry; he laughed at the readiness of tongue of his servant, and related the anecdote himself. The King at this time, on the advice of Count Holnstein, dismissed all his former servants, and took soldiers from the different *chevaux légers* regiments to replace them, which was a very unfortunate idea, and had the worst of consequences. Every one knows how awkward a soldier servant is at first, and these young boys had to assist the King in his toilette and to wait upon him at his meals. Therefore it happened that he so often changed his servants. Before big dinners he always drank several glasses of champagne, "to give himself courage," as he said. He never was a big drinker, and did not like beer as his country-people do. In the month of April, 1880, as Grand Master of the Order of St. George, he went through the ceremony. All the princes had assembled awaiting him, when suddenly it was announced that the King was ill. He had tried to overcome his nervousness by taking a long ride, and had over-fatigued himself. This ceremony had therefore to be put off for some days. It was then for the last time that his courtiers and people saw him walk through

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the court of the Residence in his gorgeous costume. Men even exclaimed on seeing him how handsome he looked. At Hohenschwangau he was often seen at the hour of his dinner giving bread and sugar on a plate to his favourite horse Reif. He used to give his servants Schiller's plays to read, and questioned them afterwards which play they liked the best. In the year 1886 the *coiffeur* Hoppe related that the King said to him: "Yesterday as I was driving out I met a man, who looked at me so strangely, as if he were going to ask me to pay a bill. I thought even that he was going to seize my horses for debt." With reference to Munich, he said: "Eight white elephants will not drag me there." When Hoppe burst out laughing at this, the King said: "How good it does one to hear some one laugh so heartily."

The King was immensely fond of children, and always preferred them to grown-up people, in which he certainly showed his good sense; but those who later on wished to give some proof of his madness said that this fact alone was enough to show that he was not sane—they clutched at the slightest incident to carry out their villainous plot. The King had given orders that his palace should not be visited, and yet his servants used

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constantly to admit visitors without the King's knowledge. Lilies of the valley were the King's favourite flowers. He never could have enough of them in summer ; some used to be sent to him from Hamburg several months before the usual time of their appearance. They were sent by a lady who wished to remain unknown ; it was enough for her to know that the King derived pleasure from these flowers. The King used to repay every little offering magnificently, but in this case he could do nothing at all. He tried to find out from the chief of his Cabinet, Ziegler, who the lady was ; and Ziegler told him that she did not require any return for her present. The King regretted that he could not thank her, and kept his word to Ziegler by not letting her know that he was aware who sent him the flowers. He always looked forward with pleasure to these lilies from Hamburg, and when they came a day or two late he was most anxious about them. When they arrived he exclaimed quite happily, "Oh, at last !" This fondness for the lily had its reason in that it was the flower of the Bourbons and of the much-regretted Marie Antoinette, whom he greatly admired. He always wore a medallion round his neck, which contained the leaf of a lily. Even at his death one was found on his person. No one ever



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knew afterwards what became of this medallion. The lilies he received from Hamburg he said were the most beautiful that he had ever seen; they were placed in high vases on both sides of his writing-table, and he never parted with them until they were faded. When he went to meet his death from Neuschwanstein he said: "I send the lady thanks for her trueness to me. For her attention I was never allowed to thank her."

King Ludwig II never had a profound affection for any woman, not even for his *fiancée*, the Princess Sophie of Bavaria. The people did not care much at the time for the match, and no one was sorry when it was broken off. The King found out quite by chance that she was in love with the photographer of the Court, Hanfstängl, and had very good reasons to break off the marriage, which would probably have been an unhappy one. He was very fond of the Empress of Russia, and his affection for the Empress of Austria, the sister of his bride, was more because they had much the same nature than anything else. The Empress of Austria used often to advance him large sums of money when he wanted any. He once said: "I do not know why the Empress always tells me so much about her Valérie—that she would like to see me, but I don't care to see her." Un-

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doubtedly he feared some plan of marriage with the Empress' daughter, Valérie. The chief of the Cabinet always maintained that the King was not ill, but that he had extremely sensitive nerves. That Ziegler had to speak with the King behind a screen is altogether false. The King had a great dislike for the Crown Prince of Germany, because, after he had taken leave at the station of Bamberg of some Bavarian officers, he said : " Well, in ten years you will belong to us." This was after the war of 1870. This speech was reported to the King, who flew at once into a great rage. Prince Hohenlohe was designated to make clear the fact, by asking the Crown Prince personally what he meant by it. The Crown Prince replied : " That he only meant naturally that the army would be joined to that of the German army." But the King was not at all satisfied with this reply. " I won't belong to Prussia even in a military sense," and when Ziegler tried to modify matters he got as an answer : " What do you want more ? Hohenlohe has confirmed it." The King constantly suffered from headaches and toothache, and, notwithstanding his herculean strength, his health was feeble ; probably it was rendered so by his mode of life. He was a large eater, but his digestion was not good ; he was passion-

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ately fond of riding, but was obliged to give it up owing to his health.

On the 2nd of June, 1886, the King arrived at Hohenschwangau, and occupied the rooms in the new castle. The doctor who has written a pamphlet on the King's last days saw the King five times during his sojourn there ; the last time being on the 7th of June. On the day before the 6th of June a beautiful basket of Maréchal Niel roses arrived for him. The King showed the flowers to his servants. "Look," said he, "the flowers delight me ; they come from ——" and he named the lady. This was the last pleasure which he had ; they were the last flowers which were received by him ; the next basket of flowers were laid eight days later on his tomb.

The doctor was awakened on the evening of the 9th of June by a lady, who told him : "They have come from Munich with doctors and keepers to seize the King and bring him to the Lindenhof. They have sent away his carriage and his people." The doctor says he remained for a moment speechless.

"Does he know what is going to happen to him ?" said he finally. "Have the doctors examined him ? Does he agree to place himself in their hands ?"

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"No," answered she, "he knows nothing. They intend to surprise him and take him away by force."

"Who is down below?" said the doctor.

"Only one of the men at court and my brother," was the reply.

"Go to the Palace; in a few moments I will follow you," said the doctor.

He dressed hastily, and found the King's coachman downstairs weeping, and said to him: "Something must happen. I will try, anyhow, if I cannot get into the castle to warn Mayr."

The doctor met on the way several people who belonged to the King, who burst into tears. He asked one of them to accompany him, as he knew all the ins and outs of the Palace. "Impossible," was the reply, "we should be at once arrested."

"Well," said the doctor, "then we shall be arrested; that is not the worst thing that can happen to us."

At last he found some one who had the necessary courage. When they arrived at the castle the whole place was filled with gendarmes, who refused to let any one pass. Every one waited to see what turn things would take; the men of the commission did not appear to know what to do; the gendarmes stood motionless.

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Half an hour passed thus. The doctor approached the serjeant, Heinz : " Is His Majesty warned ? " whispered he to him.

" His Majesty knows everything, and we let no one in ; the whole fire-brigade is coming to help us."

The commission had at last to drive away, and with them the carriage which they had destined for the King. The doctor met the coachman, Osterholzer. " The King is having the castle put in a state of siege," said some one, " who can have warned him ? "

" I did it," replied Osterholzer ; " I saw him at two o'clock and told him."

Osterholzer was then overwhelmed with questions. Osterholzer had begged the King to flee, informing His Majesty that he would procure another carriage for him, but the King proudly rejected his offer. " Flee ! why should I ? " exclaimed the King. " If there were really any immediate danger Karl would have written to me."

Karl was one of his servants whom the King had great confidence in, but who was the cause of the trouble, having sold his master like Judas betrayed Christ. It appears that the King of Bavaria was trying to effect a loan from the Orleans family, on condition that if a war

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took place between Germany and France, Bavaria would remain neutral during the war ; and Karl Hessel-schwert got hold of this letter and delivered it instead of to the King to Prince Luitpold, the present Regent of Bavaria.

When the commission tried to enter the castle the serjeant on duty said : " I know only one order, and that comes from the King." Then the commission wanted to break their way in, but the serjeant seized his rifle and said : " Advance one step, and I fire ! " The doctor says it is perfectly inconceivable to him in what state they must have expected to see the King at Munich ; they must have imagined that they had to deal with a raging madman, or with a man who was quite unconscious of his actions.

The carriage destined to take off the King was a landau, and underneath the seat were small openings, in which straps were put to tie the King's feet together ; these Osterholzer showed the doctor. When the names of those who formed the commission were given to the King he got into a violent rage, especially on hearing that Count Holnstein was one of them. The magistrate, von Füssen, had orders from the King to arrest them, and to take them to the new castle.

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At nine o'clock Sonntag arrived at the castle to arrest the men who belonged to the commission. They were escorted by gendarmes half an hour later. Dr. Gudden followed with his assistant doctors. It is not true, as was stated afterwards, that they were handcuffed, or that the King threatened every one who came near him with a revolver. Ludwig II had a great fear of fire-arms, like James I of England was known to have. The King during the trouble had never taken a revolver in his hand, and indeed hardly knew how to use one. Hosnig, who during the night drives of the King at first took a revolver, had, at the desire of the King, to leave it at home. When the commission was being taken away a lady said to her daughter, a child of seven years old, "When you are grown up you will be able to say you have seen traitors."

Count Holnstein appeared to be the most courageous of those forming the commission, for he exclaimed aloud, so that the King heard him, "I want my breakfast as soon as possible!" to which remark the King replied, "Shall I have the gentlemen served with a glass of wine too?" But the King's anger was always very quickly over; he readily forgot things. At twelve o'clock the King ordered the commission to be set at liberty. They had

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been prisoners for three hours. Count Holnstein had been named guardian of the King ; Count Castell, who was always named "the pearl of the aristocrats," had refused this sad office. Dr. Gudden was the most timid of all the commission ; he begged the magistrate to accompany him to Füssen, because he feared the populace. The magistrate, Sonntag, gave him a cigar and consoled him. Every one thought that the King wanted now to go to Munich ; and it would have been the best thing that could have happened for his safety ; every one who wished him well desired this most heartily. If he had done so, and shown himself to his people, matters would have ended differently. But the King did not go to Munich. Perhaps he did not think that his situation was so serious, or it may have been due to his want of decision, which so often stood in the way of any wise action on his part. He telegraphed to his A.D.C., Count Alfred Dürkheim, requesting him to come to him at once. The Count arrived at Hohenschwangau at four o'clock, and advised the King to leave the castle ; but the King said that he had been too much excited within the last few hours to leave that same day, and thought of telegraphing to the German Emperor and to Bismarck for aid. The telegrams could not go through Bavaria, but

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had to be sent through Tyrol. The King fancied he was now safe, but between six and seven a new detachment of gendarmes arrived, with orders that if necessary several regiments would be sent from Munich to keep order among the people.

The King issued a proclamation, which was printed in the "Bamberger Journal," and was as follows :—

"I, Ludwig II, King of Bavaria, am obliged to make the following proclamation. Prince Luitpold intends without my will to proclaim himself Regent of my country, and my present ministry has deceived my beloved people through false reports in regard to my health. The high treason is so sudden that no time remains for me to oppose the crime of the ministry. If Prince Luitpold maintains the power of government without my will, I commission all my friends to combat him in every possible way. Should I have no time to appeal to the German Emperor for aid, then I trust to justice, and further that no one will oppose me when I deliver up the traitors in my country to justice. My brave and faithful Bavarians will assuredly not abandon me, and in case the traitors should use force against me and prevent me from maintaining my rights, this pro-

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clamation shall be an appeal to every Bavarian to join my true party, and to defeat the plans of high treason to King and country.

“ Given at Hohenschwangau on 9 June, 1886.

“ LUDWIG II,

“ King of Bavaria, etc. etc.”

Count Dürkheim received two telegrams in the night from the Ministry of War that he was to proceed at once to Munich. He took no notice of the first telegram, but the second he placed before the King. The King did not like him to go. “ You know how gladly I should like to keep you with me,” said he. “ Telegraph to my uncle Luitpold, and say I want you here.” The Count obeyed, but the answer was not long in coming. “ You are ordered here by the Ministry of War,” and Count Dürkheim took leave of his King for ever.

When the Count arrived in Munich he was at once arrested and put into the military prison, but was liberated some time afterwards. The King found that now he was a prisoner. He asked the *coiffeur*, Hoppe, if he could not get him some cyanide of potassium, to which Hoppe replied that he could not. The King did not think that with the chloroform he possessed he could

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have ended his life more easily. On the 11th of June the proclamation of the Regent was issued. All the people were against it at that time, and plans were formed to rescue the King from his captivity. The King had no personal means which would have enabled him to live in a foreign country, but money was held in readiness by others for him if he escaped.

The King exclaimed to one of his servants, "Only imagine that those to whom I have done so much good should have betrayed me and delivered all my papers and letters to my enemies." He was far from thinking that those who were actually around him had done the same thing. He now, however, knew that his case was hopeless, and that a second commission was coming to Neuschwanstein early the next morning with doctors and keepers to take him away, and that from that moment he would be a helpless prisoner in their hands. He walked up and down the throne-room, and asked one of his servants, "Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?" The servant said, "Yes." "I believe in it too," replied the King. "I believe in the immortality of the soul and in the justice of God. I have read a good deal about materialism. It does not content one; it is not elevated enough, for man would then rank in

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the same category with the animal." The King usually expressed his ideas aloud, walking up and down. He then said: "To be thrown down from the highest position in life into a mere nothing—that is a lost existence that I will never endure. To take from me my crown I could get over, but to be declared mad I shall not survive. I could never endure to be treated like my brother Otto, whom every keeper orders about and threatens with blows when he does not obey."

The King wanted to throw himself down from the tower. "Tell Hoppe, when he comes to do my hair, he must look for my head in the Pöllat. I hope God will forgive me this action." The King felt great bitterness against his uncle. "A nice relation," said he, "who takes the reins of government out of my hands and makes me his prisoner. He is no prince regent, but a rebellious prince." In Tyrol they had chosen a leader and raised an army to liberate the King. Their leader was in Hohenschwangau to obtain further information. The doctor knew him well and had often been his guest in his palace. But on that day he did not dare speak to him for fear of betraying anything.

Towards seven o'clock the *coiffeur*, Hoppe, came down from the castle. The night was a terrible one—

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it poured with rain. The King was alone in the castle ; the servants, excepting two, were sent away, and the castle was locked up. Gudden was waiting for the moment when he should take the King away. The choice of this doctor was very unfortunate for the King, for the King disliked him. He got to know him when he treated his brother, but had not spoken to him for years. "Gudden looks at me so peculiarly," he said once to his mother's mistress of the robes. "I hope he does not think there is anything the matter with me too!"

Gudden decided to send him to Berg ; it was a very thoughtless action, to shut him up where he had spent the pleasant days of his youth. Berg was more convenient for Gudden to get to his madhouses and to Munich. In the middle of the night the King sent for his coachman, Osterholzer, believing that he might yet attempt flight, but Osterholzer was no longer there. He had been threatened with arrest unless he agreed to leave Hohenschwangau at once, which he had done. The King asked a locksmith if his people would not do anything to liberate him. The locksmith answered, "The people, Majesty, are without arms." To his servant, Weber, he gave a brooch in brilliants. "Money I have not any," said the King in giving it to him. "If you

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have to give up the brooch, take this order, it is for twenty-five thousand marks." "At half-past twelve I was born, at half-past twelve I shall die," said he.

The King had never been a drinker, but during this night he mixed brandy and wine together to deaden his feelings. In the meanwhile Gudden and the keepers had arrived. The King asked for the key to the tower, giving Weber a little prayer book, and saying, "Pray for me." Mayr, who knew the intention of the King, said that the key was not to be found. The King repeated the order, and the servant brought in Gudden and the keepers; and there he announced to the King that the door of the tower was open. Gudden advanced the first and said: "In the name of the Prince Regent, Your Majesty, you are my prisoner!" The King turned towards Gudden and said, "How came you to sign a proclamation declaring I was mad? You had neither seen me nor spoken to me beforehand." Gudden replied that all arrangements had been made for the welfare of His Majesty, and that he would soon recover. The keepers put their arms round the King, who pushed them aside. "Not necessary, I go of my own accord," he only said.

The departure from Neuschwanstein took place at

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three o'clock. In the carriage he said, "You will allow me to take leave of my servant?" Mayr advanced to the carriage. The King had various little commissions to give him; the conversation lasted too long for the doctor. "Let us get on," said he. An Austrian remarked to a Bavarian official doctor, "You had no men then in your country, that you allowed your King to be betrayed and sold?"

The journey of the King to Berg took place without interruption. Two rooms only were destined for the King, and these were arranged as in a madhouse. The windows had locks and bolts, in the corners were cupboards, and the doors had holes bored in them, to enable the watchers to observe the King. The King's dining-room was given to a doctor to live in. The King observed the changes in his rooms without saying anything. He obeyed the doctors in going to bed early that evening, but he was so unaccustomed to it that he awoke at two in the morning, and wanted to get up. The keepers would not let him, and had taken his clothes away. The King's restlessness was not to be overcome. At last one of the keepers gave him his socks. The King walked up and down in his bedroom in his night-shirt for hours. Whit-Sunday was the next day. The King

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wished to attend Mass, but they refused to allow him to do so. It was feared that the people might see that he was not ill really. At midday he wished to eat an orange. They brought him one, but without a knife to cut it. He sent it back untouched. Dinner took place at four, and the King dined alone. Before he touched anything he asked if Gudden had touched any of the food or wine. They said "No." The King thought that something might be added to his food, in order to put him in an unconscious state, and show him to the people to prove that they were in the right. Zander was allowed to see the King at his request. "Do you think," said the King, "that they will keep me for a year a prisoner like this?"

Zander tried to quiet him, and said that he thought he would be set at liberty much sooner.

"Do you think it really?" asked the King. "*L'appétit vient en mangeant.* My uncle Luitpold will get used to governing, and like it so much that he will never let me out again."

Zander did not answer. The King changed the conversation, and asked: "How many gendarmes are in the park to watch me?"

"Six or eight, Majesty."

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"Would they shoot at me, if necessary?" continued the King.

"How can Majesty think of such a thing?" replied Zander.

"Are their rifles loaded?"

"No, they are not loaded."

The King wished to tell him something in secret, but Zander had promised Gudden not to talk to him about escaping, so he begged the King to let him go. The King looked very much annoyed, but did not say anything. A quarter of an hour later he took that last walk with Gudden. Zander was asked if the King showed great antipathy to Gudden. "No," replied Zander; "on the contrary, he was very charming towards him." But he never accepted any service from him. When Gudden in the morning wanted to take a wet umbrella from him after they had returned to the castle, he did not allow him to do so, but carried it to the place himself.

Zander related how he had not slept during the last nights at all, and when Gudden had gone out for a walk with the King in the park he thought he would have some sleep. The supper was ordered for eight o'clock. He lay down with his clothes on, and slept heavily, but

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was awakened by some one shaking him. Some of the people at the castle said that the King and Gudden had not returned, and it was late at night ; that they had looked everywhere without being able to find them. Zander got up and dressed, and searched with them. It was half-past nine o'clock. They looked everywhere in vain. Zander thought at last that some one had locked up Gudden somewhere, and taken off the King in a carriage and driven him to Munich. His reason for thinking this was that one of the grooms had told him that there was the trace of carriage wheels as far as Seeleiten. "Whom did you think of?" asked Zander. He named the name of a prince. The doctor nodded in assent. Later on in the night, however, they found the two bodies. Whether the King tried to escape or to drown himself is not proved. On the other side of the lake was the Empress of Austria and a well-known prince with an army ready to help him to flight. But it did not succeed. The next day the sad news was known. King Ludwig was no more. The prophecy of Nostradamus had come true : *Tout le monde pleurerait.*

Of all the numerous accounts of the King of Bavaria's arrest and subsequent end, this one I have given is the only correct one, and it comes from an eyewitness ; the

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doctor was a well-known personality, having practised as a physician at Frankfort for many years before he came to the King of Bavaria. It was not until 1903—two and a half years after the death of the doctor—that his account was made public. As most of the people who are here mentioned have ceased to exist, it is considered that there can hardly be any indiscretion in making the matter public. The last actions of a King, and especially his words, belong to history, and the facts, as I have said before, rest on the strictest veracity.

I cannot help thinking that there is some similarity between Ludwig II and Charles II. Of the latter it was said that "he never did a wise thing and never said a foolish one." The same opinion might apply to Ludwig II, who certainly never did a wise thing for himself, although he may have done so for others. There can be no doubt that he was the making of Wagner. What would Wagner have been had it not been for the King of Bavaria? It was not until the King of Bavaria had supplied him with the necessary funds and given him his protection, that Wagner was able to build the theatre at Bayreuth, and to have his "Nibelungen Ring" and "Parsifal" performed; moreover, when Wagner was

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presented to the King he was most unpopular with the Emperor of Germany, and his works were not allowed to be performed in certain towns in Germany. He had taken part in the rebellion, and was still looked upon as a red Republican. To Wagner the King was a guardian angel.

CHAPTER VI

BERCHTESGADEN AND REICHENHALL

WHY I have written about Ludwig II is because all English people staying in Bavaria, wherever they may go in the Highlands, are at once reminded of him in some way or another. For instance, at Berchtesgaden, where I was staying this summer, there is the King's villa; then close by are his magnificent palaces, which so many Americans visit. I cannot say that I met any English visiting them though, when I went. But at Berchtesgaden there is an English church, and, what is more, an English chaplain all the summer, so I conclude that the English who go there don't leave the country without seeing the sights worthy of being seen, if they be at all enterprising. Herrenchiemsee is easier to get at from Reichenhall than from Munich. Neuschwanstein and Lindenhof, on the contrary, are easier to see from Munich. For those who have little time at their disposal, I should recommend a visit to Herrenchiemsee, which is by far the most splen-

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did of the palaces, and is very easy to get to and back in the same day from Reichenhall, which last place is quite famous for the treatment of lung troubles. I myself had been suffering from a severe cold on both lungs from October until July, but after going through a course of inhalation at Reichenhall I was completely cured in the space of a few weeks. The system of inhalation applied there is unique, and people come from all parts of the Continent and from America to undergo the treatment, but, strangely enough, they do not come from England, although there are so many consumptive people in England. I am perfectly convinced that if people were to give it a trial in the early stages of consumption they might effect a complete cure.

A great quantity of Dutch, Russians, and Poles, and also of North Germans and Americans, go there in the season, which lasts during the summer and autumn months. The drives round Reichenhall are unsurpassed in beauty, for the mountains, covered with snow even in summer, are within easy range of the place. Berchtesgaden, which is one hour by rail from Reichenhall, is a favourite place with English people, probably because it lies higher, though the climate is very treacherous. In July we often had the thermometer so low that we

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were obliged to have fires throughout the hotel. There are two very good hotels at Berchtesgaden, the Bellevue and the Wittelsbach, the latter being much cheaper and equally good, though we stayed at the former, which has a splendid view from the terrace and a nice garden. At Reichenhall there are two or three first-class hotels. It is usual to stay in one of the numerous villas if one's visit is of any length, as one can obtain the full pension at so many marks a day, inclusive of the room, at a much cheaper rate (and equally good) than at an hotel. From Berchtesgaden there is a very charming walk through the woods, of about eight miles altogether, to the Königssee, which is considered to be the most beautiful lake in Bavaria, and is visited by about sixty thousand people in the year. We walked there with the English chaplain at Berchtesgaden, who was a most amusing man and entertained us the whole way, otherwise I don't think I could have walked so far. We met some Bavarian women, and the chaplain exclaimed that they were so robust that they were more like cattle than humans, and that they were so ugly that he wondered they ever found men to marry them. When we arrived at the lake it rained as it usually does, and it naturally spoilt the view, and made the lake appear more melancholy than

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it would have done otherwise, though the Königsee always has a sombre appearance. It is surrounded by barren rocks of an immense height, and the sun, when there is one, does not penetrate to portions of the lake. It is usual for visitors to be punted in a large boat across the lake and back, an exercise which usually takes one hour ; but we had not this pleasure, if pleasure it be, as it rained without cease. We therefore returned in a char-à-banc to Berchtesgaden, but the way we drove was not nearly so interesting as the walk through the woods to the Königsee ; but this particular way is for pedestrians only, and cannot be used by carriages. The chaplain, who was a good climber, said that before he returned to Leamington he must certainly have a try at climbing the principal mountain, the Wattsmann, which can be seen from Berchtesgaden when it is not cloudy and does not rain. But these two things occur very frequently unfortunately. The Wattsmann is always covered with snow at its summit all the year round, and it affords a delightful view from Berchtesgaden, especially on a very hot summer's day.

The numerous religious processions in the early morning, and the continuous ringing of bells, quite bewildered our chaplain, who could not make it out. He said that

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at first it troubled his rest considerably, but finally he got used to it. One morning he told me he had received a summons for having placed a printed notice about the English church on the wall of the King of Bavaria's villa. To his great amazement he received this summons. I never heard how it ended, but I fancy he merely had to pay a fine of some few marks. Berchtesgaden is situated at the top of a great incline in the mountains; therefore the walks are all either up hill or down; there is but one walk which is partly on level ground, and that is the walk to the Königsee I have already alluded to. There were two or three English families staying at the Hotel Bellevue, with whom I made acquaintance—a clergyman and his sister who came from the West of England. We found that we had many acquaintances in common in England, one being the Baroness de Tanteignies, whom I knew as a young girl in Ostend. The Baroness hunts with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds every winter, and usually lives at Lady Lovelace's seat when in that part of the country.

Reichenhall is situated on level ground, and is surrounded by mountains, and is therefore much more protected from the winds; in fact, I have never known there to be a wind at Reichenhall, hence it is so much

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recommended for consumptive people. In the garden belonging to the Kurhaus there is what is called a Gradirhaus, which is a large construction of wood, in which there are small branches of pine trees arranged systematically, and over these branches water trickles continually, so that the perfume emanating from the pine trees penetrates the atmosphere and renders it delightful. But one is told on a very hot day, and if one is very hot, not to approach too near the Gradirhaus, for one may easily take a violent cold, it is always so cool and refreshing there. Many people sit opposite it and read in the morning, and breathe the air coming from the pine trees, which is beneficial for the lungs.

We were staying at the Villa Burkhert in Reichenhall, which used to be a *dépendance* of the first hotel, the Hôtel Burkhert, and has a delightful garden joining that of the Kurhaus. The Villa Burkhert is most comfortable, and the *cuisine* is very good for South Germany. The meals are taken together at one table, which has its advantages ; you may make acquaintances or know no one in the place, just as you like. The dinner takes place at one o'clock, as is usual in Germany, supper between seven and nine o'clock, and breakfast is served in the bedrooms. The daughter of the owner of the

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villa, Miss Burkhert, speaks English well; she is a first-class horsewoman; she has some very good horses, and quite the smartest traps in Reichenhall, which can be obtained on hire.

One of the prettiest drives is to the lake of Thun; there is a small restaurant on the lake where one can take tea or coffee, or a light meal consisting of trout, which are caught in the lake. Some of the people staying at Villa Burkhert used to think nothing of walking to the lake and back of an afternoon, but it is necessary to be a good walker for that, as there is considerable uphill walking. Occasionally you can see a chamois on the top of the rocks near the lake, but these animals keep extremely high up, and are very difficult to distinguish unless one has a field-glass with one. Among the people staying at Reichenhall there was an Austrian lady and her two daughters. We drove with them to the Mauthäusel, which is a delightful drive and further off than the lake of Thun, and the scenery is much grander. You can also see the Wattsmann mountain in the distance. The drive is uphill all the way. There is a restaurant at Mauthäusel situated among very grand scenery. We took coffee there, as the horses had to rest. On driving back another route we had to go down

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a hill which was almost perpendicular, and for any one suffering from giddiness it is certainly quite a torture. It is marvellous how the horses can go down it at all, but the coachman leads them so slowly, and they are so accustomed to it, that they rarely if ever trip.

The two young girls we went with were both very charming; the eldest had received from the Shah of Persia during his last stay in Austria a most magnificent marquise ring in brilliants, in the centre of which was a large turquoise. It happened that she was one of the few ladies who could speak to him in French while he was on a visit to the Prince of Issenburg-Birstein, and before he left he made her this present. She amused me by relating how eager the Shah was to have some wild duck and wood-pigeon shooting, but as the Prince of Issenburg-Birstein had none on his property, the tame ducks and pigeons which could be obtained round about were painted for the occasion, and the Shah, quite in the dark as to what had taken place, received just as much pleasure as if it had been the real thing. A princess who took part in the shooting said aloud, forgetting that one of the suite spoke German: "*Der alter Esel scheint nichts bemerkt zu haben von wass vor kommt.*" The Prince had very good shooting on his property, but

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not of the kind to tempt the Shah, as chamois shooting was involved in too much difficulty to tempt him, and the Auerhahn demanded too much exertion for a sportsman like the Shah to dream of. The younger daughter of the Austrian lady was an extremely pretty girl of fifteen whose Christian name was Landi. She spoke English very well. I often took long walks with her at Reichenhall. One day she was suddenly taken ill (she suffered from her heart), and one of the Princes of Issenburg-Birstein came from Germany to see her. He was very much devoted to her and she to him. The Prince is a nephew of the Emperor of Austria, his mother being an Archduchess of Austria and a sister of the Emperor. This lady and her daughters were staying in a private villa at Reichenhall. One morning the younger daughter told me of the sudden death of Labitzky at Reichenhall, which had just occurred. I was extremely grieved, as I knew him well from Karlsbad, where he often conducted some music of mine at his famous concerts. Labitzky once said at Karlsbad in my presence that he was for years the conductor of Queen Victoria's private band, and that he had never seen such beautiful women as were at the Court balls given by the Queen, not in Vienna nor in Warsaw, nor in fact anywhere. He said

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that they had something so delicate and distinguished about them, and had such magnificent shoulders that he would certainly give them the palm for beauty. Labitzky, it is needless to relate, was a celebrated composer as well as an excellent conductor of orchestra, and lived for years at Karlsbad, where he was the making of the orchestra there; there are few orchestras in Europe to equal it for excellence.

A Prussian officer named Kaussen was staying at the Villa Burkhert with his wife. He had one of the largest silk manufactories in Prussia at Crefeld, and had been round the world. He found fault with a great deal at Reichenhall; it was too near Austria; they tried to rob one in the same way as the Austrians did; he always informed them that they were under German law and not under Austrian, and he usually got the best of them in the end. I told him the case of a lady who had received a bill of nearly one hundred pounds for thirty visits at a dentist's in Vienna. To which he replied: "What can you expect from such a nation? It is too near Roumania, and Croatia, which is a part of Austria, is barely civilized." He called the inhabitants of those countries *halbmenschen*, which means "half" human beings. I related to him a curious incident which hap-

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pened to me in Reichenhall. While going to the Hôtel Axelmanstein one day I spoke to a young lady of seventeen, who looked older but was very good-looking indeed. She told me she was a Roumanian; when she asked me if I happened to know any of her country-people, I said that I had only met a lady in Vienna called Mitza Michelaéxo, a beauty of renown, who was much talked about as having nearly ruined a young prince of Roumania, and then had her debts paid by Baron Wassilko, a Roumanian. She started at the name, and said: "It cannot be so, for he is my uncle. Mamma is coming in directly, and I will ask her," and to my annoyance the mother came in and I was introduced. She said she knew nothing about her brother's actions, which quieted me much, particularly as I knew what I had said was true, but I had no idea they were related to him. When telling the Prussian officer this story he said: "What does it matter, for they are only *halbmenschen*? If they had been of another nationality it would have been unpleasant."

This officer had been to Vienna, but said he would not live there for anything, as he did not like the people. They were so corrupt, and he much preferred northern countries. I don't think he cared for England, as he

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told me that he made a sea voyage, and a Governor of one of our Colonies happened to be on the ship. On his birthday the Governor had a bottle of champagne placed before every one on board at dinner, in order that they might drink his health. The Prussian officer saw the bottle of champagne and asked what it meant, and when they told him he directed the waiter to take it away. He said that if he wanted to drink champagne he could order it himself. He told me that he thought it rather impertinent of the English Governor to offer him champagne, without asking him beforehand if he could do so. I managed to get on very well with him ; in fact, I was more with him than with any of the other visitors, and when he took photographs of the people staying there he asked me to assist him in some way or other ; and on leaving Reichenhall he and his wife made me a present of some German books.

An Austrian lieutenant of the Lancers and his wife came later on to our villa. I am quite sure if he had met the Prussian officer they would have ended by quarrelling. He was down on everything that was German ; he abused the Prussian army, and said—and I agree—that it is very much overrated. He attributed the Prussian victory over the Austrians in 1866 entirely to

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the incapacity of the Austrian generals, especially Count Clam Gallas, who was intoxicated the day of the deciding battle at Königgrätz. General Benedek was a good general, but not equal to the command over so many troops, and he had in vain begged the Emperor to replace him. The Prussians had great luck and first-rate generals, such as Moltke and Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia. Then, with regard to the Franco-German war, the Germans had again great luck, and the French very incompetent generals. As Napoleon once said, and it is very true : “ *À la guerre c'est l'homme qui commande qui est tout, l'armée ce n'est rien.* ”

With regard to the Austrian cavalry there can be no doubt, as the Austrian lieutenant said, that it is, and always has been, superior to the German cavalry. The Russian cavalry is good, and is as numerous as the Austrian and German cavalry put together.

The Austrian lieutenant complained much of the impoliteness of the Germans compared with the Austrians ; he said even the cab-drivers in Germany speak to one in the second person plural, whereas in Austria they address one in the third person singular. For instance, a cab-driver at Reichenhall would say, “ Where do you want

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to drive to?" etc., and an Austrian cab-driver at Salzburg, quite close to Reichenhall, only one hour's drive from there, would say, "Where does the gracious gentleman desire to drive?" etc.; and with servants in Germany it is just the same. Servants come into the room brusquely, asking one, "What do *you* want?" instead of the polite manner in which they enter the room in Austria, always saying the first thing, "I kiss the hand"; and in good private houses they not only say the words, but they perform the action of kissing the hand as well. It is much the same with all classes in Germany; they have little or no politeness in their nature. It seems strange that the Austrians should form such a great contrast to them. In Austria they always address a lady in speaking to her as *gnädige frau* (gracious lady), but in Germany this is not at all usual; and then there are many other forms of speech which are made use of in Austria but which in Germany would seem absurd. The Austrian lieutenant used constantly to have arguments with a Prussian lady on these and other questions; and one could plainly see that there was little love lost between the two nations. It seems strange that the Austrians should consider Bavaria as not being Germany. This idea was also

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expressed by a Polish lady at Reichenhall. She told me that she hated living in Germany, but that Bavaria was not at all the same thing ; that she did not consider Bavaria as a part of Germany, but as a separate kingdom, which in point of fact is quite true.

CHAPTER VII

VIENNA—THE SOCIETY

WHEN I arrived in Vienna for the first time I stayed at the Hôtel Matschakerhof in the Spiegelgasse, near the Graben. I was recommended to it by Captain McCarthy, whom I had met some years before at Bonn, on the Rhine, and I found the hotel rather dark, but otherwise very comfortable. I was very curious to know the origin of the name of the hotel, and a story was told me about it which I tell in the way it was related to me. In the long ago two men were digging a pit, and at the bottom they found a large iron case, and on opening the case they found inside it a *matschaker*. Naturally I asked the question, as everybody would on hearing this story, "And what is a *matschaker*?" to which the person who related the story said, "That is just it, what is a *matschaker*? Nobody knows or ever heard of such a thing." It made me laugh. Of course I thought the person was going to give me some serious information about the origin of the name of the hotel.

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My first impression of Vienna was that it was like no other place I had ever visited. It was not like Paris, nor was it like any German town. The streets were inches deep in snow and the roofs of the houses were quite white ; and they remained so during the winter months I was there. I noticed that every house had double windows, and that the houses were remarkably high, somewhat like those of Paris ; but the streets were extremely narrow at that time. Since then they have been nearly all of them widened. I took a walk the first day, and after walking for about an hour thought to myself that I must be a very long way from my hotel, when, to my great surprise, I found I was nearly at the spot from whence I had started. I easily accounted for this afterwards because Vienna is constructed more or less in a circle, and I was not accustomed to walk much in the snow, whose white covering gave the streets a somewhat similar appearance. One day I walked in the snow to the famous Prater, but I found myself up nearly to my knees in snow, so I thought it was time to turn round and go home, which I did, not taking with me a very favourable opinion of the Prater. I thought the people got up extremely early in Vienna, compared to Paris and London, for at seven o'clock everybody seemed

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up and about. The shops are open before eight o'clock, which amazed me, especially as it was intensely cold ; but at eight o'clock of an evening the shops are closed, and at ten o'clock there was not a soul to be seen in the streets ; in fact, everybody appeared to be in bed and asleep.

I had made the acquaintance of a man in the train named Neuss, who also had come from Paris, and he introduced me to his wife and daughters. I was invited to visit them every evening if I cared to go. The daughters were wonderful musicians, and played on two grand pianos in their drawing-room every evening, chiefly compositions of Liszt and Wagner. It was through Frau Neuss that I got to know Frau Oppenheim in London. This lady was like Adelina Patti, as I have mentioned before. The eldest, Fräulein Neuss, stayed with Frau Oppenheim in London on a visit, and became engaged to a captain in the English army, whom she married ; but she died a few months afterwards in childbirth. She was a good-looking blonde, and about eighteen when she married. The other daughter married Count Colloredo Mels, of a very well-known Austrian family ; she is immensely rich now, and always spends the winter at Nice.

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I was delighted with the Ringstrasse, and thought it quite equal to, if not prettier than the Boulevards in Paris ; but the trees planted there were miserable-looking ones, and did not seem to prosper in the cold climate. The houses on the Ringstrasse are very fine, and quite equal in appearance to those in the Champs Elysées, viewed from outside ; but inside they are not to be compared to them for comfort or luxury. For instance, the staircase is of stone, and mostly without any carpet ; they are chiefly let in apartments, and there is but one staircase ; an *escalier de service* is a thing quite unknown in Vienna. The Graben and the adjoining Kohlmarkt is the principal street for elegant shops, and is, so to speak, the Bond Street or Rue de la Paix of Vienna, but it is on a much smaller scale than Bond Street, being more the size of the Rue de la Paix ; but the shops are not nearly so fine as in either of the two mentioned streets. The Kärnthnerstrasse was very narrow indeed in those days, but now it is a fine broad street of a great length, and might compare with Regent Street, though Regent Street is much more imposing ; but the Kärnthnerstrasse is certainly a very fine street. Of an evening the shops look very well, better than any I have seen in Germany, and better than most in the streets of London or Paris.

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Of an evening, from six to eight o'clock, the Kärnthnerstrasse is thronged with people, so much so that it is almost impossible to get along excepting at a snail's pace. The people walk there, and on a part of the Ringstrasse as well, between those hours for pleasure, and they call it, as in Italy, the "Corso." The people who walk there at this hour are mostly of the well-to-do middle class, some officers of line regiments, and a great many of the *demi-monde*; but it is a nice sight to see once in a way, although it often becomes fatiguing.

I can remember seeing on the Ringstrasse at the time I am speaking of a lady who gave her arm to a cavalry officer. She was quite young and pretty, was dressed in a white dress only reaching to her knees, embroidered with gold lace, and she wore high boots of red leather, extending partly up her legs. Over her shoulder, like the Hussars used to wear in England, she wore an *attila*, white and trimmed with very fine fur, and as a hat she wore a *czapka*, or lancer's headdress, of soft white material, bordered with fur, the square top being of red stuff, crossed with gold lace. I discovered that she was a Polish lady, belonging to Austrian Poland, and that she was wearing, as then was much the fashion, the Polish national costume. Nowa-

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days, I am sorry to say, such picturesque dresses are rarely worn, excepting by the Slavonian nurses, who wear short petticoats to their knees, much standing out, with a lot of petticoats underneath, and with high hessian boots; but their headdress is so ugly—a kind of turban, entirely covering the hair. The turban is such a disfigurement to the face that it is generally difficult to tell whether the wearer be an old woman or a young one. The Hungarian peasants also wear a costume with short petticoats and high boots, which are much more becoming; but in Vienna one only sees this costume either on the stage or at a fancy ball. Occasionally you see a Hungarian in his national costume, but it seldom happens. The Serbs are very fond of wearing their national dress in Vienna at times, especially the young girls, who wear a small cap of red material, embroidered with gold lace, and a bolero jacket in black, also embroidered with gold lace, and a short skirt, which is very becoming indeed to a pretty girl. The Serbs are generally extremely good-looking. The hair, I must add, is worn in two long plaits down the back. One thing I noticed in Vienna was that children of ten and eleven years old wear their hair put up, and not hanging down loose, as with us. At first I thought that there

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were no children in Vienna, till I at last perceived the custom of doing the hair like grown-up women, which certainly gives them a much older appearance, until one becomes used to it. I am told that their fashion is much better for the hair than wearing it loose. It is partly the reason why they wear it so. Some of them have magnificent long hair, such as you very rarely see in England, and it may be that wearing it loose, hanging down the back, is the reason.

At the time of my first visit to Vienna none of the new buildings, such as the Rathhaus, or Hôtel de Ville as they would call it in Paris, were built. The Rathhaus is in quite a new quarter of Vienna, called the Rathhaus quarter, and there are blocks of very fine houses close to the Rathhaus. The rent of these is very high indeed, and they are mostly inhabited by very rich Jews. Opposite to the Rathhaus is the Hofburg Theatre, which is also a new building, and from outside is quite as grand in appearance as the Hofopern-Theater. It has perhaps a more imposing appearance than the Hofopern-Theater, though I personally much prefer the style of the latter from outside: moreover the Hofopern-Theater is very excellent inside. The old Hofburg Theatre, which I went to, adjoined the Hofburg, or Em-

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peror's Palace, and was a very insignificant building from the outside, while inside it was small and stuffy and quite unpleasant, for even in winter the heat was terrific, and there was no ventilation. Of the new buildings in the Rathhaus quarter, which are worthy of notice, there are the Courts of Justice, which is a magnificent building, with a very fine court and an immense staircase. The rooms are so numerous there that it is quite easy to lose one's way. Then the Houses of Parliament, which are likewise in the Rathhaus quarter, are also new; they are erected in the style of the buildings of ancient Greece, with numerous columns and statues.

The people of Vienna are very proud of these new buildings I have mentioned, and say that Paris has no such buildings to compare with them. The old Hôtel de Ville, which was destroyed during the Commune, was much in the same style as the Rathhaus, namely the Gothic style. Our Houses of Parliament have a much grander appearance than those in Vienna, yet there is no disputing the fact that the Houses of Parliament, which are joined together in Vienna, make a very fine effect as a building. The K.K. Hofburg, or Emperor's Palace, has been very much added to of late years. The principal

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entrance has had two wings built on to it, and there are two very magnificent statues in marble, forming two fountains, at each side. A portion of the new palace, which is of enormous size, has not yet been completed, although it was begun before the Empress of Austria died. Of the new churches in Vienna the Votiv Kirche is the most striking. It is a purely Gothic building of very great beauty. It was built to commemorate the failure of the attempt on the Emperor's life in 1853 by a man who was jealous because the girl he was in love with used to go and see the Emperor. Of the other remarkable buildings in that part of Vienna is the Museum of Pictures, the old gallery and the new. The pictures of the old masters when I first went to Vienna were exhibited at the Belvedere, which is now the palace of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand Este, the heir to the throne. The pictures by the old masters are quite one of the finest collections in Europe. There is also an excellent gallery of pictures of the old masters in the palace of the Prince Lichtenstein, which may be seen by the public. There is a magnificent statue to Maria Theresa outside the Museum of Pictures, which all visitors in Vienna at once go to see. But the most beautiful statue is the one near the Hofopern-Theater, erected in

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recent years to Mozart. His attitude is very graceful, and it is in beautiful white marble.

Vienna abounds in lovely statues. In the Stadt Park there are several—of Schubert, of Makart, of Bruckner, and many others in different parts of the town. The most celebrated church in Vienna is that of St. Stephen, which was commenced in the year 1300, and is in the Gothic style. The spire is 136 yards in height ; it is the highest in Europe, with the exception of the one in Cologne and that of Strasburg. The Karls Kirche is also a magnificent church, where there are fine masses given with full orchestra and drums on certain Sundays ; the singing is also good, and some of the ladies who sing there come from the Hofoper. The Augustiner Kirche is famous for the lovely monument to the Archduchess Christine, who is represented as a young girl walking into her tomb, with her parents standing beside her. The monument is one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Canova. This church is noted for the lovely music and singing that may be heard there, and it is always very crowded on a Sunday. In the vaults of the Augustiner Kirche the hearts of the imperial family of Austria are preserved. The Kapuziner Kirche, a small church in the centre of the town, contains the bodies of the imperial

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family in a large vault underneath the church, which can be seen by those who like to see such sights. The imperial family often go there.

One of the principal parks in Vienna is the Stadt Park, which is more of a garden than a park. It has a Kur-saal and an artificial lake, on which in summer there are several swans, ducks, and other large birds. The plants and trees growing there are some of them from the tropics, and have to be removed during the winter months. The garden is very tastefully laid out, and there are seats, as in Kensington Gardens, for which you have to pay two kreuzers, or about one halfpenny. In the winter people skate on the lake when the ice is thick enough. Skating is not always allowed, as the lake is very deep in parts and there is danger of accidents unless the frost be severe. The Volksgarten is another park which is more of a garden than a park, but it is not so pretty as the Stadt Park. It has a large restaurant at one end, where military concerts are held out of doors in the summer, and inside the building in the winter. These concerts take place at four o'clock, and end about ten o'clock in the evening. They are usually very good, as the military bands which play there are most excellent. The entrance to the concerts costs



MADAME RACHEL



MADAME TIVARI

TWO FAMILIES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

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thirty kreuzers, or sixpence, on a weekday, and fifty kreuzers, or tenpence, on a Sunday. On weekdays they are not so crowded as on Sundays. The people who go usually take coffee and rolls during the performance, and if they stay later than eight o'clock they are expected to have supper there too. The people who frequent these concerts are a better class in the summer-time than in the winter months, and the public is usually of a better class on a Sunday than on a weekday; they are chiefly people from the well-to-do middle-classes, but here and there you see a cavalry officer with his relations, though most of the officers who come to these concerts are line or artillery officers. When I was on my first visit to Vienna I often went on a Sunday and fête-day to these concerts. I think they were better attended than they are now, for I remember that it was very difficult to obtain a place at all. On the other hand, there were then fewer places of amusement than there are at the present time.

The room is one which easily fills with smoke, so that the later one arrives the less pleasant it is. There is a newly erected monument to Grillparzer, the famous Austrian playwright and poet, in the Volksgarten, representing, in marble, subjects from his chief plays. It

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is very finely executed. There is a scene from "Der Traum ein Leben" (Life's a dream), "Sapho," "König Ottokar und sein Glück" (King Ottokar and his good fortune), "Der Liebe und des Meeres Wellen" (The waves of the sea and of love), and "Die Jüdin von Toledo" (The Jewess of Toledo). I forgot to mention that in the Stadt Park at the Kursaal during the winter only there are military concerts, and these are held only on Sundays. The concerts are really promenade concerts, as the building is very large, and there are several rooms. Thus the people mostly walk about during the music. The public is much the same as at the Volksgarten. The military bands which play at the Stadt Park and Volksgarten are from the regiments which are stationed in Vienna, and number about forty-five to fifty men. In the winter months they play with stringed instruments, like an ordinary orchestra, with first and second violins, violas, contrabasses, etc., a kettledrum, but no big drum. It is not at all like the string band of an English military band, which consists of two or three violins, and the rest flutes, clarinets, hautboys, etc. There can be no doubt that the manner in which the string band of an Austrian regiment is composed is altogether more effective than our arrangement, which is

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neither one thing nor the other, neither a string band nor a brass band. Austria, it is true, is much more musical than we are as a nation, and the conductors of the military bands in Vienna are mostly well-known composers. For instance, Komczak, Ziehrer, Král were military bandmasters, and Léhar, who is the celebrated composer of "Der Rastelbinder," was a military conductor until quite recently. Certainly they earn very much more money in Austria than they do in England. An Austrian bandmaster in Vienna earns about four thousand florins a year, or three hundred and fifty pounds; whereas our military bandmasters have to content themselves with a mere pittance in comparison with this, though a bandmaster of the Guards can manage to make a good deal extra. It is a pity that he does not make his band a great deal better than it is, for there is not one single military band in Austria which is not far and away better than that of our Grenadier Guards band.

In Austria every regiment has a brass band and also a string band, the latter playing indoors in winter, and the former playing on parade and when marching out, and at concerts out of doors in summer. The Austrian military brass band is unrivalled in Europe. It is far superior to the German military band; and it is need-

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less to speak of those of other nations, which are mostly inferior to the German military band. The Austrian military brass band has always two men playing the cymbals, and the big drum is usually carried by a pony in marching out, but the big drum does not play the prominent part it does with us ; in Austria one hears the cymbals above everything else, and not the big drum, as is always the case in England. Each company in marching has a man who beats the side drum, or blows a bugle in rifle regiments, when the band stops playing, in order to mark the steps, and he marches at the side in the centre of the company. I find this arrangement a vast improvement upon ours, for with us the big drum is too important an instrument by far. Our Artillery string band, which plays at Woolwich during mess, I have often heard, and it certainly is the best we possess ; but yet it has not such good solo players as one hears in an Austrian military string band in Vienna. During my first visit to Vienna, Johann Strauss used to conduct his orchestra at the Volksgarten on certain days, and a great authority then on music, Charles Mayer, told me that there was not one single military string band in Vienna which was not vastly superior to Strauss's orchestra, and that people went

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when Strauss's orchestra played because it was the fashion to do so, and to see him conduct with his brother, Edward Strauss.

Johann Strauss could not write for orchestra, but always got some one to arrange his music for him. The orchestration he never did himself. Nobody, however, ever disputed his talent for inventing charming melodies, or that he was the best composer of waltzes in the world. I once went to the Volksgarten in summer when the band of Johann Strauss performed, as well as a military brass band, each in turn. I was with some English ladies, one of whom was Miss Moncrieff, who afterwards became the Marchioness of Bath, and I remember one lady saying : "How nice it would be if we could have this sort of concert out of doors in town, at the price of a florin, like this ; but unfortunately they would have to charge a sovereign at least, otherwise it would be so badly attended and not at all as in Vienna, where the people at this concert seem to be so nice." In the summer months people sit at small tables, and it is usual to take supper, while the band plays out of doors. It is a new arrangement, and formerly was not so much the fashion ; but now there are few people who go to these concerts who do not have their supper there.

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The Augarten is another park in Vienna where a military band performs, but the public one sees is very common indeed, and the Augarten is by no means a favourite park, though the Archduke Otto has his palace there. The Emperor's nephew is married to Josepha, the sister of the Crown Prince of Saxony, who has been talked about so much lately on account of his wife leaving him as she did. The lady I knew at Reichenhall with her two daughters knew the Crown Princess of Saxony as a child, when she was a Princess of Toscana, as well as her brother, who calls himself now Wölfding, and is no longer an Archduke of Austria. The lady told me that they both were most highly intellectual, but rather eccentric, and that the brother has given up all rights to be an Archduke of Austria, but that he has not renounced his right of being one day Grand Duke of Toscana, which title no one can take from him.

Leopold Wölfding, formerly Archduke Leopold of Austria, when in Vienna always mixed with the middle classes and avoided the aristocracy; he used to tell people to address him as "Herr-Graf" (or My Lord), and not as "Kaiserliche Hoheit" (Your Imperial Highness). He hated all ceremony, and generally appeared in plain clothes and not in uniform, unless compelled to do so.

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He was liked in Vienna by the middle classes, but detested by the aristocracy. The young girl he married, Fräulein Adamovics, is, I understand, of a good middle-class family, but the girl was very fast indeed before she made the acquaintance of the Archduke; hence the reason why the marriage was so disapproved of at Court. Her sister is a music-hall singer at Prague, but much younger than the wife of the Archduke.

The Prater is the principal park in Vienna, and answers to our Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne in Paris; at first I did not like it, having been there in winter when it was covered with snow, but since then I have seen it in spring and autumn; the avenue of chestnut trees, extending for miles, is one of the most beautiful in the world, and of an afternoon in the spring it is the favourite drive of the Viennese, who drive up and down generally from five till seven or eight o'clock. Very few private carriages are to be seen compared with Paris and London, mostly *fiakers*, hired by the month or day. But they are very good, and quite equal to the best London hansoms, if they do not surpass them. Some *fiakers* have Russian horses, which are exceedingly fast, and others have American trotters, which are even faster. Of course, there is a great number of horses of the

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country employed too. The *fiaker* is an open carriage in summer and a closed one in winter, and has two horses. It is very superior to the *einspänner*, or cab with one horse, which is about or nearly as bad as the Parisian cab, and only a degree better than the London "growler."

In the Prater is a tea place called the Kriau, which is very fashionable of an afternoon in the spring and summer. Here all the smart carriages put up, and the people sit out at tables and take their coffee and tea there ; it is the rendezvous of the elegant world. At the further end of the Prater is the Freudenau, where the races take place in the spring, summer, and autumn. At the end of the season in June the famous Derby is run there, when all Vienna turns out to go to the races ; the elegant costumes of the ladies in Vienna on that day is a very fine sight. If it is a fine day they wear their gayest costumes ; and a great many carriages drive up and down in the Prater merely to witness the return home from the races. The racecourse is rather pretty, but not equal to Ascot, or even to Longchamps. It is not usual to lunch at the races ; people arrive after lunch, and only take five-o'clock tea with sandwiches, or champagne, which can be obtained at a kind of bar. People have no idea of taking their lunch, or indeed

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anything to eat or drink, with them; it is obtained, as I said before, on the racecourse, which does not make the meeting nearly so jolly or amusing as in England.

The Court is generally well represented at the Austrian Derby, the Archdukes Franz Ferdinand, Otto, and Ferdinand being almost every year there in the royal box, or walking about on the lawns. The Princess of Auersperg went one year in a very smart turn-out, accompanied by her two daughters, with four horses and postilions *à la Daumont*; the postilions were dressed in light blue silk jackets with silver braid. Last year it poured with rain all the day, therefore there were very few smart turn-outs and very few ladies present. The Prater has three or four restaurants where military bands play during the afternoon and evening in summer; the people can dine out of doors. These places are frequented by all classes of people. Sacher's Garden is also a famous restaurant in the Prater, which is rather an expensive dining place, and from seven to ten o'clock of an evening it is filled with members of the aristocracy and others. The Archduke Ludwig Victor often dines there; the regular dinner is supplied at *prix fixe* at two florins and a half each person, without wine, and remarkably good it is. The dinners are served in the

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garden, and one can listen to the military band playing at the third "Café haus" restaurant close by. For the last few years there has been a place in the Prater like Earl's Court, called "Venice in Vienna," an imitation of the buildings in Venice being constructed, including the canals, etc. ; and there are all sorts of performances going on during the summer months. There is a theatre in the open, where operettas are given, and often the Archduke Franz Ferdinand attends these performances with his brothers Otto and Ferdinand ; latterly the Archduke Franz has done so with his wife, the Princess Hohenberg, and his suite. Then there are two restaurants, one called the Trianon, which is expensive, as dinners are only supplied at *prix fixe* ; there is another restaurant called the Römer Saal, which is quite as good and much cheaper, and very much more frequented, as almost every one goes there now, excepting those who do not mind what they pay for their dinner. The Trianon was at first quite a French restaurant, and was really good but expensive.

In these restaurants you can listen to an excellent Austrian military band while you are dining. The band plays till late at night every evening during the summer months. There are also all kinds of

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amusements, just as there are at Earl's Court: the switchback, the chute, when most of the occupants of the seats in the boat are splashed with water. Then there is the large wheel, which is always filled with people, and from which you can have a magnificent view of Vienna; the numerous lights in the distance are very effective, and quite repay one for going round in the wheel. There is also a hippodrome, where any lady may have a ride on a horse for a few kreuzers. It is most amusing to witness, as most of them have never ridden a horse before; the chances are that they fall off before they have finished their ride; they fall very lightly, however, on sawdust when they do fall. The chief amusement at "Venice in Vienna" is the throwing of confetti in the walk they call the "Corso." Hundreds of people walk up and down as in carnival time, and throw confetti, which is purchased in a bag. The gentlemen throw at the ladies, and the ladies at the gentlemen; the latter always throw the confetti at good-looking ladies whom they want to make the acquaintance of; and the ladies sometimes return the compliment, or I may say mostly do so. This throwing of confetti goes on till about midnight and becomes very animated, but I have never witnessed a quarrel of any sort arising

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from it, though I have seen both ladies and gentlemen with their eyes nearly put out by the little bits of paper, and suffering no little pain. Sometimes it takes hours to get the little bit of paper out of the eye ; meanwhile it is great torture to the sufferer.

When roses are very plentiful, instead of the confetti they employ rose leaves put in a bag, which of course costs much more to buy, but is a far nicer amusement than throwing bits of coloured paper. Some girls are quite proud when they have their hair and clothes covered with it, and will not allow one to brush it off as they think it shows that they have been very much appreciated. The ladies very rarely indeed throw confetti at each other ; they always single out some man they may want to know, or whom they take a fancy to, and it is a good way for a lady to get to know a gentleman, or vice versa.

At the Bohemian watering-places it is more done than in Vienna, as it is a good pretext for speaking to people you rather take a fancy to. I made the acquaintance of Austrian, Russian, and Polish ladies in Bohemia in this manner whom otherwise I should never have known, although acquaintances are very easily made in Austria. People introduce themselves in a most easy manner, and

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this is looked upon as quite as good as an introduction by any one else, and sometimes it is appreciated even more than a formal introduction. The Austrians are very *gemüthlich*, which means not at all stiff, towards other people, and unlike the Prussians, who are just the reverse.

The place to go to late of an evening in "Venice in Vienna" is the Grinzinger, where some men sing, while the audience drinks bottles of wine, beer not being served. Sometimes the Archduke Franz Ferdinand goes there with his wife, but it is rather a fast place. Some of the ladies join even in the chorus, and drink to the health of men sitting at other tables. This establishment is kept open until three or four in the morning, and is often quite full at this time; the men among the audience are for the most part of the aristocracy, and the ladies are of all sorts and kinds. A great many of the *demi-monde* are present and a good number of actresses, besides ladies in high society; but few of the middle-class are seen. "Venice in Vienna" is a late place altogether, and is somewhat like Cremorne Gardens in London used to be, though a good many young girls are to be seen. It certainly is not a nice place for a young girl to go to, as the atmosphere is decidedly fast;

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yet I have seen very nice ladies, and been there with young Austrian ladies of the best society in Vienna, accompanied by their relations.

There is another racecourse in the Prater for trotting races, at which a good many American trotters take part ; but these races, which I have also attended, are not very successful, and one seldom sees any ladies present ; mostly rich people of the middle class go to them. There is a good deal of cheating ; horses being pulled is an everyday occurrence there. A man named Morrison, a great actor, whom I met at Franzensbad afterwards, amused me very much by telling me that at these trotting races he always backed the same horses as I did by going behind me and seeing what number I took at the *totalisateur*, because he said he knew I was acquainted with one of the owners of some race-horses which generally won, and that by this means he managed to make a good thing. Last year the automobile race from Paris to Vienna took place, and the winning-post was in the Prater. It was a fearfully hot day in July, and it was crowded with the best people. The young Frenchman Renault, who was afterwards killed in the match from Paris to Madrid, won the race, and Comte Zbrowski, who came in third, was killed

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lately in a match in the south of France. This year Comte Chamarré, who belonged to an Austrian family in Vienna, was killed in coming from Lyons to Vienna ; indeed, the automobile seems to be a most disastrous invention altogether, and in Vienna they are not at all liked. One very rarely sees one, for which I must admit I am by no means sorry, for personally I dislike them immensely. There are several advocates in Vienna of the new dynamic flying machine, and these say that it will one day attain importance ; but we cannot conceive now that we shall be able to fly like the birds high up in the air over mountains and valleys, where we like, and not where the wind directs us. It will be the real poetry of motion, and offer us a pleasure which we scarcely even dreamt of.

There is a portion of the Prater which is only frequented by ordinary people, and is called the Wurstel Prater. In this part there are all sorts of booths and shows, and a merry-go-round and similar amusements, as at a fair. Sometimes, of course, the upper classes go there for fun and to ride on the wooden horses and to see the sights. It is similar to the fair at St. Germain, near Paris, and something like the Windsor Fair as I remember it when at Eton, though I think the Wurstel

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Prater is a cut above the Windsor Fair, the latter being considered too low for us Eton boys to go to. The Rotten Row of Vienna, where men ride, in the Prater, is, according to the opinion of an American, the finest place of that sort in Europe or America ; but unfortunately very few riders make use of it, and as to horsewomen, they can easily be counted on the fingers of one hand. I remember a year ago a young girl of fifteen created quite a sensation among the Viennese because occasionally she herself drove, which, in the opinion of the people, is to be very "emancipated," as they call it. There used to be the zoological gardens in the Prater years ago, but the animals died off, and now there is nothing of the sort in Vienna.

At the commencement of the Prater there is a circus which is fairly good ; it is generally open in the winter. It comes from Russia, and the owner's name is Baketow, though the performers, as in all circuses, are from all countries, and change about a good deal. The Austrians are not very fond of a circus ; they are more like the English in that respect, and not at all like the French, who adore a circus. The audience is very common, apart from the people in the boxes, in Vienna, whereas in Paris the cream of society is to be seen in the Cirque

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d'Été. The Schwarzenberg garden, belonging to the Palais of the Prince Schwarzenberg, is always open to the public, and is very pleasant in summer ; it has a delightful avenue of trees, and a pond with swans and ducks. It is mostly frequented by nursery-maids with children, and it makes a very good playing ground. The Palais itself is one of the finest palaces in Vienna, if not the finest, after the Hofburg, the Emperor's palace. There are several palaces in Vienna, one on the Schwarzenberg Platz, belonging to the Archduke Ludwig Victor ; the Belvedere, where the Archduke Franz Ferdinand lives ; the Augarten, where the Archduke Otto resides ; the Palais Auersperg, belonging to the Prince Auersperg ; the Palais Lichtenstein, which has a fine garden open to the public, the property of the Prince Lichtenstein ; the Palais of the Prince Salm ; the Palais of the Prince Esterházy ; the Palais of the Prince Kinsky ; the Lobkowitz Palais, which is occupied by the French Ambassador ; the Palais Metternich, where the Princess Pauline Metternich resides, and many others.

There is a fine building on the Ringstrasse called Gartenbau, near the Palais of the Prince Coburg-Gotha, where there are constant flower-shows. In another part of the building a music-hall entertainment takes

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place every evening, at which some very second-rate performers take part ; but the band of Drescher generally plays there, and it is an amusing place to go to for supper during a performance. The charge is only fifty kreuzers, or one crown in the new money, and the audience is not bad ; a great many officers of the cavalry go there, as well as ladies of all sorts, of whom some are inclined to be fast. The performance is over by eleven o'clock usually. Opposite the Gartenbau, on the other side of the Ringstrasse, is the Stadt Park, which I have mentioned before, and close to it is the Eislaufverein, which contains some lawns that are flooded in winter, and when there is ice, it is the principal skating place in Vienna. One has to become a member to gain admission ; the subscription is about thirty florins. There is a good military brass band which plays twice a week while the people skate ; and certainly both the Austrian men and women are beautiful skaters. They waltz very nicely on the ice to the band which plays, and some very fine figure-skating can be seen there. It is no wonder that they skate so well, for the cold is generally excessive in winter in Vienna. The Austrians learn to skate when they are quite small children ; in fact, the girls seem to skate better than the boys. Generally once



COUNT RUTOW, FRAU LIN KELLNER, FRAU LIN RELL, COUNT MITTERNIGH, FRAU LIN
COUNT ESTERHÁZY, COUNTESS ESTERHÁZY, FRAU LIN, COUNTESS ESTERHÁZY, COUNTESS ESTERHÁZY

Class at the Imperial Palace at St. Petersburg, during the performance of the "Athena" (1894-1895)

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or twice during the winter a fancy-dress ball is given on the ice. The entrance charge is rather high; on that evening prizes are given for figure-skating. It usually begins about eight o'clock of an evening, and ends towards the early hours in the morning. I must add that there is a well-heated restaurant under cover in the principal building, where non-skaters can look on if they like.

The principal club in Vienna is the Jockey Club, which is in the Augustinerstrasse, opposite the Albrechtsplatz, where the palace of the Archduke Frederick is situated. Formerly the latter belonged to the Archduke Albrecht, the late Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army. The Jockey Club occupies only the first story of a house in the street, but the rooms are very spacious and well furnished; the subscription to the Jockey Club is two hundred florins a year, and the requirements for admission are that the members be of noble family and have money; the second requirement is much more insisted upon than the first. I was informed by Baron Walterskirchen, a member of the Club, that all secretaries of foreign embassies are made honorary members, but they have to pay the usual monthly payment. There is a great deal of high play at cards at the Jockey Club, and

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last year M. de Szemere won off Count Potocki at baccarat two millions of florins in one evening; the matter became known, and they were both of them ordered out of Vienna. M. de Szemere appealed, as he had race-horses running at the time in Vienna, but he lost his appeal; finally, however, the Emperor allowed him to remain on in Vienna. Count Potocki is a young man so rich, indeed, that he did not feel the loss of the money; he left Vienna just after he had lost this money to M. de Szemere, and met with an accident while out shooting near Warsaw, wounding himself so fearfully that he injured his spine, and he has been ill ever since.

King Edward VII on his recent visit to Vienna dined with the members of the Jockey Club.

Another club in Vienna is the Wiener Club, which is also a first-rate club, and the members, like those of the Jockey Club, have a club box on the grand tier at the Hofopern-Theater, which they can go to if they wish. There is also a club called the Sport Club, which is patronized by members of the aristocracy chiefly. The Military Club is not a very famous one; the rooms are very large and fine, but little use seems to be made of the club. It is not a dining club at all; the officers occasionally give a fancy-dress ball, to which

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I have been invited, and at which there is a supper. One pays for the supper as at a restaurant, and usually the same price; and merely cold things can be had. The Club is called the Officers' Casino. The club for millionaires is another club; it is requisite to be the possessor of a million in order to belong to it, though I do not think the members, apart from their money, have any other distinction; they are very ordinary individuals, ostentatious and nothing else.

The cafés in Vienna seem to replace the clubs a good deal, and members of clubs frequent them as much as other men: the cafés take the newspapers, Austrian and foreign, and from four till about six o'clock they are full of people, both men and women. The principal cafés are Café Pucher, on the Kohlmarkt, which I think is the nicest and the most frequented, though very few ladies are to be seen in it excepting on a Sunday, when a good many take coffee, chocolate, or tea. The Café de l'Europe, which is filled with strangers usually, is another good café opposite the Stephan's Kirche; the Café Schrangl, on the Graben, is another very good café, frequented by people who live in the neighbourhood, as well as a good many strangers. There are very many others; to enumerate them would be to fill pages, as

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in every street there are cafés. The *conditorei*, or tea places, are not nearly so numerous; there are two which are quite celebrated. The aristocracy goes principally to Demel, in the Kohlmarkt. The Princess Pauline Metternich used to go there to take her tea at five o'clock with friends every day some years ago; it is the best frequented of the tea places. Then there is Gerstner, in the Kärnthnerstrasse, which is also pretty well frequented, but chiefly by the middle classes, though some of the aristocracy go there for afternoon tea. The other tea places are Reichhardt, on the Wieden, at which a good many dancers from the Hofopern-Theater go, and Uhl, which is also patronized by the dancers of the Hofopern-Theater. The tea places on the Ringstrasse are not so good and not so well patronized.

CHAPTER VIII

VIENNA—SPORT AND PLAY

THE Austrians go in a good deal for football, and there are several clubs which play a great many matches in the year. The best club is called "Austria," and the members play every year against a club from Prague styled "Slava." They also play against an English team, in which game they are invariably beaten. The English team has also played in Prague against the Slava club, and likewise defeated them. The rules that are played are the Rugby rules of football. Cricket is altogether ignored in Austria, wherefore I cannot tell, as the Austrians seem particularly fond of English sports and games. Lawn-tennis is a great deal cultivated in Vienna and all over Austria, both men and women playing it. The best lawn-tennis club is the Wiener Athletic Club, in the Prater; there is also a lawn-tennis club at the Eislaufverein, where people skate in the winter months; in the summer months the same lawns are used for playing lawn-tennis upon. I cannot say that

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the Austrians, either men or women, excel in playing lawn-tennis. At the tournament at Homburg those who took part were easily beaten by the English.

The Austrians invariably make use of the English terms "play" and "out," and count aloud in English, which sometimes sounds very funny indeed, especially when the person can only speak but very little English. There is also a golf club in Vienna in the Prater, to which several English people residing in Vienna belong. I do not know whether the Viennese care particularly for the game. I have never heard them speak very enthusiastically about it, but I fancy it depends a good deal on its English members for existence. Polo is not at all played in Vienna or in Austria. As the Austrians, especially the officers, are very good horsemen, I wonder they don't care for it, as they have everything necessary to play the game—a good ground and the ponies.

Fencing is a great deal gone in for in Vienna ; there is an excellent fencing-master in Signor Barbasetti, who is of Italian origin, and has written a very good treatise on "The Sword." I saw him fence against the celebrated Frenchman, Kirchofer, who fences with the left hand. Of course he got the better of Barbasetti, just as he beats every one else whom he has engaged in fencing.

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Kirchofer is one of the finest fencers, if not the finest, in France, and no Austrian could compete with him. Lucien Mérignac is said to be better than Kirchofer, but I should hardly think there could be much difference ; but opinions are much divided on this point.

The restaurants where you dine in Vienna are very good indeed, and not nearly so expensive as in Paris or London ; the best now is Hopfner, in the Kärnthnerstrasse, but it is better to dine *à la carte* and not at *prix fixe*, as in Germany ; because no one does so in Austria. It comes very much cheaper and is infinitely better. Hardtmann's Restaurant, opposite the Grand Hôtel on the Ringstrasse, is good too, but frequented chiefly by Jews ; since the owner had a difference with an officer very few officers care to go there now. There is a separate room at Hardtmann's, which is more expensive than the ordinary dining-room, but is more frequented and more comfortable. Dreher's is also a very excellent restaurant, opposite the Hofopern-Theater and very handy when one is going to the opera. When I first went to Vienna it used to be the best restaurant. It belonged then to Dreher, but Dreher made millions with his celebrated beer, and keeps race-horses instead ; and the restaurant belongs to some one else. It is, however,

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still very good, and the beer there is excellent. Gause's restaurant, opposite the Hôtel Tegetthof, is good also, and all these restaurants I have mentioned charge about the same price.

The usual hour to dine at the restaurants I have named is one o'clock ; suppers or late dinners are served from seven to ten o'clock, but later if required. The better places are reserved for early dinners and suppers rather than late dinners, as most Austrians like to dine at one o'clock, and few dine late. When I first went to Vienna the best people dined at six o'clock, but this custom seems to have been given up, and nearly every one dines in the middle of the day. Of late years it has been the fashion to have a band playing in the winter months from eight o'clock in the evening till twelve at night at the Imperial Hôtel, the Hôtel Bristol, and the Grand Hôtel, while the people take late dinner or supper. The music has attracted many people, and at times these hotels are so crowded that it is very difficult to obtain a table unless reserved beforehand ; nearly everybody takes supper after the opera and the theatres, and very often at these hotels.

The best hotel for dining at is the Imperial Hôtel, which has a French chef and an excellent *cuisine*. The

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Hôtel Bristol is very good, but expensive ; even rich Americans cry out at the prices charged. I am told by the Marchioness Pallavicini that they now give a supper at two and a half florins after the opera, which is very reasonable. At the Grand Hôtel the *cuisine* is not so good, but there are more people to be seen here of an evening than at the other two hotels, possibly because the room in which one dines is much larger than at the other two hotels. The people one sees at dinner of an evening at these hotels are of a much better style generally than those one sees at the restaurants, and they mostly dress for dinner, which is rarely the case at the restaurants. Sacher's Hôtel is one of the best for dinners in Vienna, if not quite the best, but very expensive, and there is no music there of an evening. The "Archduke Charles" is also good. The Marquis de Bois Hébert told me he much liked it to dine at, for it is select ; and it reminded him of the Hôtel Vouillemont in Paris, where the aristocracy used to meet at dinner years ago. There is no music during dinner at this hotel.

The Meissl und Schadn is a first-rate hotel, but every one dines at one o'clock, and you never see any one there of an evening. I have mentioned the principal hotels now in fashion, as it is quite the thing to dine out in

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Vienna at hotels ; there are plenty of others, but they are not so much frequented for dinners and suppers as those I have named. During my first visit to Vienna the swell hotel to dine at was the Hôtel Stadt Frankfurt, in the same street as the Matschakerhof Hôtel. I often dined there at six o'clock, which was then the fashionable hour, and once or twice I could not find a table, it was so full. The Princess Gonzaga, the wife of the reigning Prince of Gonzaga, used at times to ask me to sit at her table when she dined there with her mother, the Comtesse Roncadelli. I remember saying to her mother that I found the room terribly smoky, but she replied that she did not mind the smoke in the least, and that it amused her to dine there. The Princess spoke English well, and advised me when I travelled in Italy to travel on a Friday, as the Italians were very superstitious. I was sure to find the trains very empty on that day of the week. The Princess read English books by preference ; she was a young lady of about five-and-twenty at that time, and used often to be invited to the Hof Burg to dinner at the Empress of Austria's table, which was considered a very high honour indeed.

I remember the young Baronesse Vecsera, whom the Crown Prince of Austria was so much in love with, used

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always to have her supper after the theatres and opera at the Hôtel Stadt Frankfurt with her family, but never with the Crown Prince. I used often to see her there ; she was a very striking-looking girl with a beautiful figure, but I did not consider her a beauty ; she was very dark, and had more a piquante face than a pretty one. The dead brother of the Emperor of Austria, Archduke Karl Ludwig, used constantly to dine with his suite at the Hôtel Stadt Frankfurt then, at a table always reserved for him. The Stadt Frankfurt was considered the best hotel in Vienna, better than the Imperial ; the Princes Rohan occupied the two first stories of the hotel all the year and the swell Austrians who had no house in Vienna lived there. The Hôtel Stadt Frankfurt changed proprietors, and from that day the hotel altered entirely ; the best people left, and eventually it was closed. It was knocked down, and a café built in its place. Everybody who can remember the Stadt Frankfurt says there never has been such a good hotel since, and they don't think there ever will be one as good. I can remember once two American ladies complaining to the head waiter of two ladies smoking in the dining-room, and asking him to beg them not to do so ; he answered that it was impossible for him to comply with their request, for one

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was the Princess Trauttmansdorff and the other the Princess Esterházy. The American ladies left the room and dined below where the common people take their meals in a room which happened to be empty at that hour.

The principal restaurant when I first came to Vienna was the Stefan Keller, which still exists, but it is in a different place and it has changed owners. It is not now nearly so good, being mostly frequented by rich middle-class Jews ; that and Dreher's were the two best then. There used to be a dancing place, called Schwennders, to which everybody went on a Saturday evening ; it was a very long way from the town. I remember going there with a brother officer, whose acquaintance I happened to make in Vienna. We arranged to go there together, and when we arrived there was a military band playing, and a great number of people dancing. My friend saw a young girl in great despair because the lace of her dress was torn. He went up to her, without knowing her, and offered her a pin to arrange it as well as she could ; and a few minutes afterwards a man came up to my friend and returned him the pin most indignantly, making a long speech in German, which was completely lost on him, as he did not understand two words of German. He could plainly see that it was

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jealousy which had prompted the man to act thus, and the man thoroughly believed my friend understood him, but pretended not to do so. The whole evening he cast furious glances at him, which amused us immensely. The poor girl tried to calm her lover by protesting that she did not know us at all, which he did not seem to believe. We did not get home till three o'clock in the morning, and left the people still dancing. One never hears of Schwenders now; I do not think that it exists any longer. There is a place somewhat like it called Wimberger, which is also a very long way off, at which dances take place and the same kind of people go to them, but they are not nearly so much frequented by visitors as Schwenders used to be.

There are many new places within easy reach, and this I fancy must be the reason why visitors to Vienna confine themselves more to them, such as the Sofien-säle and the Blumensaäle. At the former, in winter, there are balls of every sort and kind, and at the latter only mask balls. I have mentioned already that Sacher's Hôtel is one of the best hotels in Vienna for dining at; it belongs to the same proprietress as Sacher's Garden in the Prater, which I have already described. One day I was dining at Sacher's Hôtel at one o'clock, and

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the Duc d'Orléans was also dining there with the Comte de Grammont and two other gentlemen. When I went up and spoke to him he shook hands with me and said he was sorry to be prevented from dining that year at the regimental dinner in town, and desired me to express his regret at not being able to do so when I went there, which I said I would do. He is very pleasant, and speaks English, as every one knows, quite fluently and with no accent. Now that he has married an Austrian Archduchess he lives a great deal in Austria and Hungary, where his wife's father has a property. The Duc d'Orléans always stops in Vienna at the Imperial Hôtel, but generally lunches at Sacher's at one o'clock in the public room, which is never very full of people. I have never met him at the Imperial, though I dined there of an evening very frequently, but the head waiter told me that he often dines there of an evening, and always at the same table.

Of late years the Austrians have taken a great deal to have five-o'clock tea, and the Hôtel Bristol has opened a tea-room from five to seven, where a band plays during those hours. It is usually very well attended; a good many cavalry officers go there, and some very elegantly-dressed ladies, besides a great many Americans who

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happen to be living at the Hôtel Bristol. It is the only hotel in Vienna where five-o'clock tea is accompanied by music. The Duchess of Marlborough always stays at the Bristol when in Vienna. I have constantly seen her in the dining-room, with some members of the Embassy and Prince Schwarzenberg, but never in the tea-room. On Christmas Eve they have a magnificent Christmas-tree in the centre of the dining-room at the Hôtel Bristol, which is all arranged with light blue paper and silver. The tree is lighted by electric light and looks exceedingly pretty; it is left in the room until the end of the first week in January. Sometimes some very elegant entertainments are given at the Bristol by members of the aristocracy in the tea-room. One day the Archduke Salvator, the husband of the Emperor's daughter Valérie, gave a very smart dinner-party in this tea-room.

CHAPTER IX

VIENNA—THE BALLS

IN the winter there is a great number of balls given in Vienna. I do not think that in any capital in Europe there are so many balls given as in Vienna. They begin towards Carnival, and there are so many that it would be utterly impossible to go to a quarter of them, even if one desired to do so. The ball of the Stadt Wien is one certainly worth going to see. It is given in the Rathhaus, or Hôtel de Ville, and is usually attended by the Emperor ; but last year he did not attend it, therefore the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, was there in His Majesty's place ; all the dignitaries of the State are present, including the Prime Minister and the Mayor of Vienna, who are obliged to be in attendance. Very little dancing takes place, as the immense room is so full of people, who chiefly walk about. The Emperor, or the Archduke, stands on a raised platform, with the suite and other people who are invited by him, and they remain for about an hour ;

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the Emperor or Archduke then walks through the room to the buffet, where a glass of wine is offered to him by the Mayor, after which he takes his departure. It is a dull affair, but the room is worth seeing. It is the longest, if not the largest in Vienna. There are a great many tradespeople there. A man with numerous decorations saluted a friend of mine, and I asked him who he was. He surprised me by saying that it was a jeweller, who had a very large shop near the Graben.

One of the prettiest balls in Vienna is that of the "Frauenheim," which is given at the Sofien-saäle; it is a ball at which young girls make their début, and they are always dressed in white, somewhat similar to the *bal blanc* in France. The ball is usually patronized by an Archduke of Austria and an Archduchess, generally the Archduchess Josepha, the wife of Archduke Otto. Another very important ball, also given at the Sofien-saäle, is the ball of the "White Cross"; the committee consists of officers chiefly, and one must obtain an invitation from one of the committee, and by payment of ten florins. Some of the best families in Vienna attend this ball, which, as I have said, is more of a military ball, though a number of civilians are present. Last year the Archduke Louis Victor, the Emperor's brother,

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attended it, besides several princesses. For the Imperial family there is always a raised platform, where they sit in a half-circle, and look on at the dancing. What strikes a stranger so much is that smoking is allowed in the rooms leading into the ball-room, where people have supper at all hours during the ball. I took supper with Major de Glentworth, an American, who had served twenty years in the Austrian 7th Hussars, and whose brother-in-law is equerry to the Archduke Salvator, the husband of the Emperor's daughter Valérie.

There is a ball given at the Sofiensaäle, called the "Concordia" ball, to which a great number of people go, for it is remarkable for the elaborate dresses of the ladies. There are a great many actresses there, so that very swell ladies do not go to it, and there are scarcely any young girls who attend. It was so crowded last year that one could hardly move about the room, and dancing did not take place till a great number of the people had left. A Russian dancer from St. Petersburg, Mme. Kscheschinskaia, created quite a sensation by wearing a necklace of diamonds and emeralds of an enormous size. It was a present from the present Tsar of Russia, Nicholas II. Odilon, the famous actress at the Volkstheater, was beautifully dressed, and all the

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celebrities in Vienna were present. The Viennese, both ladies and gentlemen, always go to a café after the ball, and stay there till six or seven o'clock in the morning, sitting, talking, and smoking, and taking some refreshment in the way of coffee, tea, or liqueurs.

The Princess Metternich gets up a ball at the Sofiensäle every year, at which every one has to appear in costume. Last year it was called the "Kopf Redoute," which being translated means "Head Redoute," at which every one had to wear some fancy headdress. Most men chose a Turkish fez, and the ladies had to arrange some fancy headdress, powdered hair, or something altering their usual headdress. The ball was a great success. I made the acquaintance of a lady who was dressed in a Greek costume, and as she was masked, like most of the ladies, I had no idea what she was like. She appeared to be pretty from her ears and mouth, which were visible. An officer of the 5th Lichtenstein Dragoons also made her acquaintance, saw her afterwards without the mask, and he said he was greatly disappointed in her. She was a married lady, but had left her husband at home on this occasion. I happened also to see her some time afterwards, and thought, like my friend, that she looked much better in her Greek costume with the mask.

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One year the Princess Metternich gave what she called a "White Redoute," in which the costumes were far finer. I spoke to a lady in French, who was masked, and she appeared to know all about me. She had seen me at Karlsbad, at Franzensbad, and at Gmunden ; she told me that she could not possibly tell me who she was, and said it was quite impossible for me to call on her. She said that she had only been to the Princess Auersperg's ball that season besides this one. I endeavoured to find out who she was, and while she was looking for her sister, Count Bellegarde, of the Horse Guards, offered her his arm ; the sister took his other arm, and then she went away. I fancy it was the daughter of the Ambassador Prince zü Eulenburg, from her hair and the way she arranged it, and for many other reasons, but I never found out for certain. I asked her to let me see her face, but she only showed me her mouth. I told her that if everything were as perfect as her ears and mouth I could easily guess who she was ; but she did not wish me to know, she said, and so I was mystified. The other ladies who spoke to me there I generally guessed by the voice almost at once, though they managed to intrigue other men. The supper at these balls was always excellent and very animated ; the ladies, ex-

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cepting a few who unmasked almost at the beginning of the ball, kept their masks on all the time. The Marquise de Reverseaux, the wife of the French Ambassador, had a very lovely dress at the "Kopf Redoute," but she did not wear any mask. The Princess Metternich had also a magnificent dress ; she, too, was not masked, nor were any of the Archduchesses of Austria.

There was a very grand fête at the Künstlerhaus, ending with a ball, in which the costumes were designed by some of the greatest artists in Vienna. At first there were *tableaux vivants*, which were really very fine indeed, but the heat was terrific, as the building is not large enough. After supper the dancing took place. The price for entrance was rather high ; twenty florins was asked on the last day for a ticket, and at the last moment they refused to admit any one for forty florins. The ball of the Karl Theatre is amusing for gentlemen at the Continental Hôtel, where all the actresses of the Karl Theatre go. Some of them were very beautifully dressed indeed ; men of the nobility go to this ball. Prince Thurn und Taxis was there two years ago, and sometimes an archduke goes to it. At the Sofiensaal every Saturday there are ordinary masked balls during Carnival, but they are very badly attended. The *redoute* at the

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Hofoper-Theater used to be very well attended, but for some years these *redoutes* at the Hofoper have not been allowed, for fear of fire breaking out.

One of the most amusing balls is given at the Drei Engel Saäle by Frenzl to the *corps de ballet* of the K.K. Hofoper. Gentlemen receive invitations, otherwise they are not allowed to enter the room. The gentlemen are mostly from the nobility. To see the ballet-girls dance is quite a pleasure, as they dance so well ; they dance, of course, with all the gentlemen who are invited. Before the dancing commences there is usually a performance. The last time I was there Fossati, a dancer, was dressed as a woman, and imitated wonderfully well Otéro and other celebrated dancers. When he first came in with a long wax taper in his hand to sing a song I really thought it was a woman ; he imitates a woman's voice as well as he does her mode of dancing. The supper was at small tables. I sat with some officers I knew and some of the dancers from the Hofoper. Afterwards we went to a café, as is usual, to end up the evening, or rather the early morning. The *redoute* held at Ronacher's in place of the K.K. Hofoper Redoute is not nearly so well frequented as it used to be when it was held at the K.K. Hofoper. The price of admission is the same, but the people don't

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seem to care for it so well. As I said before, there are hundreds of balls in Vienna during Carnival; every profession gives a ball, even the waiters and cab-drivers. Austria is decidedly a country fond of dancing, or rather, I ought to say, that Vienna is the capital of Europe in which dancing is more cultivated than in any other. In 1866, when the Prussians were advancing within two hours from Vienna, the Viennese were dancing; and even in sorrow they cannot refrain from dancing.

One New Year's Eve I was dining at the Imperial Hôtel in the society of two ladies, when at midnight they put out the electric light, and we were suddenly plunged in darkness. Then they lit it again for the new year; and people from other tables, whom we did not know, came and drank our health, which seems to be the prevailing custom in Vienna. I have seen the same thing done elsewhere in Vienna; it is usual to put out the lights at midnight, where there are hundreds of people assembled together. The fête of St. Nicholas is thought a great deal of in Vienna; children always look forward to it with great delight. They are accustomed to receive presents of sweets on that day, and all the confectionery shops have what they call a *krampus*, or a kind of devil in red attached to every box of sugar-plums for

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children. Some of these are very expensive indeed, but every child one knows torments one to buy a *krampus* ; I have often been asked for it. At Christmas it is usual in every house, be it ever so poor, to have a Christmas-tree ; there is scarcely a home in Vienna without its Christmas-tree. Christmas is thought much more of in Vienna than New Year's Day, just as it is in Germany and in England, excepting that servants in Vienna in cafés and hotels expect tips on New Year's Day, and not on Christmas Day. It is not customary, as with us, to decorate the rooms with holly and mistletoe, yet one sees some occasionally sold in the streets towards Christmas time. Strange to say, I have never seen a house decorated with it in Vienna, though I am told it is often given by one person to another to bring good luck ; but it is usually put in a vase, and not hung about the rooms, as with us.

New Year's Eve is thought much more of in Vienna than New Year's Day, and big dinners are given. Most people sit up to see the new year in. The theatres are crammed on New Year's Eve, and it is very difficult to secure a place ; and all the tables at the different hotels are secured weeks in advance. New Year's Eve in Vienna is called " Sylvester Evening," and the principal

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places of amusement advertise particular amusements for that evening ; they are kept open until the New Year and all through the night ; the people remain drinking champagne often until seven o'clock in the morning.

A very interesting sight, but very difficult to obtain admission to, because one must have a special invitation, is what is called the "Mazur Evening." It is a ball given by the Poles in Vienna, at which they dance the *mazur*. I have been there, and was very much interested, as I had never seen the *mazur* dance before. It is like some figures of the cotillon, but danced with much *entrain* ; only the Poles know how to dance it so as to give it the amount of life which is needed. I believe, though, that to see it beautifully danced one ought to go to Warsaw, where it is danced to perfection. A great many well-known Poles were at this "Mazur Evening"; among them were the Countess Potocka, the Count and Countess Badeni, the Count Bavarowski, Prince Sapieha, and many others.

In former years the *mazur* used to be danced in Vienna in the national costume, which is very gorgeous, the men's being more so than the ladies'; but latterly this has been abandoned. Liszt has written in his book upon Chopin a very excellent description of the *mazur*,

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and how it is danced at Warsaw in the national costume ; he devotes an entire chapter to the *mazur*. I have seen the *csárdás*, the Hungarian national dance, danced in Budapest, and also in Vienna, and certainly there is no comparison in the way it is danced, so much superior is the manner in which it is danced in Budapest ; the Hungarians put more fire into the dance altogether. In Vienna they don't seem to care for Hungarian music ; there are none of the Hungarian gipsy bands, like the Blue Hungarian Band and various others that play at times in London. Some years ago they tried to give concerts in Vienna, but they had to give them up as a bad job—the Viennese did not care for them.

In the month of May the Princess Metternich usually gets up a Blumen Corso, which takes place in the Prater, and every carriage is decorated with flowers, some with real and some with artificial flowers. Last year there were some very prettily decorated carriages. The Lichtenstein Dragoons had a large wagon for the occasion, in which all the officers of the regiment stood, dressed in the old uniform of the regiment, which was white. They had masses of all sorts of flowers, which they threw in handfuls at the occupants of the other carriages, and to people whom they knew. The Princess

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Metternich's carriage was beautifully decorated with yellow roses. In our carriage was a very pretty young girl of fourteen, with her fair hair down her back arranged with flowers, without any hat. She had taken a page's part at the aristocratic performance before the Emperor of Austria at his palace at Schönbrunn, and was literally smothered in flowers by ladies who knew her. The Princess Croy and Countess Wydenbruck Esterházy threw a great quantity at her every time they passed in their carriages. The Princess Auersperg had her magnificent turn-out covered in red roses; and in fact all the aristocracy was represented. Along the avenue of the Prater there were stalls at which one could purchase flowers, destined to be thrown at the occupants of the carriages; and the Princess Metternich devoted the money that it brought in to the Rettungs Gesellschaft, a society founded by Baron Mundy some years ago. If any one meets with an accident suddenly away from home the Rettungs Gesellschaft is at once telephoned for, and they come immediately, for they have a carriage in readiness, with a nurse and doctor in attendance, and either transport the person to his home, or, in very serious cases, to a hospital. I think it would be an excellent thing had we such a society in

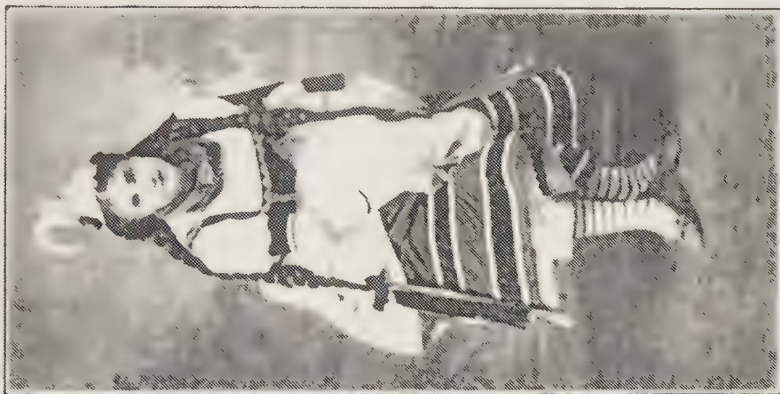
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London, where so many accidents occur ; it is quite true that we should require something on a much larger scale, but I can see no reason why it should not be attempted, since it is a very great success in Vienna.

Last year I belonged to the Adeliger Club, which is a club of the nobility ; the members give dances every fortnight at the Hôtel de France, and previous to the dance there is usually some singing and recitation by well-known actors and actresses. I went several times last year, and heard Fräulein Simony recite. It was she who played the principal part in Sienkiewicz' " Quo Vadis," which had a great run in Vienna. Among the members who were present were the lovely Countess Potocka, Count Colloredo Mels, who is a bishop and quite a young man, a great friend of the ladies, and a very well-known personage in Vienna ; and Count Leiningen, a cousin of our King, who used to command the " Victoria and Albert " yacht, and always resides in Vienna now. Count Leiningen told the little girl who drove with us in the Prater during the Blumen Corso that he had only the title of count, yet he bore the arms and coronet of a prince, which he has on his carriage and harness, and he is styled Serene Highness.



MADAME MARFA GURIE



MADAME TOLST



MADAME HANCOCK

CHAPTER X

VIENNA—THE WOMEN

THE Court carriages are quite as good as a show ; the coachman wears an immense three-cornered hat, with silver braid and a yellow and black coat, with white fur ; it reminds one painfully of a circus. These carriages usually belong to some antiquated old Archduchess, who has probably never been out of Austria in her life. The carriages have large crowns on the lamps, almost as large as the lamps themselves, and everything looks loud and vulgar. The Emperor's and the Archduke Otto's carriages are so simple that you can hardly see the crowns on the carriage, and the Emperor usually drives in an open carriage, unless it be very cold indeed. The porter of the Archduke Louis Victor's palace, and those of some other palaces, are dressed more like beadle in the last century in London, and hold an immense staff in their hands.

The arrangement which they have in Vienna for coming into a house after ten o'clock at night is very

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provoking ; they lock the front door at ten o'clock precisely. Thus you have to ring and wait perhaps a quarter of an hour till the porter comes to the door and opens it, and not only that, you have to pay him twenty kreuzers, or fivepence, each time you come in after ten o'clock ; and the staircase is pitch dark, as they have carefully put out the lights, so you are obliged to have a candle lighted for you, which on a very cold night is unpleasant. This arrangement also takes place if you want to go out after ten o'clock at night from your apartment ; and if you have guests it is most annoying too, for one has to wait at the bottom of the staircase till the porter has got up. It takes ten minutes or a quarter of an hour for him to unlock the front door. This is one of the dark sides of Vienna, particularly so as the staircase is never heated as it is in Paris, and only in the very best houses is there a carpet on the principal staircase.

When you get inside an apartment in Vienna it is comfortable enough, and the cold is kept out by the double windows ; moreover the stoves warm the rooms much better than a fireplace, but are not so cheerful-looking, as we all know from the houses in France and Germany, which invariably have stoves and not open

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fireplaces. The rooms are well furnished in Vienna generally, but not so well as in Paris ; the furniture is in quite a style of their own ; it is nicer than in London, but less elegant than Parisian furniture. Of course all modern arrangements exist, such as electric bells and telephones, and every room has electric light everywhere, so the apartment itself is modern enough, but the staircase is a thing to make one shudder at. The difficulty of getting in and out after ten o'clock painfully reminds one of a former century. What one misses so much in an Austrian hotel is that there is rarely ever a *salon*, or reading-room ; and if there be a reading-room it is scarcely ever made use of. It is customary in Vienna to sit after dinner in the dining-room, and every one, both ladies and gentlemen, smokes afterwards in the same room, for there are few ladies in Vienna who do not smoke cigarettes. Even quite young girls of the best families in Vienna smoke cigarettes after dinner, either of an afternoon or evening, and it is by no means a rare occurrence to see a young girl at one of the first hotels in Vienna light a cigarette after dinner and smoke it in public. It does not surprise any one ; in fact, it is so usual a thing that no one takes the slightest notice of it. The other day some one stated that they had seen

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in Vienna a lady smoker in one of the electric tramways, seated in the compartment reserved for smokers. She was quite a young girl, of fourteen or fifteen, and was very well dressed. She pulled out a silver cigarette-case, lighted a cigarette, and began smoking, at which the people were rather surprised, as it is not usual for ladies to smoke in tramways ; but no one could say anything or raise any objection—it merely created surprise at the time.

The old tramways with horses have been entirely replaced by the electric tramways ; the old ones used to have bells attached round the horses' necks, and one could hear them jingling a long way off. I rather liked this peculiar noise—it reminded me of the south of Spain, where one hears a similar jingling of the bells worn by mules ; but people have often told me in Vienna that it used to prevent them from sleeping at night. The electric tramways are now everywhere, so much so that at times it is quite difficult for people on foot to cross some of the streets. The electric tramway has done a good deal of harm to the *fiakers*, as a great many persons use the tramway now in place of the *fiaker*. The *fiakers*, however, will always be employed for the Prater, where the fashionable drive is, if they are not so much used

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in the town as formerly. They are rather expensive ; they ask two florins an hour generally, but if they drive one to the Prater they demand at once five florins, and expect a trinkgeld, or tip, of an extra florin. Vienna is a place where every one expects a tip ; the waiters at the hotels and restaurants are entirely dependent on tips, as they are not paid any wages, nor are the chambermaids in the hotels. A stranger does not understand this, and is usually surprised when he hears of it.

I once took a *fiaker* and told him to drive me to a certain street in Vienna ; he drove me to quite a different street, and I then asked him the reason why he had not driven me to the place I wanted to go to. He said, " I have driven you to a street close by, as I dare not drive you into the street you want to go, for I have too many debts in that street." I therefore got out where he put me down, and came back to him afterwards. The idea rather amused me, as it never happened to me anywhere else. It reminded me of one of Theodore Hook's novels—" Gilbert Gurney," I think it is called—where a man buys a horse, and the man who sells it to him tells him particularly not to ride in a certain street, as the horse always comes to grief in that street ; however, he does so once by accident, when a man rushes out of a house and

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seizes the horse by the bridle—it is a stolen horse that he has purchased !

A man I knew in Vienna, who was partly English, Baron Edlingen, his mother being an English lady, said that though he much preferred England to Austria, and London to Vienna, there were three good things in Vienna. I asked him what they were, when he said, “The *fiakers*, the ladies, and the music”; that everything else was perfectly detestable, but the three things he mentioned were admirable, and better in Vienna than elsewhere. The ladies have the reputation of being very pretty, which they undoubtedly are. You see some very good-looking ones indeed, and they are famous for their figures. With the exception of London I have never seen prettier women anywhere ; some of them are rather too stout, but when they are young they are remarkably pretty ; you cannot walk out without seeing some attractive faces in all classes of society. I think the aristocracy are the least good-looking, if you take them on the whole, though individually there are some who are really quite lovely ; for example, the young Comtesse Hunyadi, one of the Comtesses Zichy, Comtesse Mysa Wydenbruck Esterházy, the daughters of the Princess Auersperg, and a great many others I could name.

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The Austrian women, and more particularly the Viennese, age very soon. At thirty some of them are quite faded and *passée*. I have noticed this particularly with the Jewesses, who at twelve or thirteen years old are as developed as English girls of fifteen or sixteen ; but they fade as rapidly, besides becoming excessively stout, so much so, that an American doctor who was in Vienna for a few weeks last year said they were abnormally stout, and that he never saw such chests as some of the women had in Vienna. This abnormal stoutness is a peculiarity of the Jewesses, and, what is more, the Jews admire it ; and they do not consider that a woman is worth looking at who is not extremely stout, according to our English ideas ; thus all the Jewish beauties in Vienna are tremendously stout. With the aristocracy it is just the contrary ; a slender woman is more admired, but they think more of a good figure than they do of a pretty face.

There are some lovely young girls in Vienna, but unfortunately they do not retain their beauty ; whether it be the severe climate or not, I don't know, but they soon lose that beautiful pink and white complexion which they have ; it seems entirely to have left them at the age of seventeen or eighteen. I have noticed many

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instances of this kind, happening to young girls whom I have known in Vienna. I knew a young fair girl of thirteen who really was quite a remarkable beauty, and looked more like an English girl. She wore her golden hair in the English style, hanging down loose, and not as it is the fashion here, plaited and put up high; she had a most lovely pink and white complexion. But at fifteen her complexion had very much faded, her front teeth had decayed, she was abnormally stout, and she looked in long dresses more like a girl of eighteen or nineteen. An attaché of the Austrian Embassy in London once told me, speaking about an Austrian lady I knew, that I must not judge an Austrian lady by an English one, as they had quite different blood in their veins; that an English lady was so correct and particular in her affections, whereas an Austrian lady had southern blood, and could not control her passions, and that therefore things were pardoned in an Austrian lady which certainly would never be pardoned in an English one. Moreover, if an Austrian lady were fast they thought nothing of it, as they were all fast, and it was quite the exception not to be so. They think it the most natural thing in the world for a girl or woman to have lovers, and they are not particular about her having

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more than one either, if she likes ; their code of morality is quite different from ours in many respects. Even school-girls of twelve and thirteen have intrigues in Vienna, while in England they are quite looked upon as babies, and indeed they are babies ; but in Vienna they appear very much older than they really are, and constantly one sees girls of fourteen about five feet eight or more in height, which is a very rare occurrence with us. They appear much more advanced in many other respects. I fancy it must be a good deal, too, because they are obliged to go to a public school from eight till fourteen years of age, and afterwards those of the upper classes go to private schools, and the others finish their schooling at fourteen. It is extraordinary how many languages they learn besides their own—French, Hungarian, and the Czech language ; the latter they seem to pick up in Vienna. It is very difficult, and somewhat similar to Russian or Polish, being a Slav language, and some words are quite impossible to pronounce unless one learns them as a child.

The prettiest women in Austria are those from Moravia and Bohemia, a great many of whom are seen in Vienna. Their language is the Czech language, but they also speak German—the better classes of them at least do,

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and the others when they have been a short time in Vienna soon master it; their own language being so very difficult, they find other languages quite easy to learn. The Polish women are also remarkable for their beauty. Galicia, a part of Poland, belongs to Austria, and from hence come a great many Poles to Vienna. One of the loveliest girls I ever met in my life I saw on a steamer when I was going down the Danube between Linz and Vienna. She was a Polish girl from Cracow, in Galicia, Mlle. Sophie Kieszkowska, who had a beautiful *tint* and the most lovely golden hair I think I ever saw, and blue eyes, like the blue sky you see in Spain and southern countries, spoke French very well, and German but indifferently. I heard some time afterwards from the daughter of the governor of Galicia, Mlle. de Zalewski, that she was considered the belle of the balls she went to at Warsaw. I heard from Mlle. Kieszkowska several times. She always wrote in French to me. She eventually married a Polish count. She amused me very much by saying that she intended to marry in order to have more freedom to enjoy herself; that she considered a married lady had a right to have lovers, which was the opinion of most Polish girls, so she informed me.

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The German women in Vienna are like those in Germany, perhaps more refined-looking, as there is such a mixture of races in Vienna ; a pure-bred German woman is rather a rare thing in Vienna, unless she be of a real German family, and not of an Austrian one. There are some celebrated Hungarian beauties in Vienna, who are of a different type altogether, being mostly dark, with black or auburn hair, and they form quite a contrast to the Austrians, who for the most part are blonde. The Hungarians do not seem to stay long in Vienna, they come and go. I don't think they appreciate it so much as Budapest, for they always seem glad to return to their home. I had a fauteuil one night at the K.K. Hofoper during the performance of the ballet "Brahma," next to two ladies ; one was very blonde and a lovely woman of about three-and-twenty, and the other, her companion, was dark. I made their acquaintance, and in going out of the opera I offered the blonde my umbrella, as it was snowing. They invited me to accompany them home, as they lived quite close in the Maximilianstrasse, and they asked me if I would come to their apartment, but on seeing an old gentleman near their house, much to my amazement they suddenly rushed off and left me, evidently not wishing me to come with them.

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Several days passed and I had almost forgotten them, when one evening I went again to the K.K. Hofoper. Passing a gentleman to gain my seat, he asked me if I spoke English, and on hearing that I was English he exclaimed, "Thank God!" for he had not met any one who could speak English since he had been in Vienna. I found out that he was in the Service, like myself, and it was with him that I went to Schwenders' dancing place, which I have already described. Suddenly I perceived the two ladies sitting in precisely the same places as before, and talking to a general in uniform, who was standing up conversing with them. I related to my new acquaintance how I had made their acquaintance, and asked his advice whether to go up to them or not; he encouraged me to do so, however, but I felt rather ill at ease. Nevertheless I went, and they received me well. The blonde said to me in French that I was not to accompany them home, but did I know the Stadt Park?—if so, I was to meet her there the next day in the morning at a quarter to eleven. She said the hour in the German way, which is rather confusing to one who is not very conversant with German, as at that time I was not. I went the next morning at a quarter to eleven to the Stadt Park, and found no one there at all resembling her. I

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afterwards came to the conclusion that she meant a quarter past ten, as in German they say *ein viertel elf*, "a quarter eleven" being literally translated for a quarter past ten. She also told me she was going to the K.K. Hofoper two nights afterwards, as she had a subscriber's ticket, when they were giving "Tannhäuser," and asked me to come too. It so happened that on the night when "Tannhäuser" was to be given the programme was changed to "Il Trovatore," when subscribers' tickets were not available. I went, but of course did not see the two ladies. I only once caught sight of them during my stay in Vienna afterwards, driving in a *fiaker* very quickly, but they did not see me. I found out that the blonde lady was the Comtesse Gisela T. . . . and the other was her lady companion ; that she was the friend of an Archduke of Austria, who was very wealthy indeed ; and that she was considered one of the most beautiful Hungarians in Vienna. I heard quite by accident a good many years later that she had met with a most terrible death in Vienna. While smoking a cigarette, she put it behind her, probably to hide it for some reason, when her light muslin dress took fire and she was burnt to death. The only daughter of the Archduke Albrecht of Austria met with a similar death. She was only sixteen when,

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in the same manner, she lit a cigarette, and was burnt to death.

The Archduke Albrecht was the richest of the Archdukes ; the celebrated Albertina belonged to him, where are the finest engravings perhaps in Europe. I was much interested on visiting the collection of engravings at seeing one of the Viscountess Stormont, by J. R. Smith after Romney, and who was put down as being the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury. I told them of the error, and was thanked by the director, and I showed him a better proof of the same, a proof before letters, which I had from my grandfather, who was her son. They showed me a very fine collection of prints after Sir Joshua Reynolds, and also after Gainsborough and Romney ; but the director of the Albertina informed me that the best collection of English engravings was to be seen at the Hof Bibliothek, in Vienna, belonging to the Emperor, which is probably the best collection of English engravings in the world.

CHAPTER XI

VIENNA—THE MILITARY

VIENNA has rather a large garrison, but there is only one regiment of lancers stationed there at a time, which constantly changes ; one regiment of hussars is quartered near Vienna, and this also is changed very often. There are several infantry regiments in Vienna quartered there for a short period, but the regiment of Arciren Guard, corresponding to our Life Guards, remains permanently there, as also do the Hungarian Guards, which are either in Vienna or Budapest. The uniform of the lancers is blue with bordeaux-red facings, and the *uhlanka* they wear in winter is trimmed with astrakhan fur ; it is short, like the tunic, and the officers have behind their tunic a fringe in gold lace between the two buttons, and the soldiers have the same in yellow cotton braid. The *czapka*, or helmet, is different from ours, the square at the top being more slanting and less high, and it looks better. It is covered in red cloth with gold braid crossing it. The officers have no gold lace on

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their tunic, except the fringe I have mentioned, and gold lace stars on their collar to tell their rank—a silver collar or a gold one, from a major upwards, according to the regiment. Every regiment of lancers has the same bordeaux-red facings, and there are fifteen regiments of lancers in Austria altogether; they are recruited from Bohemia and Galicia, and the officers have to know the Czech or the Polish language. The hussars are either light blue or dark blue; there are eight light blue regiments and eight dark blue regiments of hussars. The uniform is somewhat similar to our hussars, excepting that the tunic is shorter and braided with gold lace rather differently. I think their tunic, which is shorter, looks smarter than ours. I prefer it, too, to the Prussian hussars. The *attila* they only wear on grand occasions, but we have discarded it entirely. There are twelve regiments of dragoons; their uniform is light blue, with various-coloured facings, according to the regiment. For instance, white, yellow, black velvet, red, etc. etc., and the officers only wear a gold lace cord over one shoulder, from the collar to the shoulder for their belt, which is in silver. The officers wear no gold lace at all in the dragoon regiments, and their helmets are somewhat similar to our Dragoon Guards. The soldiers of

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the dragoon regiments are chiefly Austrians, and speak German, but those of the hussars are all Hungarians, and the officers are obliged to speak Hungarian. The uniform of the Arciren Guard is green with red facings, and white breeches with high boots ; the officers' uniform in full dress is red covered with gold lace, rather like our bandsmen of the Guards, but they never walk in this uniform. Upon coming from the K.K. Hofburg they drive in carriages supplied by the Emperor. The officers and men of the Arciren Guard wear long white coats, and their usual uniform is green with red facings. The Hungarian Guard undress uniform for officers is green with silver lace like hussars, and full dress is scarlet with silver lace, and a tiger skin which is very showy indeed. The line regiments' uniform used formerly to be white, but now it is dark blue, with different-coloured facings. The officers of the Hungarian regiments wear a tiger's claw in gold lace on the facings of the sleeve ; the men wear this in cloth on the sleeve, which distinguishes them from those belonging to Austrian regiments. The Hungarian regiments wear trousers quite tight-fitting to the leg, and the Austrian regiments ordinary trousers. No gold lace is worn by line officers, and when on duty they wear a

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yellow sash tied round the waist. Their shako is very similar to that worn by the French, and something like that which our infantry used to wear. The uniform of the artillery is brown with red facings and blue trousers ; their shako like the infantry shako, only having a large black plume twisted across the shako. The rifles wear a grey-blue uniform, with green facings ; their trousers being of the same colour, with a green stripe. The officers of the rifles have a very large green stripe down the trousers, and their shako has black plumes. Officers are not compelled, as with us, to take part in the daily parades and to march out with the regiment, for when they have served a few years they may take up office work entirely, when they are quite free from all parades and marching out with the regiment. They are much better treated than with us, for if they should meet with any accident they are not forced to retire from the service, but are employed for office work. Soldiering is more of a profession in Austria than it is with us. With our officers it is more of a luxury ; indeed, the general idea abroad is that an English officer serves for nothing but glory, and receives no pay at all. It is hard to convince foreigners of the contrary, and really there is some truth in it, for an English officer's pay is inade-

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quate for the position he holds in comparison with other professions in England.

In Austria there is no longer the same system of promotion as we have ; the promotion in regiments, which was done away with as in Germany several years ago, now takes place through the army according to seniority, and every one tells me it is an infinitely better system. A subaltern of the cavalry or infantry has to do precisely the same work as a non-commissioned officer with us ; and the leave an officer gets in the year is only six weeks at a time, though he can obtain leave for a few days very easily, and pretty often.

Officers have great privileges in Austria in the theatres or tramway or train ; they pay very much less, and they have also facilities for being employed in the diplomatic service, or as engineers, or on the railway, should they quit the service. Most of these advantages are quite unknown to us. In fact, our army officers are badly treated on the whole. In certain regiments they have customs which have been in existence for numbers of years ; for instance, in the Windischgrätz Dragoons the officers are not allowed to wear a moustache. This regiment is one of the most distinguished in Austria. In certain regiments of the hussars and dragoons there

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are only members of the aristocracy who are officers. In the Guards an officer can only serve for a few years, when he is then transferred to a cavalry regiment. In the Guards they must have at least an income of five thousand florins a year, and are mostly of the nobility. The landwehr or militia is not like our militia; the officers are employed all the year like the ordinary troops, only the landwehr is not thought so much of. There are lancers of the landwehr as well as infantry and rifles of the landwehr. The Austrian soldiers are very fine-looking men, and I have heard it said that if they had had such good officers as the Prussians in 1866 they would have beaten the Prussians. They have regiments of pioneers and a military train in Austria for constructing bridges across rivers, etc., which we have not, the work being done by the Royal Engineers with us. The regiments are numbered in Austria, but are usually called by the name of the owner of the regiment—for instance, one regiment is called Prince Ludwig von Bayern, another Prince Ruprecht von Bayern—or according to the general's name whom the regiment belongs to for the time being; and when he changes, it changes its name too. One thing I have not mentioned which is very remarkable with officers of the nobility is that they wear

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a brown overcoat instead of a black one which is worn by other officers not belonging to the nobility. Then those officers who have fifteen ancestors on their father's and mother's side wear a small gold band on the right side between two gold buttons, which means that they are chamberlains of the Emperor ; and the small gold cord is for the key of a chamberlain, which, however, they do not wear.

Only those people who are titled are privileged to go to the Ball bei Hof given at the K.K. Hofburg by the Emperor ; not even officers can go if they are not titled. Some years ago a great deal of fuss was made about an English lady who was present at the Ball bei Hof who had no title. It was explained to the Austrians that though she had no title she was a niece of an English duke, and that her ancestors were titled. They accepted these facts, though they did not much like them, and they did not understand how it was that the lady herself had no title. A year or two ago a great sensation was created at the Ball bei Hof by a Countess Festetics being requested to leave the ball ; the Countess protested, and produced her invitation, which was quite *en règle*, but the invitation was intended for another Countess Festetics, and had been wrongly addressed. The countess who went to the

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ball was a lady who was not of noble birth. Consequently when it was discovered that she was present she was requested to leave the ball-room. The newspapers took the matter up, some being in favour and some against the Countess, but the general opinion was that she ought not to have gone to the ball, as she must have known that she was not what they call in Vienna *hof fähig*, which means entitled to attend a Court ball.

There is another Court ball which is called Hof Ball which is quite distinct from the Ball bei Hof, in that those who are invited to the ball are officials of state, officers of high rank, and their wives and others who could not be invited to the Ball bei Hof. Some years ago, during the Empress of Austria's life and when she attended the balls at Court, Baron Rothschild and his relations were not privileged to attend the Court balls, but since the Princess Metternich interceded for them they, as well as other barons and their wives, have been allowed to attend the Court balls. The etiquette used to be very strict when the Empress was young, but latterly, as she was never present, she did not much care what took place at these balls nor who went to them.



EYONIS VECSEI



ALLE SOPHIE DE KILSKOWSKA

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At the Hof Ball there are generally from sixteen hundred to two thousand people present, while at the Ball bei Hof only seven hundred to eight hundred people are invited. Supper is provided most liberally ; each guest is allowed to take away with him half a kilo of sweets if he cares to do so. A fortnight before the ball the orders are given for the finest salmon, trout, turbot, and lobsters to be had ready. For one ball alone thirty-five deer are required, which are served cold as a principal dish. Chicken, roast beef, tongue, *pâté de foie gras*, are among the other dishes. All kinds of pastry and sweets are served, the latter being wrapped up in paper having the photographs of the members of the Imperial family upon it. The wines play an important part, although the countesses drink only almond milk and lemonade, and the arch-duchesses exclusively tea ; but the gentlemen drink wine. With the fish and cold meat and chicken a glass of French red wine or Rhine wine is drunk, but the principal beverage at the Court balls is champagne. The Imperial Burg only knows of the existence of one mark, and that is Moët et Chandon, which the Emperor himself drinks, and which he has served to his guests. The average consumption during one evening is five hundred bottles ; the same quantity for the Hof Ball as for the Ball bei Hof.

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Most of the guests at the Hof Ball take their supper at the two beautifully constructed buffets in the new room ; and only the archduchesses with the ambassadresses and ladies-in-waiting at Court sit in the tea-room, to which a staircase leads at the end of the ball-room. At the Ball bei Hof the tables are laid for eight hundred guests, and the people sit down ten at each table. The most magnificent hot-house plants are employed—azaleas, roses, lilac, orchids, all in full blossom, as well as the exotic plants from the palm-houses in the K.K. Hofburg, to decorate the ball-room and the adjoining rooms for the Hof Ball, and the new room and the galleries for the Ball bei Hof. Besides this there are five hundred most charming bouquets, which have white ribbons attached to them, and these are employed for the cotillon. Twelve large bouquets with the choicest flowers are made up for the archduchesses, and if there be a *débutante* among the number, she receives white flowers—lilies of the valley and white orchids. A week before the ball everything is put in readiness as far as possible, and upon the day before an inspection is made by a commission appointed expressly. The Emperor himself takes a great interest in it, and they say no one knows more what is necessary than he does ; when everything is not quite in order, or if anything goes

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amiss, he is the first to find fault. A good deal has been changed in modern times, but the Court balls in Vienna always maintain the traditions of the oldest Court in Europe, and manage to keep up their old device of *noblesse oblige*.

CHAPTER XII

VIENNA—THE ARISTOCRACY

SOCIETY in Vienna is very much divided. There are what they call the *aristokraten*, the families of the Prince Auersperg, Prince Lichtenstein, Prince Schwarzenberg, Princes and Comte Kinsky, Prince Trauttmansdorff, Count Pálffy, and some others who form the highest society; then there is the financial nobility—Baron Rothschild and family, the Barons Springer and Baron Todesco, and several others; then the smaller nobility—the titled officers and their wives and the statesmen; then the untitled officers and their wives and the middle class; then the middle-class Jews, who consist chiefly of bankers, doctors of law and of medicine, and some state officials. Of late years all these classes meet at certain balls, but they rarely marry out of their class, and if they do the Vienna world is always shocked, and they talk about it for weeks and sometimes months afterwards. The lady who marries into a higher class very rarely if ever enters into the society of that class, unless she be a foreigner.

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If she be an Austrian, as, for instance, the newly-married Fräulein Renard, who was the principal singer at the K.K. Hofoper, and has now become a Countess Kinsky, there is not the slightest chance of her getting into her husband's family set, which, indeed, she never tries to do.

Several of the nobility have married actresses in Vienna. Fräulein Palmáy, the famous operatic singer, is a Countess Kinsky, and she still sings in Pesth and Vienna; and Fräulein Dirkens is now Baroness Hamerstein, and still sings at the Karl Theatre. There are also very many others I could name, but they keep in the set they belonged to before they married, whether they be rich or poor, or whether they leave the stage or not. It must not be imagined that they are prejudiced against actresses, for if a young girl of the middle class marries into one of the aristocratic families, she is treated exactly in the same manner as an actress would be treated—simply ignored.

It is astonishing what a great deal the people of the rich middle class think of the *aristokraten*, as they call them; they look upon them as belonging altogether to a different sphere from themselves, and it is amusing sometimes to see how they cringe to them. I have

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witnessed this in several instances. I have known several very rich men belonging to the middle class who have not dined at the Hôtel Bristol or Hôtel Imperial because they have said they were only hotels for the aristocracy, and therefore they could not be seen dining there, lest an *aristokrat* might be dining there at the same time. An officer of the lancers who came with me once to meet a lady and her husband at a café told me that he could not go to that café often, as it was used chiefly by line officers, with whom, as a cavalry officer, he could not associate.

The principal *salons* besides those of the Princes Auersperg and Lichtenstein and Schwarzenberg, are those of the Prince Windischgrätz, Comtes Schönburg, Chotek, Hardegg, Clam Gallas, Schaffgotsch, Hoyos, Colloredo, Princes Salm and Thurn und Taxis. At the majority of these houses balls or dinner-parties are rarely given; they have merely receptions at which their friends and relations are alone present. The only member of these families I have mentioned who gives regularly two balls during the winter and several dances is the Prince Auersperg, whose balls are one of the chief events of the winter season, and are well attended, for there are generally about four or five hundred people invited. Of course

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everything is done on a grand scale by the Princess, who owns one of the most delightful palaces in Vienna.

The Viennese do not give dinner-parties, as in Paris and London. I was told that the only man in Vienna who gives dinner parties is Baron Albert Rothschild. He lived a good deal in England, and his brother, Ferdinand de Rothschild, lived and died in England. Baron Albert Rothschild is the head of the Viennese house of Rothschild. I have constantly seen him in his box at the Hofoper, and always with Countess Wydenbruck and her daughter. The Countess's husband was in the diplomatic service, and for some time Minister at Peking. The Princess Pauline Metternich organizes balls and fêtes, but they are not given at her palace, which would be too small for that. She is always very ably assisted in her arduous work by the Comtesse Nadine Kolowrat and the Comtesse Henrietta Chotek, and sometimes, too, by the pretty Comtesse Mysa Wydenbruck Esterházy.

The Archduchess Marie Josepha, the wife of Archduke Otto, who have their palace in the Augarten, only holds receptions. Her *grande maîtresse de la cour* is the Countess Attems, and her ladies-in-waiting are the lovely Comtesse Sophie Zamoyska and her sister, Comtesse Eleonore Zamoyska, and the Marchioness Pallavicini, whose sister is an

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English lady, and whom I have mentioned before. The Duke of Beaufort Spontin, whose wife was a *Princesse de Ligne* before she married, used to entertain in his palace here a good deal, but since his daughter's marriage with the Prince *Issenburg Birstein* he and his wife are very little in Vienna. I knew him from meeting him at Miss *Fanny Parnell's* in Paris, before he was married, and I have already alluded to him. The English ambassador, Sir *Francis Plunket*, gives some dinner parties at the British Embassy and receptions. Those who know him like him very much, and admire his daughter, who is considered a beauty. Lady *Plunket* is an American by birth. The *Marquis de Bois Hébert* was dining with the *Duchess of Cumberland* when the guests were placed at separate small tables. Lady *Plunket* was rather indignant at the table at which she was placed, and said that as the English ambassadress she thought she would have received a better place, when the *Duchess of Cumberland* came to her and said : " I put you at my table because I thought you would like to sit next to me." Lady *Plunket* had no idea that she was placed at the *Duchess of Cumberland's* table, or, without doubt, she would not have made any complaint.

Austrian ladies of the best society talk French a

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great deal. They often introduce French sentences while speaking German, just as the Russians do, but they do not speak French with nearly such a pretty accent as the Russian ladies do. There is something charming in hearing a Russian lady talk French ; she modulates her voice, and seems at times almost to sing. Frenchmen have often told me that Russian ladies speak French more correctly than they do, as they speak the French that was spoken in the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XV, and not the more modern French, which is filled with slang terms. The Austrians of the best society, unlike the French and the English, who love to entertain people at balls, parties, and dinners, only invite a few relations and friends to their houses, while amusements such as balls and parties are rarely given by them. Hence it is that there are so many subscription balls in Vienna, and these are extremely popular. It may be that the rooms in the private houses, with the exception of the palaces, of which there are many, are not suitable for entertaining a great number of people. But some of the palaces belong to families who never entertain from one year's end to another, and some belong to royalty, who merely give a few formal dinners, which they are obliged to do. Very often the Hôtel Bristol is chosen by an archduke

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in which to give a ball or dinner party, and sometimes it is hired for a wedding of the aristocracy.

Society in Vienna is not as in Paris and London, where there is only one society really—in Paris that of the Faubourg St. Germain, and in London that of the highest aristocracy. In Vienna there are cliques among the aristocracy, Austria being a country formed out of many different nationalities. The family of the Prince Schwarzenberg is of a Bohemian family, and at his palace in Vienna they talk the Czech language, and not one word of German is ever spoken by them. The Count Potocki is a Pole, and frequents chiefly the Polish society in Vienna, as do many other families of the Polish aristocracy. The family of the Count Chotek and Prince Windischgrätz is Bohemian, and that of Prince Lichtenstein and Prince Auersperg Austrian, while the families of Counts Hoyos and Clam Gallas are Hungarian, and there is very little sympathy between Austrians and Hungarians.

CHAPTER XIII

VIENNA—THE IMPERIAL FAMILY—CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH

WHEN the Empress of Austria was alive her *grande maîtresse de la cour* was the Countess Harrach, née Princess Thurn und Taxis, and her favourite ladies-in-waiting were the Countess Sztaray and Comtesse Ida Ferenczy. The two latter were with her when she was assassinated at Geneva. From all accounts the Empress did not know that she was seriously wounded at first ; she showed great courage, as she always did in danger, but when she lost consciousness she was taken back to the hotel, and died shortly afterwards. I remember seeing the Empress in her younger days landing at Dover ; she had remained on deck all the time, as she always did by preference. She looked remarkably beautiful in those days, and was dressed in a dress of violet velvet, trimmed with sable fur, and wore a round velvet hat with a white osprey feather. When she landed a good-looking young Austrian with a fair moustache kissed her hand and

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presented her with a lovely bouquet ; and she entered the train and continued her journey to Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight.

Once on a visit to our late Queen Victoria the Empress of Austria was obliged to go on foot to the Windsor station, and she took some refreshments at Layton's, the famous pastry-cook shop near the station ; it was the last visit she ever paid to our late Queen. The Empress was a great favourite with the Hungarians, but she was never very popular with the Austrians, not even at Ischl, where she resided for so long. The Austrians were jealous that she should prefer living abroad or in Bavaria to living in Austria. Vienna saw very little of the Empress ; her sojourn there never lasted longer than a few days at a time. In her youth the Empress delighted in Vienna ; and one day she went for a walk alone in the Kärnthnerstrasse. A mob collected outside the shop she went into, and this becoming known at Court, one of her ladies-in-waiting explained to the young Empress that as an Empress she ought not to do such things. The Empress was annoyed to such an extent that she never walked out in Vienna alone again ; and she took a dislike to the formalities of Court life and its restrictions, so that it was quite a relief for her to get

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away to the highlands of Bavaria, where she could enjoy her freedom. The Archduchess Sophia, her mother-in-law, was very hard upon her, and treated her more like a child, as she was only fifteen when she first married the Emperor. The intrigues at Court were chiefly directed against the Empress by the Austrian ladies of the nobility, who expected her to behave more like a sedate old lady than a young girl.

Her marriage with the Emperor of Austria was undoubtedly a love match. It was always desired that he should marry her eldest sister, who afterwards married the Prince Thurn und Taxis, but the Emperor fell desperately in love with the fourteen-year-old girl, almost at first sight, and when the parents thought it was impossible for their youngest daughter to marry the Emperor, they spoke to their daughter, who said she saw no reason why she should not marry him, and seemed delighted at the idea. The Empress was always called "Sissy" by her parents and by the Emperor, and for the first year or two, apart from the *désagrémens* of Court intrigues, their marriage was a happy one. Later on troubles of different sorts came, which were the cause of the Empress being so much away from Austria. It is true that the Empress stayed at Gödöllő, in Hungary, for

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some time, when a kind of reconciliation took place between them. In the last years of her life she was more with the Emperor.

That the Empress was in her younger days a great admirer of Count Andrassy is also an open secret in Austria; his nephew was a particular friend of mine, Baron Félix Bodog Orczy, the father of the authoress of the "Scarlet Pimpernel," Baroness Orczy. He was the Hof Intendant at Pesth, and the composer of an opera "Il Rinegato," performed at Her Majesty's, in London, which he conducted himself the first time it was performed. Baron Orczy used to speak most highly of the Empress, whom he knew personally, and whom he said every Hungarian perfectly adored. One day the Empress gave a beggar whom she met in the street some silver, and meeting a very pretty beggar-girl later, the Empress gave her a gold piece; when her lady-in-waiting asked why she had given her so much, the Empress replied that she had always sympathy with a pretty girl, and that she was fond of everything beautiful.

I was one whole summer at Ischl when the Empress was there at her villa, but I never saw her once; she avoided seeing any one, and kept entirely in the grounds of her villa. Once at Baden-Baden I met her walking

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with her daughter Valérie in the gardens there. I took off my hat to her, and she gave me a gracious bow, and did not, as she used often to do, put her fan before her face. In Austria the people often complained that the Empress used on all occasions when she met people who recognized her to make use of her fan, which they resented, but I must say that the Austrians have a rude way of staring at anybody of consequence, and I can quite understand the Empress not liking to be thus looked at.

That the Empress was a first-class horsewoman all Englishmen know, and I heard "Bay" Middleton say once that when he piloted her out hunting, some of the jumps which she desired to take made him, an experienced rider, shudder. She had a wonderful nerve, and did not know what fear meant in riding. When she was quite young she used to play the zither very well. Her father, Herzog Max zu Bayern, was a noted zither player, and composed several airs for the zither, which are quite well known. Baron Orczy told me that often he played the zither with the Empress; as a player of the instrument myself, it interested me to hear anything about the zither. It is an instrument that one hears in almost every house in the highlands of Bavaria, and in Vienna

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it is a good deal cultivated ; there are some exceedingly fine players at zither concerts in the winter months.

The Empress spoke Hungarian very well, and English and French, of course, and in later years she learnt Greek.

It is astonishing how well and robust the Emperor looks for his age, and what an amount of work he does still ; he goes out shooting, and drives in all weathers. The Emperor resides at Schönbrunn when in Vienna, and drives back there to the castle every evening, coming into Vienna in the early part of the day. Very often he goes on a visit to his daughter Valérie, who has a number of small children. His granddaughter has lately married the Prince Windischgrätz ; she was the only daughter of the late Crown Prince Rudolph. The marriage was a love match, but when they had been married only about one year they quarrelled on account of an actress at Prague, who was fired at by the Princess. The actress has since died of the wound. The Emperor, in consequence of this event, did not attend the baptism of the son of the Archduchess Princess Windischgrätz. The whole affair caused a painful sensation at the Court in Vienna, though it has been hushed up as most events of the kind are.

The Emperor seems to have had a good deal of trouble within the last few years, what with the sad death of the

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Empress, and his son's untimely end. The latter is kept a mystery more or less in Vienna, as no one is allowed to speak about it at Court, nor is anybody allowed to write about it in Austria. All the German books on the subject are not permitted to enter Austria. Many books have been published in Germany which give a perfectly untrue version of the Crown Prince's death, and they all purport to be the only true account; but as an A.D.C. of the Archduke Ferdinand once told me, they are all quite fictitious accounts.

I happened to be in town at the time of the Crown Prince's death, and went by chance to a German library near the Langham Hotel. I remarked to the bookseller, who was a German, how sad it was that the Crown Prince had committed suicide, whereupon he corrected me, and said that an Equerry of the Prince of Wales (now King Edward VII) had just been there, and, as the Prince of Wales was absent, he was obliged to reply to a telegram to the Emperor of Austria concerning the death of his son, in German. The equerry could not speak or write German, and begged the bookseller to write it for him, which he did, making use of the word suicide, but the equerry begged him to correct it, for it was not a suicide, he informed him. In the official reports it was stated

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that the Crown Prince had committed suicide, and it was not until I returned to Vienna that I learnt the true version of his death. It was through a young Austrian girl that I first heard the correct account, and she told me that on the evening of that eventful day the Crown Prince had arranged to meet the Baroness Vecsera at a house near Mayerling, but before he went there he met the gamekeeper's wife, with whom he had a little flirtation. The gamekeeper, not knowing who it was, fired, wounding the Prince in the back, but the wound was a slight one. He then went off to the house where he was to meet the young Baroness Vecsera, but upon his arrival whom did he see but Georg Baltazzi, who was desperately in love with the young Baroness, and they say wanted to marry her. Baltazzi and the Crown Prince came to words, and the former struck the Crown Prince with a lantern a blow on his temple, killing him at once. The young girl who told me this version of the story said she had heard it from the daughter of the coachman who had driven the Crown Prince that night, but the coachman and all witnesses of the affair were paid immense sums for life to keep the matter quite secret. She told me, too, that the young Baroness Vecsera was not killed, but that she was compelled to

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be dead to the world, and that she is still living in some small place in Bohemia. As for Baltazzi, he was forced to leave Austria at once, and went to America. The A.D.C. of the Archduke Ferdinand said, in relating the mysterious affair of the Crown Prince Rudolph, that the only points in which the version which I had heard differed from his were that the Crown Prince had been killed by a blow from a champagne bottle by Baltazzi, and that the young Baronesse Vecsera was killed by the Crown Prince. The Emperor, it is said, on hearing the version which was universally believed by the public, exclaimed that any version was better than the true version.

The Crown Princess Stephanie complained to the Emperor about the Baronesse Vecsera before this event ; and it was for that reason that the Crown Prince had been ordered to leave Vienna for the Herzegovina, and before starting had arranged to meet the Baronesse Vecsera at this house in Mayerling where the tragical event occurred. The Crown Prince, as well as the Crown Princess Stephanie, had desired a divorce, but this was not approved of by the Emperor. There can be little doubt that the Crown Princess irritated the Crown Prince by her jealousy. She had him followed wherever he went,

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and once she sent a royal carriage to wait for him at a house he called at when he did not wish it to be known that he was there. The Empress was very much distressed at the death of her son, and used always to avoid seeing the Crown Princess Stephanie afterwards.

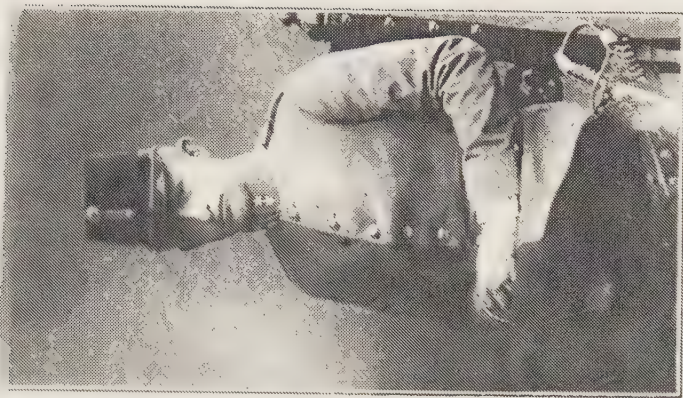
The granddaughter of the Empress, the Archduchess Elizabeth, was not allowed to leave Austria with her mother, the Crown Princess Stephanie, by order of the Emperor, though she was rarely ever with her grandmother the Empress. Since the death of the Crown Prince, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este is the heir to the throne, and he has married lately the Countess Chotek, who has been created Princess Hohenberg. The marriage is considered a morganatic one, and the Princess never goes to Court nor takes any part in Court festivities. The Princess Hohenberg is of Czech nationality, and of a high family in Bohemia. She is not very popular with her people, as she is said to be rather arrogant in her dealings with those beneath her. In Austria they consider the marriage a morganatic one, but this is not the case in Hungary. The Princess has one daughter. The Archduke Otto, the brother of Franz Ferdinand, has been married a long time to Josepha, daughter of the King of Saxony, and their eldest son is a lieutenant in a



THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH



CROWN PRINCESS STEPHANIE
(NOW COUNTESS JONVAY)



ARCHDUKE KARL FRANZ JOSEF, ELDEST
SON OF ARCHDUKE OTTO, AND FUTURE
EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

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lancer regiment. They have three other children besides. I heard through the Archduke Franz Ferdinand that this son of Otto will be the next Emperor of Austria. The Archduke Ferdinand is the third brother, but is not married, though it is now said that he is engaged to the daughter of a professor at Prague, who is of the middle class ; he commands a regiment of dragoons. The two elder brothers at one time were not very popular in Austria, but latterly they have gained much in popularity, especially the elder brother since his marriage. He seems a devoted husband, and this marriage was in opposition to the will of the Emperor at first. In making it he had to renounce a great deal ; for instance, his children can never succeed to the throne of Austria, nor can his wife ever be Empress of Austria. The Archduchess Elizabeth, in marrying the Prince Windischgrätz, had to renounce all rights to the throne of Austria for herself and her children. The Archduke Ludwig Victor, the Emperor's brother, is unmarried, and belongs to an order of knights, the German Ritter Order, who may not marry ; but he goes much into society, and represents the Emperor at several fêtes and balls.

The Crown Princess Stephanie has renounced her title and married the Count Lonyay, a Hungarian nobleman,

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and is now simply styled Countess Lonyay. There have been various rumours of her obtaining a separation from her husband, but he appears very much attached to her, and is always with her ; lately she has been very ill. The Archduke Eugène, a cousin of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, is one of the finest men in Vienna, being over six feet in height ; as he walks about the town a mob generally follows him out of curiosity. He is a knight of the Deutscher Ritter Order, and cannot marry. The Archduke Eugène is one of the most popular of the archdukes in Austria. The Archduke Frederick, the husband of the Archduchess Isabella, is greatly beloved by the Hungarians ; they prefer him to any of the Imperial family. The Bohemians like the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, especially since his marriage with the Comtesse Chotek, who is a Bohemian.

The Emperor is very generous to his relations, and there is not one member of his family to whom he gives less than two thousand pounds a year *apanage*. The head of the house in every titled family in Austria has to give an *apanage* to the other members of the family.

One thing I have not mentioned, and it is certainly worth seeing in Vienna—the Emperor's stables, and his magnificent horses. The Emperor puts at the disposal of

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some of the members of his family who cannot afford to keep them certain carriages and horses. The Spanish riding-school in the Imperial stables is, according to a well-known American rider, the finest in the whole world. He assured me that he had never seen anything to compare with it anywhere. Any one, on payment, can learn riding in the Spanish riding-school, where chiefly the *haute école* is taught. The Empress used to ride there constantly when she stayed in Vienna, and was very clever at the *haute école*, which interested her immensely.

CHAPTER XIV

VIENNA—DOCTORS AND LAWYERS

VIENNA has a very celebrated school of medicine. Students come from America and England to study medicine there, and the professors of medicine are some of the most celebrated in the world. Professor Baron Krafft Ebing, who has died this year, was very celebrated in the treatment of nervous diseases; he has been replaced by Professor Wagner von Jaurez, who has also made a great name for himself. Professor Schrötter, who treated the late Emperor of Germany, is also a celebrity for throat diseases in Vienna, and Professor Hofrath Shauta is famous for women's complaints. The Duchess of Marlborough comes every year to be under the treatment of a celebrated professor for a throat trouble she has been suffering from; and there are many Americans as well as English who come to Vienna to undergo operations, as the private hospitals are perfect in their way, though rather expensive from an Austrian point of view. In severe operations the richest people

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are taken to the Sanatorium Loew, where everything is beautifully organized, the best professors being called in to attend to the patients. I have been to the Sanatorium to visit a patient there, and can testify to the admirable way in which invalids are looked after ; they have sisters from a convent to wait on the sick, and, if necessary, a nurse besides, who is paid extra. The attendance they receive is generally much better than that they would receive at home even in the most wealthy establishments.

The fee for a professor of medicine is five or ten florins for a visit at his house, but for operations very often as high fees as they charge in England are demanded from foreigners. The dentist who has the greatest reputation in Vienna is Dr. Thomas, an Austrian, naturalized in America, who is at the same time a very crack shot, quite the best in Austria. Dr. Thomas once told me a very amusing story about himself. He went when in New York to a shooting gallery where there was a figure of a man to shoot at. He asked the man there what part of the figure he should hit, and the man replied that he was lucky if he hit it at all at that distance. Dr. Thomas said : " I will see if I cannot hit the right eye," and, to the great surprise of the man, he hit it exactly in the

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centre of the eye. Then he asked the man what other part he should aim at, when the man laughed and said, "It was quite a fluke your touching the right eye, I suppose. Now see if you cannot hit the left eye"; which Dr. Thomas did, to the man's great amazement. The man then said: "Who the devil are you? For I know all the best shots in New York, and you are none of these; there is only one man whom I don't know who could perform such a feat, and that is Dr. Thomas, of Vienna." Dr. Thomas replied: "I am Dr. Thomas, of Vienna."

An English lady went to Dr. R—— to have some teeth stopped, and that dentist told her after some visits that he should advise her to have two bridges made. She allowed him to make them for her, and altogether she paid him about thirty visits, when, to her astonishment, he sent in a bill for close on one hundred pounds. Naturally she protested, and it nearly came to a lawsuit, but an expert was asked his opinion, and he coolly said, "I should have charged two hundred pounds." It appears that in Vienna, unlike Germany, a dentist may charge what he pleases. In Germany there is a regular rate, and it is always best to ask what they are going to charge beforehand, and to bargain with them if necessary.

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There are some very good lawyers in Vienna ; one of the most celebrated is Dr. Victor Rosenfeld, who is what they call a *vertheidiger*, or one who pleads a case. He is very good in certain divorce cases and in criminal cases ; he makes more than any other lawyer in Vienna, and his charges are high compared to others, but he is much more honest than most of them, and tells you at once what the case will cost, or thereabouts, before undertaking it, which most of them don't. An *advokat* like Dr. Victor Rosenfeld is very much like our barrister, though he sees his clients and they consult him personally. A solicitor in Vienna is a common man, who does the work of our solicitor, and lives in the same house, or rather in the same office, as the barrister, but he is rarely consulted by clients, though he knows as much of his work as our solicitors do.

The office work done by clerks in England is done entirely by young girls in Austria, who do it quite as well, if not better, than our clerks, and are paid much less. In a solicitor's office they smoke cigarettes all day long. Dr. Sigmund Kranz is also a very good *advokat*. He is very rich and lives in the Palais Pálffy ; his wife has her carriage, and box at the K.K. Hofoper and also at the Hofburg Theatre,

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and she is always beautifully dressed at all the smart balls to which she goes ; she speaks English quite well, and is considered a Vienna beauty. The judges in Austria are never chosen from the lawyers or *advokaten*, as with us ; they consider that it would not be fair upon the public. The judges have to make different studies, and have to rise gradually till they become judges. In all important trials there are always three judges in court to decide a case. They have three courts—the Landesgericht, the Oberlandesgericht, and then comes the highest court of appeal, the Oberste Gerichtshof. In very important trials, where the two parties are not contented with the decision, they often put their case before all three courts, ending with the Oberste Gerichtshof, which finally decides the matter.

The laws are quite different from ours. For instance, if anybody comes before the court some inquiry has to be made into his or her former life, and if a woman has not led a very exemplary life up to the time of the trial, no credence is placed in her statements. A woman generally fares badly in Austria in a trial, but not quite so badly as in Germany. Austrian divorce laws are quite different from ours. If two people desire a divorce and they are Protestants, they at once obtain it ; but if one

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party does not desire it then it is rather difficult, unless one of them has given cause for a divorce ; or, indeed, if both of them have behaved badly, in that event they can obtain their divorce. It is not as with us, that the judge refuses it on that plea. The judge in Austria always tries to reconcile the two, and to prevent them from divorcing, which he endeavours to do up to the very last moment of the trial. In Austria, if either the husband or the wife should be a Catholic, then a divorce is refused at once, as Catholics are not allowed to marry again if they have been married before. Sometimes people in Austria change their religion because they think that then they will be enabled to marry again, after having been divorced ; but this is not the case, as they very soon discover. The law says that anybody having been a Roman Catholic and married as such, is always a Roman Catholic, and therefore not entitled to re-marry during the lifetime of either party.

I knew an Austrian lady who married as a Roman Catholic, and about six months after she obtained what they term a *scheidung*, which is a kind of separation. Being only twenty-three, she thought she would like to marry again, and she became a Protestant and a naturalized Hungarian, but she was told that if she married

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again and came back to Vienna she would be imprisoned, because the law looked upon her as a Roman Catholic ; consequently, if she got a divorce in Hungary, which she could easily have done, it would not have altered matters. I imagine this is the reason why in Vienna there are so many young separated women who have so many intrigues ; they find they cannot legally marry again, so they do not care what they do.

CHAPTER XV

VIENNA--THE MINISTRY AND CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE

THERE are very few of the Ministry in Vienna who entertain at all. Herr von Bilinska, the late Minister of Finances, and now Governor of the Austro-Hungarian Bank, gives some smart parties to his friends and relations, and Frau von Bilinska is a charming lady, and much liked. Count Welsersheimb, the late Minister of War, has three charming daughters, and their *salon* is much frequented by the aristocracy and others, but they give merely receptions. Herr von Kallay, the Minister for Bosnia-Herzegovina, has a wife and two really lovely daughters, who entertain a great deal ; the official world and the *corps diplomatique* are usually well represented there. Herr von Jendrzewicz also one of the Ministry, entertains the Polish society in Vienna. His wife is a very great favourite with the Poles.

Count Kielmansegg is the Governor of Lower Austria, and his wife, the Countess, is a great musician, besides being a good singer and actress, and they entertain

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considerably, but never give balls, simply dinner-parties. The other ministers do not entertain at all, and there is little or nothing to say about them in that respect. Count Badeni, the former Prime Minister, is a Pole of Italian origin, his ancestor having been an Italian cook to the King of Poland. The Count as Prime Minister did not please the Austrians, as he only thought of favouring the Poles while he was in office. Count Badeni is an immensely stout man, and does not give one the idea of being very intelligent, though his looks belie him, as he is very wideawake upon the interests of Poland. Herr von Koerber, the present Prime Minister, is a tiny man with a squint, who wears glasses, and to look at him one would be inclined to distrust him ; but the Emperor is pleased with him, and he tries to please all parties in Austria ; in reality he pleases none. How much longer he will remain Prime Minister is a doubtful question.

Count Tisza, the new Hungarian Prime Minister, is young for his position, being a little over forty ; he seems very energetic, and has maintained his place up till now. He often indulges in a slap against Koerber, whom he cannot endure. Count Tisza is the son of the celebrated Count Tisza who was Prime Minister during the Empress of Austria's lifetime, and he lives in Hungary,

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rarely coming to Vienna, except to see the Emperor. Prince Rudolph Lichtenstein is the Emperor's Obersthofmeister, and is a good-looking old gentleman, always in uniform, who drives a mail phaeton, and is constantly at the Hofoper, alone in his box. Prince Montenuovo holds the same office as the former, and has a very pretty daughter, who lately married, and a very nice-looking son, who reminds me always of an Eton boy. The Prince is very wealthy, and lives in grand style; his horses and carriages are as fine as the Emperor's. When he entertains he does everything quite royally, but it is not often that he does so. The Prince is often to be seen in his box at the Hofoper with his family; he prefers light operas and ballets to the heavy German operas.

The German Ambassador at the time of which I write was the Prince zu Eulenburg, whose wife and two very pretty daughters received at the German Embassy every Thursday afternoon, and gave five-o'clock teas. His daughters are not only very charming, but they are most talented; they are musical and speak several languages fluently. The Prince had just been recalled to Berlin, and was leaving the Embassy at once; his family, indeed, had been absent from Vienna for some time already. The young countesses used to go to theatres and places

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of amusement alone, just like English girls do. Austrian girls are very much restricted in Vienna; they enjoy little freedom, and are almost always accompanied by a kind of duenna. The young countesses were often seen driving in the Prater, and wherever there was anything like a bazaar or fête they always took part in it. They must have been a very great loss to Vienna society, as there were no young girls of the other embassies who could compare with them either for beauty or amiability. The Russian Ambassador at Vienna at the time was the Count Kapnist, who has since died. His wife, the Countess, was a daughter of the Countess Stenbock Fermor, *née* Princess Dolgorouki. I made the acquaintance of the mother and daughter at Franzensbad years ago, when the present Countess Kapnist was a young girl of fourteen with fair hair hanging loose and with blue eyes, looking almost like an English girl. She has turned out to be very delicate, and is very rarely in Vienna, so the Ambassador did not entertain much.

The French Ambassador is the Marquis de Reverseaux, who is very popular indeed in Vienna. He has lately married a French widow, an old love of his, I am told; and they give frequent dinner-parties at the Embassy to the diplomatic world. The Marquis de la Guiche is

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one of the secretaries, whose wife is rather nice-looking, and they also entertain a good deal. The Prince de Béarn, third secretary, is quite a young fellow, who throws about his money a good deal, but he is immensely wealthy. The Comte de Lastour, who has just married, is also at the French Embassy, and they go a good deal into society, and one meets them at all the balls. At the Spanish Embassy the Marquis Hoyos and the Marquise give the usual dinner-parties, and the only society-going member is Señor Don Aguerra, whom I know quite well, and who seems to enjoy life very much. He is to be seen everywhere where there is anything worth seeing. I forgot to mention the Prince Schönburg-Walburg at the German Embassy, and who only speaks German; he is now second secretary in St. Petersburg. He told me he did not care at all for Vienna; his opinion of Austrian ladies amused me. They were very nice to flirt with, but he would not marry one for anything; he would marry either an English lady or a German one.

CHAPTER XVI

VIENNA—THE OPERA AND THE BALLET

THE Hofopern-Theater in Vienna as a building can compare very well with that of Paris. Some people prefer the Paris Opéra-house, while others like that of Vienna. The Vienna Hofopern-Theater is quite as imposing, but quieter in many ways. There are not so many statues outside, and it does not appear so gorgeous. Nevertheless, I think I prefer the Vienna Hofopern-Theater as a building. The inside of the Paris Opéra is certainly more luxurious than the Vienna one, but many people like the Vienna house even better from the inside, and I think I almost do too. The Paris Opéra-house is so much draped that it is very bad for sound, while no fault is to be found with the Vienna Hofopern-Theater in that way; it is almost as perfect as La Scala at Milan for sound, and the latter is considered incomparable. The foyer in Paris is magnificent, and in Vienna, with the painting after M. von Schwind, it is very fine indeed. The staircase is much

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grander in Paris ; in Vienna it is also of white marble, but its appearance is simpler, and yet the general effect is very good.

The price of the places is very much higher in Paris ; for the *fautcuil d'orchestre* one pays fourteen francs, while in Vienna one pays only from four florins fifty kreuzers, which is equal to nine francs, to three florins, seven francs. In Paris the *fautcuils de balcon* are eighteen francs each, while in Vienna they have none at all, only boxes, which are much cheaper than in Paris. When I first went to Vienna I was told that only those people of the nobility who had fifteen ancestors on both their father's and mother's side were entitled to have a box on the first tier ; but that custom seems entirely to have been abolished, for, apart from the Imperial boxes which are close to the stage on either side, the others belong to subscribers, such as Baron Albert Rothschild, Frau von Kallay, the wife of a minister, Frau Dittmar, the wife of a rich fabricant of lamps, and many others not of the higher aristocracy.

The orchestra of the K.K. Hofoper is the same as the Philharmonic Society or *Philharmoniker*, which has the reputation of being the finest orchestra in the world. At the Philharmonic concerts there are one hundred and

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twenty musicians ; at the K.K. Hofoper there are not so many, about eighty or ninety, excepting, of course, for Wagner's operas, when the orchestra is considerably increased in number. They have now lowered the position of the orchestra, so that from the *fauteuils* one can only see the heads of the musicians, which is certainly an advantage in one respect, since during a ballet one can now see the feet of the *danseuses*, which formerly was not the case. The director of the Hofopern-Theater, Mahler, did not, however, have it lowered for that reason, as he perfectly hates the ballet, but to impart a different sound to the orchestra, as at Bayreuth, where it is deemed a great success. In Vienna it does not appear to have made the difference in sound that was expected of it, so there is now a talk of having it further lowered.

During my first visit to Vienna I had the pleasure of seeing Wagner conduct his operas "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," when the finest singers that could be obtained sang in the two operas. Fräulein Ehnn sang the part of Elsie in "Lohengrin," and Winkelmann sang the part of Lohengrin. In "Tannhäuser," besides Fräulein Ehnn, who had a glorious voice and was young and pretty, and who had a world-renowned reputation, Frau Materna sang ; also Winkelmann, the famous

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tenor, and Fräulein Wildt, who was quite as good as Frau Materna in her style. Fräulein Wildt some years afterwards committed suicide by throwing herself out of window from her apartment in Vienna. Wagner was staying at the Imperial Hotel at that time with his little son, who was then eight years old, and some one asked the child how long his father was going to stay in Vienna, when the child said: *Wir sind gar nicht zufrieden mit Wien, und gedenken sehr bald abzureisen.* ("We are not at all pleased with Vienna, and think of leaving it very shortly.") The child evidently expressed very naively the opinion of his father, who did not pronounce any opinion himself at the time of his stay; but in his books he has alluded to Vienna with a certain amount of contempt, calling it a town of *Halb Asien* (Half Asia). Wagner detested the Jews, as everybody knows, and Vienna swarms with Jews. At the time Wagner was in Vienna the Jews did not much appreciate his operas, but now they quite rave about him, and when one of his operas is given it is almost impossible to secure a place at any price, except by taking it a week beforehand.

At that time Schumann's music to "Manfred," by Lord Byron, used to be given at the K.K. Hofoper. The poem was recited with appropriate costumes and scenery, and

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it always pleased immensely ; now it is never given ; it seems to have left the *répertoire* entirely. I suppose taste has changed since then, but they often give some inferior operas, which the public seem to appreciate, such as " Louise," by Charpentier. " Louise " cost no end of money to mount, and those who go to it go chiefly for the magnificent scenery and lights which are shown on the stage in all kinds of colours. Mahler is very fond of reviving forgotten operas, some of which have little to recommend in them, such as " Euryanthe," of Weber ; and he has lately revived " La Juive," of Halévy, which is certainly better than the former, but rather out of date. It is really admirably mounted, and the costumes are very fine. The *divertissement* is prettily arranged for the ballet to the rather pretty music, in which the flute plays a solo part during most of the time. The " Dame Blanche " of Boieldieu is among the operas Mahler has revived, but the public does not seem to care for it. Mahler is very fond of Wagner's operas, especially the " Nibelungen Ring," which is constantly given.

When I was first in Vienna they often gave a ballet called " Brahma," by D'All'argine, which filled up the whole of the evening, in which the celebrated Bertha Linda danced the chief part. She was a lovely woman,

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and very graceful in her attitudes. Bertha Linda was the wife of Makart, the celebrated painter, and after his death she married an Austrian count. The principal *mime* at that time was Fräulein Abel, who had a lovely figure, and married the Count Orsich, who is enormously rich, and keeps several race-horses in Hungary. The ballet was then, as it is now, a principal feature in the Vienna K.K. Hofoper. Now the principal *danseuse* is Signorina Sironi, who comes from La Scala at Milan, but she is getting on in years, and does not dance nearly so well as Mlle. Kscheschinskaia from the Marie Theatre in St. Petersburg. She danced in Vienna as a guest last year, and perfectly astounded the public. Her pirouettes and *ronds de jambe*, of which she made thirty-three consecutive *tours* on her points, turning on the same foot, thoroughly brought down the house. Signorina Sironi was quite relieved when the Polish dancer left Vienna for St. Petersburg.

Mlle. Kscheschinskaia gave all the money she earned in Vienna to the poor of Vienna. Mlle. Kscheschinskaia was formerly a great favourite of the present Tsar Nicholas II, and has received most beautiful presents from him, besides a lovely property near St. Petersburg. She is said to be the possessor of some millions of roubles,

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and still dances out of fondness for the stage. She and Pepita are the two best *danseuses* in St. Petersburg, though Mlle. Mossolowa, who danced in Vienna, also from the Marie Theatre, is an admirable dancer *du rang français*, as they call them in Italy. Very often now they give a ballet at the K.K. Hofoper which fills up the whole evening, such as "Excelsior," by Marrenco, or "Der faule Hans," by Nedbal, the Bohemian composer; the best seats are usually occupied by the aristocracy, and during a Wagner performance the audience is mostly Jewish. The present director, Mahler, is a converted Jew; his kinsmen admire him, but he is, on the whole, rather unpopular, as he takes such dislikes to some of the singers. For instance, Winkelmann, the celebrated tenor, had to study for "Euryanthe," during some months, and on the opening night he gave his part to the tenor Slézak, which was treating a celebrated tenor like Winkelmann very badly indeed.

The Wagner operas are splendidly given in Vienna, but they are even better given in the new Prince Regent Theatre at Munich. I must say "Don Juan," by Mozart, was wonderfully given in Vienna when Otto Jahn was director of the Hofopern-Theater, with Mlles. Materna, Ehnn, and Widlt, Messrs. Winkelmann and Reichmann;

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but Mahler has had differences with most of the best singers at the K.K. Hofoper, and they have consequently left. It must not be imagined that there are no good singers left; there are still some excellent ones, for instance, Fräulein Selma Kurz, who was engaged to sing at Covent Garden in Puccini's new opera, "Madame Butterfly," is a very good light soprano, besides being rather pretty and young, and sings very well in operas like "Mignon," "Faust," "Iolanthe," by Tschaikowsky, "Il Trovatore," and certain light German operas. Then there is Frau Forster Lauterer, who sings in "Die Königen von Saba," by Goldmark, and "Pique Dame," by Tschaikowsky; Fräulein von Mildenburg, who is more for the Wagner operas, and Frau Hilgemann.

Of tenors the best are now Schmedes, Winkelmann, Schrötter, and Slézak, though Mahler was the cause of Van Dyk, the best tenor, leaving the Hofoper—a great loss to the Hofoper. The best baritone is Demuth, who is one of the best in the world. Ritter is also very good. Mrs. Savile, an American, who used to sing in "Manon," "La Traviata," "Lucia di Lammermoor," has lately left the Hofoper, and since she left, these operas cannot be given, unfortunately; "Manon" used to be well sung by Van Dyk and Mrs. Savile in the principal roles. Mlle.

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Weidt is a new acquisition to the Hofoper; she is certainly the best soprano they have for operas like "Aida," "Pique Dame," "L'Africaine." Fräulein Schubert is also a new soprano, but her voice is not above the average, and she is a poor actress. I saw her lately in the principal part in "La Juive," by Halèvy; the public prefer her in it to Frau Forster Lauterer; possibly the rôle is not to the latter singer's taste, for there can be no doubt that Frau Forster Lauterer has a far finer voice, and is a far better actress. Frau Forster is another very useful singer. She takes the page's part in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and Zerlina in "Don Juan," but latterly she has not been employed. The singers at the K.K. Hofoper are paid a fixed sum yearly, and every time they sing they are paid extra for that evening, so it makes a considerable difference to those who are never asked to sing. Frau Lilli Lehmann, when I first came to Vienna, was at the Hofoper. She sang in "Tristan and Isolde," and "Norma," and it was really a treat to hear her. She sings now in Vienna, but her voice has lost much of its former beauty; the prices of the stalls, however, are always doubled when she sings even now. I remember hearing her sing once in Paris, and I sat next to a Professor of the Conservatoire, who said that her voice was



PRINCIPAL DANCERS IN THE FIELD OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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one of the finest he had ever heard, that her range of notes was simply marvellous, and that her manner of sustaining certain notes was quite astonishing.

In Vienna operas with a *divertissement* are always beautifully given, because the ballet, as in Paris, is so good, whereas in London we have nothing of the sort. Things ought to be very different in London ; even small towns in Germany have a better ballet than there is at the Opera at Covent Garden, where there is only a first-rate *première danseuse*, generally from the Scala at Milan, and one or two other dancers. In Vienna there is a regular school of ballet ; girls are engaged from the age of six, and not admitted after the age of ten. They have to study writing, reading, geography, French, and the piano, besides dancing ; they have to work at their lessons of an afternoon. Their dancing at the K.K. Hofoper is from nine in the morning until one, and sometimes, when there is a rehearsal, until two or half-past two ; the girls of six to thirteen years old are mostly in the first class, though if a girl of twelve or thirteen shows great ability, she is promoted at once into the second class. The girls are never engaged at the K.K. Hofoper-Theater until they have attained their fifteenth year, and they receive no pay until then, when they get twenty florins a month,

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and extra money for taking part in operas. They earn in all about forty to forty-five florins a month, which is nearly four pounds. Their costumes are found for them, but they receive four florins a month to purchase ballet shoes.

The girls who are paid twenty florins a month are called *Elevinnen*, and when they improve they are promoted to *coryphées*, and receive higher pay, about sixty florins a month, with extras when they take a page's part in operas. The *solistinnen* receive two hundred florins a month; the *première danseuse* receives about twelve thousand florins a year. The dancers at the K.K. Hofopern-Theater are most of them very pretty girls, and it is an open secret that most of the well-known ones have very rich lovers. Every lady in Vienna knows all of them have some rich friends more or less, and that even the quite young ones from twelve to thirteen years old have their admirers; all this is an open secret, which the ladies in high society often speak about. A lady-in-waiting to one of the Archduchesses told me as much as I already knew about the subject. The dancers of the K.K. Hofoper, they say here in Vienna, have the pick of all the men of society. It is very much the fashion for some of the aristocrats to organize supper parties, five or six men to

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as many dancers, which are very harmless entertainments. I have been to them, and beyond a little music, if there is a piano, the whole entertainment is generally over by twelve o'clock. The girls conduct themselves very well, and do not drink like girls of that class generally do in London.

Franzi Huszar, one of the prettiest dancers, has lately married a lieutenant, and just left the K.K. Hofopern-Theater. One day I met her with her husband in the street; she introduced me to him. Fräulein Erich, a *solistin*, has married a millionaire, and Fräulein Schreitter has married a Russian count, but still dances at the K.K. Hofoper, but not for the sake of the money, because she owns several houses in Vienna, which the count made her a present of before marrying her. Marie Kohler is one of the best dancers at the K.K. Hofoper, besides being a very good *mime*. She is a blonde who is decidedly pretty, and very intellectual for a *danseuse*; she dances in the "Puppenfee," and represents the fairy, in which she is dressed in white muslin covered with stars of gold, and she really looks quite lovely when she suddenly appears from behind a curtain which is drawn aside. You see her standing alone lighted up by the electric light in a bright red background, while all the rest

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of the stage is plunged in darkness. It is supposed to be midnight and the dolls are asleep, but after the "Puppenfee's" appearance they wake up and dance; they are lighted up too, and the whole of the stage is one blaze of light. The different costumes of the dolls are very effective; there are dolls simply in their nightdresses with drawers on; dolls in Spanish costume; others dressed as pierrots, and, in fact, every sort of costume imaginable is utilized, and after each group has danced a variety of dances, they form a kind of square. The foremost kneel down while the ones behind stand up, and towering above them all is the "Puppenfee," or "fairy of the dolls," looking quite beautiful in her graceful attitude, almost like a goddess.

The music of the "Puppenfee" is by Bayer, who has become quite celebrated since he wrote it. It has been given at La Scala at Milan, and in Berlin, besides other towns in Germany. It is even given again this (1904) year at La Scala, Milan, and has been the favourite ballet in Vienna for years. A ballet which is very often given is "Sonne und Erde," in which the four seasons are represented. Spring is a tableau showing a garden in which a young schoolgirl is learning her lesson; a young man makes her acquaintance, afterwards other school-

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girls appear, who dance and play. Summer is a tableau of a place by the sea, where some girls are bathing ; others have been rowing and hold oars in their hands ; finally they dance in their costumes. Autumn is a tableau in which some old people dance the old-fashioned dance of Vienna. And winter is the prettiest tableau of all : the trees are covered with snow, and it is snowing fast, and the younger dancers dressed in white like frosted snow carry Christmas-trees lighted up, which produces a most delightful effect. The music of this ballet is by Bayer too, and is rather pretty, but that of the "Puppenfee" is prettier.

A new ballet produced this year is "Der Faule Hans," by Nedbal, the famous Bohemian composer. It is a long ballet, taking up the whole of the evening. The first scene is an interior of a Bohemian peasant's house where some girls in national costume dance a Bohemian polka, of which the music is very taking, the airs quite national in character. Men and women are present, and the "faule Hans," the lazy Hans, is fast asleep in a hay-loft. The noise awakens him, and he comes down, whereupon they all laugh at him, but he boasts of his great strength to his brothers, and after wishing his father and mother good-bye, sets off on a journey. His brothers go too, but

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they have quarrelled with Hans. The second scene is laid just outside the princess's palace, of which you can see one side. There is a flight of steps leading from a balcony on to the stage, and down these steps descend gradually the *première danseuse*, Sironi, in black covered with steel embroidery, and eight of the best dancers dressed in black with a veil of crape covering their face and head. They are in mourning because the princess is held captive by a dragon, and when they arrive on the stage they dance a *Trauerwalzer*, or mourning waltz, which is really a very fine composition—one of the best airs in the ballet. Later on the princess appears surrounded by her ladies-in-attendance, who are also in mourning. The princess is Marie Kohler, who is really excellent in her mimic acting ; she betrays true fear and terror at her captivity. The third scene is in a forest where the brothers of the " faule Hans " appear. A beggar-woman, who is in reality a fairy, comes up to them, and asks them for alms, but they send her away speedily, and then go off themselves. Then Hans appears, and sits down, and eats a piece of a loaf of bread, when the same fairy comes up to him, and asks him for something. He immediately divides the loaf of bread, giving her half of it, whereupon she goes away. It becomes dark in the forest, when some

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fairies appear, and then towards break of day some wasps, which are represented by little girls, who are dressed in tight-fitting clothes in yellow and black striped, with wings ; they flit across the stage, taking very tiny steps on their half points to a delightful waltz. Afterwards some butterflies, in the most beautiful colours, appear, some in rose colour, with wings of dark blue and rose, others in blue, with wings of a darker shade of blue ; then some insects, which are red combined with black, others which are green and black, and various flies, which are also wonderfully imitated.

All these costumes are in the richest shades of silk and velvet, and cost an enormous sum of money. I don't think I ever saw such beautiful costumes excepting once at a ballet at Her Majesty's in London, which was given at Christmas time ; it was a ballet of insects, and they said at the time the costumes, designed by a French firm, had cost about six thousand pounds. The dances by the different groups of butterflies and insects which take place in this scene, and the way they are grouped, with the combination of colours, is one of the prettiest sights one can possibly imagine. The eye never seems to tire of contemplating this gorgeous display of colour with its shades of every imaginable

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description. Some of the insects are of a light blue, which is shaded to the darkest blue ; the blending of colours is simply wonderful, and the *tout ensemble* is somewhat like that which one sees when looking through a kaleidoscope. The fourth scene is laid in a part of the forest, where the dragon is seen ; the head and neck of it are alone visible, and are of an enormous size. The head is larger than a man, and it moves to and fro, opening its mouth and spitting forth volumes of fire. The princess and the two brothers of Hans are on the stage. She implores one of them to kill the dragon, which he volunteers to try to do, but approaching near the dragon, from whose mouth still issues fire, he turns back and rushes away. Then Hans comes on the stage in a suit of armour, and after having approached the princess, who has fainted away, he draws his sword, and dealing two or three blows at the dragon's head, regardless of the fire, manages to kill it. A proclamation has been issued in the land that whosoever shall destroy the dragon and be the vanquisher afterwards in a tournament shall obtain the princess's hand in marriage. Hans and his brothers read the proclamation before they attempted to kill the dragon. The moment the dragon is killed Hans approaches the princess, who has recovered from her swoon,

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and she thanks him, embracing him at the same time; but he can hardly believe his eyes, and draws back from her, though she soon inspires him with courage, and he embraces her.

The fifth scene is outside the palace; the princess and royal family are seated on an *estrade*, which is raised above the stage on the side, and the stage is filled with the royal guards, who are girls dressed in a lovely costume of pink silk, with breeches of pink silk to the knee—wearing large Gainsborough grey hats with a long pink ostrich feather, and holding swords in their hands. They dance a very pretty dance in which they cross swords with each other at intervals during the dance, and then draw aside to allow two men to fight in armour, who are the two brothers of Hans. On the defeat of one of them, Hans arrives on a white charger in very fine armour, and descends from his charger and fights with the vanquisher, whom he does not know, as they both have their vizors pulled down over their faces. Hans very soon disarms his brother, but spares his life on finding out, from his having raised his vizor, who he is. Then Hans advances towards the princess, whose parents proclaim him the husband of their daughter. The royal guards dance a most inspiring march to some of the

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best music in the ballet, and the curtain falls, and the ballet is at an end.

One of the ballets which had a great success in Vienna, and was first of all performed there, was "The Red Shoes." It was given in London at the Alhambra. I never saw it in town, but have constantly seen it in Vienna. The principal tableau was when the dancers, all dressed in light blue, with their skirts covered with gold stars, held a star in gold in each hand, and clashed the stars together at times to the music. To see these dancers in ballet skirts, about one hundred and sixty or seventy of them, dancing on their points in such wonderful measure to a lovely waltz, was a sight which one can never see in London ; for at the Empire and Alhambra the dancers cannot compare with those of Vienna at the K.K. Hofoper. They all can dance on their points in Vienna, whilst only the first dancers can do this in England, and there are but two or three of these at the utmost at each theatre in town. Why this is so I cannot say, except that the girls are not properly taught how to dance in London, or perhaps it is not in their nature to dance well. I doubt very much this last hypothesis, and think it comes from indifferent teaching.

A Russian *amateur du ballet* whom I chanced to sit next

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to one evening at the K.K. Hofoper during the performance of a ballet told me that he considered the *corps de ballet* was quite exquisite, but that the *première danseuse* was very inferior to those in Russia at the Marie Theatre at St. Petersburg, and that she would be considered a second-rate *danseuse* there ; that Kscheschinskaia, Petipa, and Mossolowa were very much better in every way, and that Sironi could not be at all compared with them. They are now giving a children's ballet at the K.K. Hofoper called "Die Kleine Welt," which is a great success, and the music of which is quite lovely. Only small children take part in it. One of the critics said that in England it would not be allowed, as the English were so prudish, and would think it put ideas into their heads which they ought not to have. The poor man little knew how many children are employed in England in pantomimes ; that the ballet puts wrong ideas into their heads is nonsense. Why should it do so more than any other performance, play, or pantomime ?

One of the most charming ballets they often give in Vienna is "Vergissmeinicht," a ballet of flowers, in which all the dancers represent different sorts of flowers. The music, by Goldberger, is lovely, and it is imported from Berlin, where it had a very great success at the

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K.K. Hofoper, and is still given. The subject of this ballet is not much, but the arrangement of the different dances and the colouring is delightful. One of the prettiest *danseuses* at the Vienna K.K. Hofoper-Theater is a girl called Gabrielle Klobetz, who has the most lovely golden hair, a good complexion, and blue eyes. She is only between fourteen and fifteen, and is nearly six feet in height, being the tallest of the ballet. She is employed often as a *mime*, these being generally chosen for their height.

When an Emperor or a King comes to Vienna they always give a gala performance, and invariably give a ballet at the K.K. Hofoper-Theater in Vienna ; evidently the royal family in most countries has a taste for ballets. The only exception to this rule is the Emperor of Germany, William II, who always desires to hear an opera, and he generally selects a French one when he comes to Vienna, not like his grandfather, William I, who adored the ballet. I have not mentioned that the K.K. Hofoper in Vienna in winter is heated by hot air, and always regulated according to the weather. One very severe winter it was the only place where I did not feel the cold, so I went there to get warm. In summer it is kept delightfully cool ; you do not feel

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the heat. I have been there on some intensely hot days in summer, and it was quite a pleasure to be there ; nowhere else was it so cool. A very wealthy American used some years ago to give dinners to two young girls of the ballet at one o'clock in a restaurant, ordering every luxury that was to be had. Sometimes I went too and joined him. He said once, " we were like two old birds waiting for two small tits." He said that he always got the best of the Austrians, although they invariably tried to take him in ; an American was far too smart for them. He applied this remark more to the men than to the women, and principally at race meetings, where his race-horses almost always beat the Austrian horses.

CHAPTER XVII

VIENNA—THE THEATRES

THE K.K. Hofburg Theatre is more imposing-looking than the Hofopern-Theater, but it is not nearly so pretty a building. The interior is very luxurious, and the foyer, with the portraits of all the celebrated actresses who have acted at the old Burg Theatre, painted by celebrated artists, is very fine indeed. The staircase is quite as grand as the K.K. Hofoper, but the house is very bad for acoustics; whether the decorations be too heavy or not, I cannot tell. The boxes are more luxurious than at the K.K. Hofoper, and mostly have a *salon* behind each box; the seats are about the same price as at the K.K. Hofoper.

{ The plays which are given are generally very serious ones; for instance, all Grillparzer's plays, Schiller's, Goethe's, Shakespeare's, and now and then a French play translated from a modern writer such as Sardou or Pailleron.

During my first visit to Vienna I saw "Richard III "

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acted at the old Burg Theatre. Lewinsky took the King's part admirably ; the celebrated Wolter played also. She was always considered by the Viennese to be the finest living actress, but I never could admire her acting to the extent the Viennese did. She left me quite cold always, but they were perfectly mad about her acting, and even thought her superior to Sarah Bernhardt in certain rôles. Wolter afterwards married a Count Sullivan, and died two years ago. In " Richard III " even the minor parts were acted by first-class actors and actresses, and the play was rendered in such a manner that one could not have seen it better performed anywhere in Europe or America. At that time at the Burg they gave all Shakespeare's plays one after the other at Christmas time ; and it was said that the Burg was the only theatre in the world where this was done, and beautifully done too. Every minor part was played by a celebrity more or less, and the *mise en scène* was most accurate, as were the costumes. In fact, I thought the Viennese were more interested in Shakespeare than we or the Americans were ; for at that period a play in London by Shakespeare was almost a thing unknown. Irving had not improved the English taste, as he certainly did a few years afterwards, by mounting some of Shake-

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speare's plays at the Lyceum. In those days at the old Burg I saw "Romeo and Juliet," and the actress who took the part of Juliet was new to the Burg Theatre. She had come from Hamburg, where she had created a perfect furore ; her name was Louise Frank, and she was said by certain critics even to surpass Wolter in her acting. The Viennese found that in "Romeo and Juliet" she overacted the part, that she showed her emotions too much, by unnecessary exaggeration in voice and movement. They were accustomed to the rather insipid acting of Wolter, who was more inclined to act the most tragical scenes in a quiet manner. The contrast was evidently too great for them, and therefore they condemned Frank entirely, and she soon afterwards disappeared from Vienna.

I saw Frank in "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," by Schiller, and I can safely say that I never saw a finer piece of acting in my life. The part suited her down to the ground, for she was young and rather pretty, and her movements were graceful, and her voice was a pleasant one to listen to. It is true that at times she rather exaggerated her emotion, but not enough to be unpleasant. I have seen "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" at the Burg Theatre since with Medelsky taking the part of the Maid

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of Orleans. Medelsky is a charming young actress, but her voice has something in it so disagreeable to the ear, especially in long monologues, that it takes away the greater part of the charm of her acting. I once heard Sarah Bernhardt in "La Pucelle d'Orléans," in which nothing could possibly have been more exquisite than her very melodious voice, but still it by no means surpassed to my mind the rendering of the "Maid of Orleans" by Frank at the Burg. It is quite possible, as many of the critics said at the time, that the part of La Pucelle d'Orléans did not suit Sarah Bernhardt.

In those days I saw "Egmont," by Goethe, at the old Burg Theatre, in which Wessely played the part of Clärchen, and she was truly delightful. She was considered one of the best actresses Vienna ever had, but, as is often the case, she was treated very badly at the last, being asked to retire from the Burg Theatre, though she was quite young—only twenty-five—and very pretty. It was owing to some intrigue she had, which ended in her death. In the foyer of the new Burg Theatre there is a very good painting of her; she is put among the most celebrated Vienna actresses. There is an excellent actor, named Kainz, now at the Burg Theatre, who is considered the finest actor in Germany, and who was

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very much liked by the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, who gave him large sums of money. I saw him act in "Prince Heinrich von Homburg," by H. von Kleist, in which he acted the part of the Prince von Homburg, who is sentenced to death for having ordered the cavalry to make a charge against the Swedes in a battle in defiance of an order of the Kurfürst of Hesse. The Princess Natalie of Orange, niece of the Kurfürst, intercedes for him, and when his death-warrant is signed, he is led, as he thinks, blindfolded, to be shot; but instead of that the bandage is taken off his eyes, and he is given the Princess Natalie in marriage. Kainz acts the part very well. It is his favourite rôle, but the play is not liked in Vienna. Medelsky plays the part of the Princess Natalie very nicely indeed.

The first time I saw the actor Kainz off the stage I could not believe it was he who had taken the part of Prince Heinrich von Homburg, for he appears such an insignificant-looking man. I thought he was a groom at first. On the stage in the part of the Prince of Homburg he wears a fair wig with curly hair, and really looks exceedingly good-looking, and his acting of the part is marvellous, especially if you consider his appearance off the stage. He never looks once towards the audience,

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and appears all the time engrossed in what is taking place around him on the stage. He rather exaggerates in the scene where he throws himself down at the feet of the Princess, and begs her to intercede for him, saying that he will renounce the idea of marrying her if only his life be spared. But after she has done so, he refuses to sign a petition for his own liberation, as he says it is unworthy of a Prince to do so ; finally the Kurfürst spares his life on account of his own niece, and because he thinks that the Prince has been humiliated enough. In this last scene his acting is truly grand.

Kainz is going next year to give some performances in London, when I have no doubt he will act in " Prince Heinrich von Homburg," as he always selects that play by preference.

" Die Jüdin von Toledo," by Grillparzer, is a very favourite play at the Burg, in which Kainz plays the part of King Alfonso the Noble, of Spain, who is married to Eleonore of England, the daughter of Henry II. The action takes place at Toledo in the year 1195, when in the royal gardens King Alfonso makes the acquaintance of a Jewish girl, Rachel, and her sister, who are with their father, and have been ordered out of the gardens because they are Hebrews. The girl throws herself down at the

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feet of the King and holds his legs so tight that he cannot move, which rather pleases him than otherwise ; the Queen is very jealous and annoyed, and retires. The King has the girl Rachel looked after, and in one act Rachel is seen trying on a long mantle and a crown before her sister, when she is surprised by the King, whom her childishness pleases. She takes a fancy to a picture of the King, and takes possession of it, substituting her own, in the form of a miniature, in place of it, which the King then wears with a gold chain round his neck. The Queen is furious, and deliberates with her advisers what is best to be done ; they suggest that Rachel ought to be banished, but the Queen is more bloodthirsty, and decides for her to be put to death. While the King is in the country they take care that he shall have no horses on which to get to Toledo, and so they carry out their terrible plot. The King arrives when the murder has been done, and takes matters very coolly, saying that his passion for Rachel was over, and that he only thought now of his wife and son ; whereupon the sister of Rachel tells the King that one day he will be defeated in battle, and that then he will look towards heaven and see the image of Rachel whom he sacrificed ; he will beat his breast with repentance, and think of the Jewess of

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Toledo with regret. "König Ottokars Glück und Ende," by Grillparzer, I have also seen at the Burg ; it is a very long and somewhat heavy play, and requires many good actors, as there are so many important parts. In "Die Jüdin von Toledo" the part of Rachel the Jewess was played by Frau Devrient-Reinhold beautifully. It is one of her best parts, which is saying a great deal, for she is undoubtedly one of the finest actresses living.

Frau Devrient-Reinhold has had a strange career. In her extreme youth she acted at the principal theatre at Hamburg ; when quite a girl of seventeen or eighteen a millionaire took a great fancy to her, and made her a present of an island near Hamburg, on which a magnificent castle was built ; and on one occasion this millionaire had the water all round the island illuminated expressly for her, at a cost of several thousand pounds ; it had only once been done before for the Emperor of Germany. This was told me by a gentleman who lived at Hamburg, and who knew Fräulein Reinhold in those days as well as this millionaire. He said that she was perfectly lovely, and that this man must have spent a fortune upon her. Fräulein Reinhold married afterwards Herr Devrient, who is one of the best actors at the Burg Theatre, and a very good-looking man. Devrient acts

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chiefly in Grillparzer's and Shakespeare's plays, always taking an important part. He belongs to the celebrated family of that name, whom Lessing describes in his "Hamburgische Dramaturgie."

Since Kainz has been in Vienna they often give a play by Calderon expressly for him, called in Spanish, "Hombre pobre todo es trazas," which means "A poor man must employ ruse"; the play is called in German, "Zwei Eisen im Feuer" (Two irons in the fire), and the subject is as follows: A poor man, Don Diego, makes love to a poor girl, Doña Beata, under the name of Don Dionis, and at the same time he makes love to a rich girl, Doña Clara, under his own name, Don Diego. Both these girls have each another suitor. Doña Beata is also made love to by Don Felix, and Doña Clara by Don Leonelo, but they both of them much prefer their other adorer, who is Don Diego for the one, and Don Dionis for the other. These two girls happen to know each other, and one day Doña Beata pays Doña Clara a visit; they become confidential, and say what man they love best; but they have no idea that Don Diego and Don Dionis are one and the same man. While the two ladies are together Don Diego pays a visit to Doña Clara, and on seeing Doña Beata he pretends not to know her, and

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never to have seen her before ; and says to Doña Beata, while he is left alone with her for a few minutes, that he does not know who Don Dionis is at all, and that he cannot account for his resemblance to him excepting that everybody has a kind of double in life. Doña Beata scarcely knows what to think or believe.

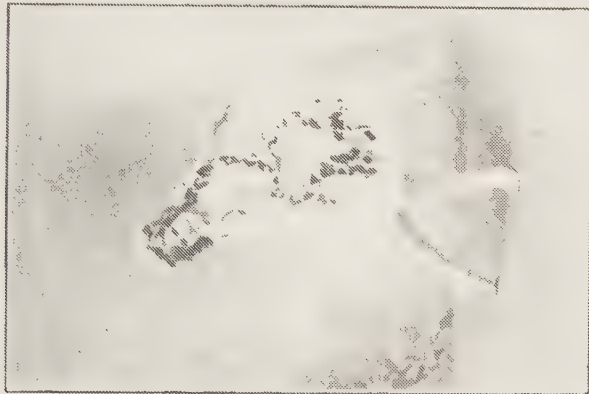
The next day Don Dionis pays Doña Beata a visit, and tells her that he has sat up all night composing a song to her, which he brings with him. Doña Beata asks him questions about Don Diego, and tells him she is sure they are one and the same person, which he of course denies. Before Don Dionis leaves she tells him that she is determined by some means to find out the truth about the matter. Doña Beata writes to Doña Clara to send her a pair of gold earrings, and to send them only through Don Diego at three o'clock punctually ; and at the same time she has told Don Dionis that he must be at her house at three o'clock too. Don Diego is not so easily caught, however ; for he arranges a scheme by which his servant Rodrigo brings a man Sancho, who quarrels with Don Dionis outside Beata's house ; they fight with swords, and Sancho is supposed to be killed, and Don Dionis is walked off by a policeman. Doña Beata disappears from

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the balcony of her house, and Sancho gets up and runs away. Doña Beata is greatly distressed, and laments that through her fault Don Dionis has killed a man and been arrested, and perhaps may lose his life too, through the law. Doña Beata goes to Doña Clara to tell her of her misfortunes, and in walking out together they hear Don Leonelo and Don Felix talking, and they hide themselves in a corner ; suddenly Don Diego appears on the scene, then Don Felix asks him if he is not Don Dionis, to which he answers that he is Don Dionis as well as Don Diego. Don Felix accuses him of deceiving two women in different rôles. Diego says that with men he always speaks the truth, but to deceive women is no deception ; it is merely a joke, an art, and he who does not make use of it is not wise. If they are not pleased at his behaviour, he is ready to cross swords with both of them in turn. Leonelo then draws his sword, when Clara comes out of her hiding-place, and tells him to leave the man in peace, and that she has already decided whom she will marry, thanks to her having listened. Leonelo kisses Clara's hand, and they both retire. Don Diego says, " Now Beata is mine, I am ready ! " Beata comes then from her hiding-place, and tells Felix to save himself the trouble, for she offers him her hand in marriage. She



FRÄULEIN SCHLEINZER



FRÄULEIN GABRIELLE KLOBETZ



FRÄULEIN HEDDA LINDH

THREE CELEBRATED VIENNA BALLET-DANCERS

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adds that she was stupid at times, but the stupid wives are the best. Beata turns to Don Diego and says, "Take back your love, and the chain you gave me with it; they are both as real one as the other—the golden chain!" (for the chain was in imitation gold). Don Diego is then told by his servant that he had two irons in the fire, and burnt his fingers with both of them, but he is not disconcerted in the least, and says that everywhere there are pretty women, who are charming, who love and trust one, so he has no reason whatever to despair. Then Don Diego turns to Sancho and gives him the chain which Beata has returned to him (it is brass) as a pledge for the seven hundred pesetas Sancho has lent him. Sancho says the chain is not heavy, and exclaims, "If I only had my pesetas back instead!" The curtain falls upon rather an amusing play, in which Kainz plays Don Diego very well, but he certainly pleases me more in "Prince Heinrich von Homburg." Frau Devrient-Reinhold plays the part of Doña Clara admirably, and Lotte Witt that of Doña Beata also to the satisfaction of everybody. Kainz has lately had a large sum of money offered him to give some performances in Paris, but as yet he has not accepted the offer.

I once heard a girl of the ballet at the K.K. Hofoper

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say to an actress at the Hofburg Theatre that the latter was much better paid than the former, whereupon the actress at the Burg Theatre said that it was not so, for even actresses like Medelsky were obliged to depend on friends to help them. It was only great celebrities who could really make two ends meet with their salaries from the theatre.

CHAPTER XVIII

VIENNA—THE MINOR THEATRES

THE Theater an der Wien is for operettas chiefly. Years ago I saw Johann Strauss conduct the *première* of "Eine Nacht in Venedig," which turned out afterwards to be a failure. Millöcker produced his "Bettelstudent" there too, which for years and years was a great success. Lately Eysler has brought out "Bruder Straubinger," an operetta which is really very pretty, and some airs in it are quite lovely. The principal singers there are Fräulein Robinson, Betty Seidel, Alma Saccur, Frau Kopacsy Karczac, and Herr Girardi is the principal comic singer. They often give English operettas, like the "Toreador," or musical comedies, like the "Runaway Girl." One year they gave Italian operas, and Bonci, the famous Italian tenor, sang in "I Puritani" and "L'Elisire d'Amore," and the aristocracy went there instead of going to the K.K. Hofoper. Strauss's better-known operettas like "Der Zigenner Baron" and "Die Fledermaus," are given at the Theater an der Wien

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when there is not a novelty, but quite lately the better operetta has been performed exclusively at the K.K. Hofoper. The Theater an der Wien has been rebuilt inside, but it is quite a small theatre compared with the K.K. Hofoper and Burg Theatre.

The Karl Theatre is another theatre for operettas, where they give a great many English operettas, such as the "Mikado," "San Toy," but they are very poorly mounted compared with London. The principal singers have better voices perhaps, but the chorus is not nearly so good. They sing correctly, but they cannot dance, and they are mostly plain girls, and are dressed badly. The operetta which has had such a run there lately is "Der Rastelbinder," by Léhar, which is excessively pretty as far as the music is concerned. I hear it is going to be given in London very shortly. The principal singers are Annie Dirkens, who is married to the Baron Hammerstein, and Mizzi Günther; both of them have very good voices, and the former sang in London one season in English. Treumann is the principal comic actor and singer, and Willy Bauer a light tenor. Theresa Biedermann, at the Karl Theatre, is a very amusing actress who sings and dances well, and always meets with much applause. The Karl Theatre is across the river, and is

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a smaller theatre than the Theater an der Wien. The audience is mostly Jewish, as it is in the Jewish quarter near the Synagogue. The Josefstadt Theatre is merely for farces and frivolous plays translated from the French, such as "M'amour," which is a very laughable play. A lady who is married to a man, a collector of old porcelain, takes a lover, who becomes more friendly with the husband than with the wife, so she takes another lover. The first lover gets jealous of the second, and finally the lady tires of the second one, but makes her husband so jealous of him that he turns him out of the house, to the joy of the first lover.

"L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle" is another amusing play. An Englishman arrives at an hotel in Paris, in search of his daughter, who has run off with a Frenchman. They happen to be stopping at the same hotel unknown to one another; the Englishman cannot speak French, but there is an interpreter who can only say "yes" and "no" in English, and cannot understand a word of English. The interpreter explains to the lady who keeps the hotel that the Englishman has been robbed on the journey, which is not at all the case. They send for an *agent de police*, who writes down what the interpreter tells him, and when the young man comes in he is

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arrested for theft, to the amazement of the young English girl. Of course the matter rights itself in the end, and the father gives his consent to his daughter's marriage. The principal actresses at the Josefstadt Theatre are Frau Pohl Meiser, Adela Moraw, and Fräulein Dumska, a Polish actress.

The Jubiläum Theatre, which was built to celebrate the Emperor's jubilee, is a nice little theatre, where fairy tales and pieces like "Quo Vadis," by Sienkiewicz, are played. There is generally a ballet from the pupils of the K.K. Hofoper ballet; the younger girls under fifteen dance there. Last year they gave a play called "Dornröschen," in which a princess is put to sleep for one hundred years; of course she wakes up with all her entourage by the aid of a prince, who marries her. The ballet in it was very pretty, the children from the K.K. Hofoper dancing charmingly. The Jubilanns Theatre is regarded as quite a Christian theatre, in opposition to the Karl Theatre, which, as I have said, is quite Jewish. The actresses at the Jubilanns Theatre are Fräulein Simony, and a few others not employed at the other theatres; as the theatre has been so short a time in existence there is no regular company here.

The Volks Theatre is also rather a new theatre, where

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they play comedies, vaudevilles, etc. Frau Odilon used to act there in "Zaza," among other plays. She is too well known in England for me to speak about her. Raimund's celebrated plays are often given with a very good cast. I once saw "Der Liebe und des Meeres Wellen," by Grillparzer, in which Fräulein Wachner played the chief part. She was quite young; she could not have been more than eighteen, but she acted beautifully. She did not have the success she ought to have had, and I fancy she must have left Vienna, for her name is never now on the programme. Frau Schratt, formerly at the Burg Theatre, is playing at the Volks Theatre now in "Maria Theresa"; people go there to see the jewellery she wears, which were presents from the Emperor. Fräulein Retty, formerly of the Volks Theatre, has now been engaged at the Burg Theatre.

There is yet another small theatre called the Jantsch Theatre, which is not very famous, but is used chiefly for summer performances, as it is very near the Prater. The chief music-hall is "Ronacher," which is a poor imitation of the Alhambra in London. People take their supper during the performance downstairs, and in the boxes. The performance is very second-rate. The Orpheum is another music-hall, still worse than Ronacher.

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The Colosseum is also a music-hall ; it was pretty good a year or two ago, but has now fallen off. The " Gartenbau " is a kind of music-hall on a small scale ; at times it is rather well frequented. I cannot say the same of the others I have mentioned ; they are filled with the *demi-monde* and very ordinary people, except when there is something exceptionally well worth seeing, and then everybody goes there more or less.

CHAPTER XIX

VIENNA—GENERAL CONCLUSIONS

THE Bourse in Vienna is kept alive chiefly by the Jews, and is dependent in a great measure on that in Berlin. I have noticed that most of the small bankers encourage the people to buy shares when they are high, and then persuade them to sell when they are low, which of course is a very ruinous practice, and many are let in by this trick. It is very difficult to make anything at the Bourse in Vienna, unless one be in the profession. Our stockbrokers are princes compared to those one meets in Vienna ; they are too ready to fleece a client ; he has to be very wideawake, and woe betide him if ever they get hold of a foreigner ! However the law is very stringent against them ; but it is usually not worth one's while to go to law in the matter. Of course there are some honest bankers in Vienna, but they are like diamonds in the sand, so scarce are they !

The lawyers are apt, most of them, to overcharge foreigners, and as to an ordinary lawsuit before a magis-

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trate or *bezirksrichter*, one may look upon the case as lost beforehand, as they always decide for their own people. It is not the case in lawsuits before the *Landesgericht*, where the trial comes on before a judge. In that case there is as much justice as in England, generally speaking. If people cannot pay a bill at once, they are allowed by the court to pay it by instalments almost always. The shopkeepers are very trusting in Vienna, as in England, and by no means like those of Paris, who generally demand their money at once.

Apartments in Vienna are paid for by the month, and always one month in advance, if they be furnished apartments; if not, three months in advance. The people who let apartments in Vienna are detestable people as a rule, therefore most persons take an unfurnished apartment, and furnish it for the time they live in Vienna. House-rent is rather dear in Vienna, but considerably cheaper than London or Paris. The living is cheaper than either in London or Paris, except in hotels. I am surprised no English come to Vienna to live, for they would find it infinitely more pleasant than any towns in Germany. Of course a knowledge of the language is essential, as few people speak English there. The shops in Vienna are very good;

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they are quite famous for articles in leather, of which there is an excellent shop in the Kärnthnerstrasse, Wurzl by name. The shops for Bohemian glass articles in the Kärnthnerstrasse are also quite celebrated. Fans are a speciality in Vienna, Krczi is the most famous maker. Dolls are wonderfully made in Vienna. I think they are prettier than in Paris, but not so well dressed. There are several shops of toys in the Kärnthnerstrasse and Kohlmarkt. Jewellers are also good in their way, but do not come up to the jewellers of London or Paris. The dressmakers in Vienna are celebrated; houses like Spitzer on the Ring, Marsch, Wipplingerstrasse, and Drecol, Kohlmarkt, have quite a world-known reputation, and are not nearly as dear as in Paris. Vienna often sets the fashion for ladies, which is adopted in Paris and London. The Viennese ladies dress very well, but not so conspicuously as the French. The hats they wear are mostly very simple indeed, although the best hats come from Paris and are copied in Vienna. Boots are excellent and marvellously cheap. Gloves are good and cheap, but French gloves are better.

There is the *monopole* in Vienna, consequently tobacco and cigarettes are very bad, but Egyptian cigarettes can be bought, but not Russian, which are not allowed;

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Turkish cigarettes are also imported into Austria. The coffee is excellent; the same cannot be said for the tea, excepting the Russian tea, and the Viennese don't know how to make it well. The wines are very fair indeed, but not equal to French wines, which are expensive in Vienna. The Pilsener beer is famous, as everybody knows, and most people drink it in preference to the wine in Austria. Everything one purchases in the way of articles of bronze, for which Vienna is quite celebrated, and similar things, are exceedingly expensive. The bon-bons are renowned in Vienna, and are nearly as good as in Paris; so are all kinds of sweets and tarts in pastrycook shops, which are better than either in London or Paris. Gentlemen's clothes are all from London and Paris, though the tailors are very good.

Sarg spends as much as eighty thousand pounds a year in advertising his Kalodont paste for the teeth, which is recommended by all the great dentists in Vienna, and is very good, but apparently it is unknown in England.

The principal newspapers in Vienna are the "Neue Freie Presse," the "Wiener Tagblatt" and "Die Zeit," and "Das Fremdenblatt." The "Wiener Tagblatt" has very curious advertisements in it; these would very much surprise English people, appearing as they do

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in a leading newspaper. One cannot take it up without seeing advertisements like the following :—

“*K.K. Hofopern-Theater*.—The gentleman in uniform who sat in the fauteuils in the row in front of a young lady who was blonde and wore a blue silk dress, accompanied by an elderly lady and gentleman, and who tried to draw the young lady’s attention, would like to make her honourable acquaintance. If the same be possible, kindly write and make appointment to Rittmeister, 1 Maximilianstrasse, Poste Restante.”

“*Café Sheidl*.—The gentleman who was reading the ‘*Neue Wiener Tagblatt*,’ who sat at the next table to a lovely fair lady, who was with her father and mother, and noticed him, is begged to communicate with Baron F., Poste Restante, 1 Maximilianstrasse.”

“*Kärnthnerstrasse*.—Young lady in pink dress with grey felt hat and feather, who walked near Hotel Erzherzog-Karl with elderly lady and gentleman, and met another lady there, is requested by Dragoon lieutenant, who looked at her, to write for ‘honourable’ appointment, if possible, to Lieutenant 14579, 1 Maximilianstr., Poste Rest.”

“*Kohlmarkt*.—Young lady, blonde, with blue eyes, white dress, who was walking there with her sister and

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mother between four and five, and afterwards went to the Volksgarten, and then took a tramway to the Hofoper, is requested to communicate with gentleman, whom she knew followed her, wearing an eyeglass. 'Spero,' 13579, 1 Maximilianstrasse, Poste Restante."

Then there is another style of advertisement in the same paper:—

"*Brunette* young lady, sixteen years old, highly accomplished, would like to make the acquaintance of elderly gentleman in very good position, with honourable intentions. Write 'Brunette,' 156789, 1 Maximilianstrasse, Poste Restante."

"Young lady fifteen years old, very pretty indeed, wants to make the 'honourable' acquaintance of officer of the cavalry or gentleman of high position. Write to 'Mizzi,' 13579, 11 Taborstrasse, Poste Restante."

Gentlemen advertise likewise in the same way in Vienna. The number of ladies who advertise too for husbands is astounding. I knew an instance of a lady who had eighty thousand pounds and a beautiful villa near Vienna who advertised for a husband through this paper and married a colonel in the Guards eventually. These advertisements are mostly genuine, as the law is very severe against any kind of hoax in Austria.

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A young German girl, the daughter of a colonel and A.D.C. to a reigning prince, who came from Bonn on the Rhine, and who spoke English perfectly like an English girl, told me that the officers she knew in Vienna were quite different from German officers ; that in Germany a young lady could associate with them without their taking any kind of liberties, whereas in Vienna they took it for granted that every young girl was fast, and at once asked her if she would not come to a *chambre séparée* with them. She said she had frequently been insulted by them in this way, and she concluded that the Austrian girls must all be very fast indeed. I have been told the same thing by many other people ; in fact, an Austrian young lady informed me that Englishmen were not *entrepreneur* at all ; and that she would trust herself anywhere alone with them, but not with an Austrian for one instant. The people of all classes in Vienna are very free and easy, and they seem to think that *péché caché est à demi pardonné*, but anything done openly is very wrong indeed. I have known several instances of young girls of the nobility taking a dinner or supper with an officer on the sly in a *chambre séparée*, whereas they would think twice before they would be seen with him in any public place, or walking in the streets, for they consider that in this

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case they would lose their reputation entirely, and in the former one it might pass by unperceived.

I remember going to see a furnished apartment in one of the fashionable streets, whereupon the landlady told me that she thought she had already let it, and to a lady she would not like to lose if she should take it, for she was very quiet. Indeed she was a married lady, and she had found out that she had only two lovers ! I could not refrain from smiling at the remark. An Austrian married lady, a daughter of the Forstrath to the Prince Thurn und Taxis, the reigning Prince at Regensburg, told me that she considered the men in Vienna very bad, and the women very foolish. On the other hand, I have heard it also observed that if it were not for the frivolity of the ladies the men would be all right, and that it is the young girls who are really so depraved in Vienna, whereas the married women are pretty straight. There is a good deal of truth in both observations.

I was dining once in company of a very rich man, his really lovely wife, and another lady at the Grand Hotel, when to my surprise I saw the wife slightly nod her head to an officer sitting at another table with some other officers. In his turn he made some sign of recognition, but did it in such a way that it was not observed by any

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one else. On going out of the dining-room I saw the officer pass a note under the lady's cloak in the dressing-room by the aid of one of the servants. It surprised me a great deal, because I had always considered these two people to be a loving couple. Similar things occur almost every day and everywhere in Vienna ; intrigues of every sort and kind. That is why the Germans call the Austrians so frivolous ; they are even more so than the French, the Germans affirm, and not without reason.

Most people speak the Viennese dialect, or what is called Wienerisch, which is difficult to understand for a North German ; in fact, I remember once that at Franzensbad in Bohemia some girls from the Opéra in Vienna were dining at Holzer's Hotel, and the waiter could not understand them ; so an Austrian count came to their assistance and acted as interpreter. The ballet-girls speak the Viennese dialect usually, and in fact some of the nobility do so too, and pride themselves upon it. In the dialect they never say "Ich," but always "I," and for "mich" they say "mi," and "net" for "nicht," and "a" for "ein," so really it is easier for English people to pronounce and to learn than the German of the north, and sounds much softer. They shorten the words in speaking, which also facilitates the language, and

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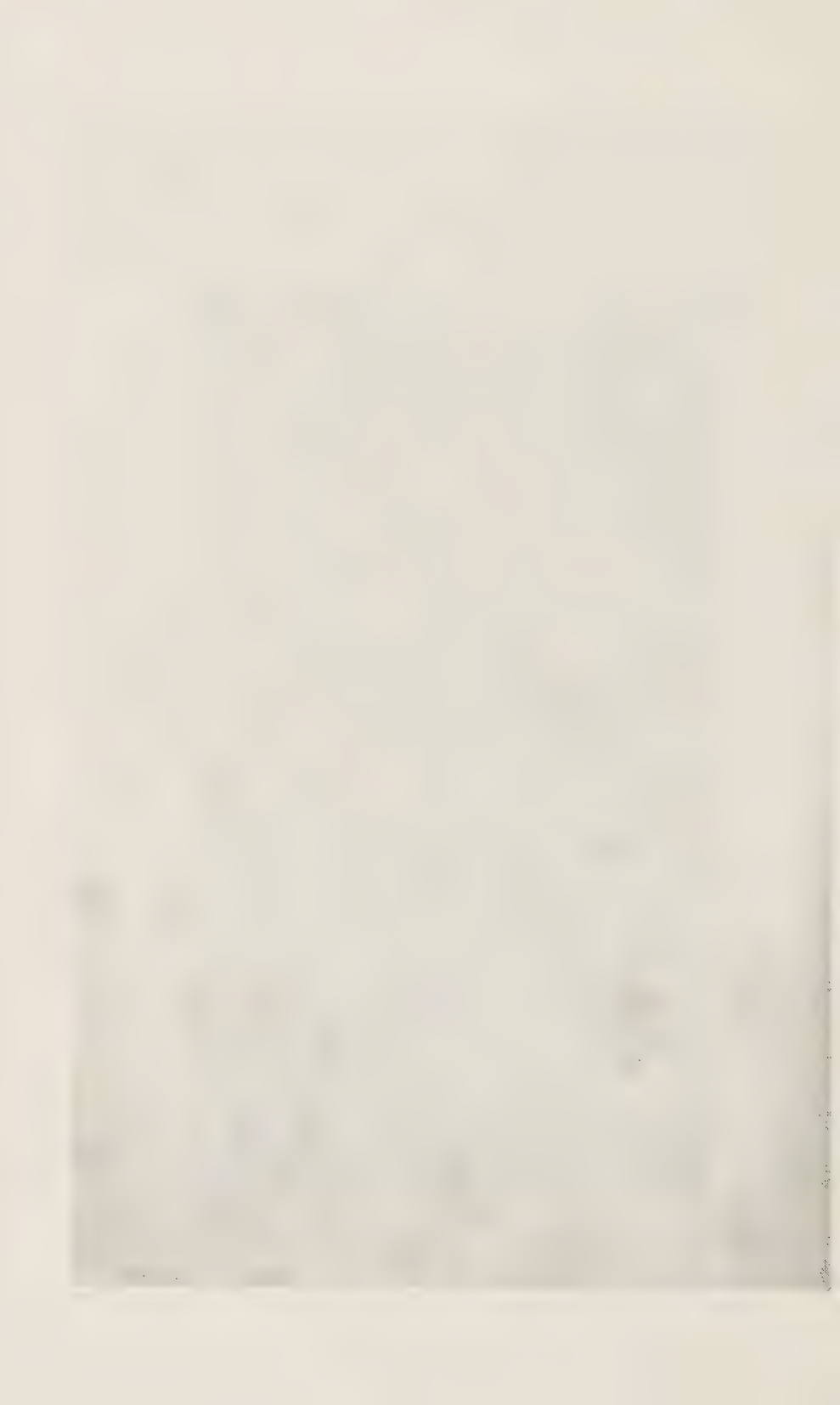
they do not pronounce every syllable, as in North German.

The Austrians are extremely polite, and invariably flatter people, but some of them are not very sincere, and usually try to take in foreigners. I am speaking principally of tradespeople, bankers, or lawyers. They have a word for fleecing people in Wienerisch, *wurzen*, which is not known in North German at all; they also call a person who is easily fleeced a *wurzen*. It seems that the supreme idea with some of them is to be able to take people in by some means or other; they are afterwards quite proud of having done so, and actually boast of having overcharged some client. In Vienna they have an idea that all the English are enormously rich, and that an Englishman can possibly be not well off seems to them incredible. The Germans have just the reverse opinion; they usually look upon all English as being very poor indeed, and judge from the English who reside at Heidelberg, Wiesbaden, and Bonn, I suppose.

The Jews in Vienna have never pardoned the English for the Boer War, and some of them dislike the English immensely; but their dislike is still greater for the Russians, whom they actually hate. You never hear Austrians swear, neither men nor women, as you do in



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England, not even the lowest class. They use more indecent language at times. And they never drink ; a drunken woman is a thing almost quite unknown in Vienna. The policemen do nothing but look after the morals of the women and girls apparently, for men can do whatever they like—nothing is said to them ; and as to a policeman helping any one to cross a road, he would sooner see one driven over than do that. The carriages drive very fast, and they expect people to get out of the way of them, and never get out of the way of people ; empty carriages, I find, are worse than the others.

In taking apartments in Vienna one must be careful that there are not insects in the house ; these are very common, especially in houses inhabited by the Jews, and they are almost an impossibility to get rid of. I suppose they can be got rid of, as at one time most houses in Vienna were so infected. People talk about them as if they were the most harmless things in the world, but I don't think they ever get used to them. I was once walking in Regent Street with an Austrian lady, who noticed that an English lady raised her dress rather high on account of the muddy streets. She said to me, that in Vienna she would not be able to do that, for a policeman would come up to her and ask her to lower her dress

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immediately. It is quite wonderful what the policemen in Vienna consider a woman may or may not do. If they see a girl walking slowly in the street they often ask her what she is waiting for ; and the only people they have any respect for are the officers in uniform, whom they always salute ; for women of all classes they seem to have a great contempt. People dislike letting apartments to a lady in Vienna ; if she be alone they almost always refuse, unless a gentleman takes it for her. Altogether women and girls are at a discount in Vienna ; but they always say that girls are much better treated in Austria than in Germany and in France. For in France, according to the law, *la recherche de la paternité est défendue*, whereas in Austria a girl invariably chooses the richest of her lovers to pay her expenses, and he is made to do so by the law ; he has no defence whatever, and is simply not listened to. There is a celebrated place in Vienna for wet nurses, where any lady requiring one can go there and choose one herself, and the nurse's baby is taken away from her and fed at the Government's expense during the time she is a nurse. She is paid about fifty florins a month by the lady who employs her. They are mostly girls of eighteen to three-and-twenty, these nurses, and the establishment is kept up by Government.

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Of the climate in Vienna in the winter the less said the better ; it is fearfully cold, but generally it is a dry cold. In the summer it is fearfully hot ; but the autumn is delightful, and so is the spring. The season is in the winter, and all the fashionable world leaves Vienna in June, and returns towards October. There are charming surroundings at Vienna for the spring, such as Baden, near Vienna, Vöslau, Hinter Brühl, and Meidling, and the Wiener Wald, which are perfect. I do not think any capital in Europe has such charming environs ; and they are easy to get at. Many people go to the Semmering, which is several thousand feet high, and of which the air is very bracing and the scenery delightful. It is also a favourite place in winter, and recommended by doctors for chest complaints, as the air is excellent for the lungs. There are some good hotels at the Semmering, and these are always well filled with visitors, especially in summer.

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